

illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration.®

VOL. 5 NO. 10

SEPTEMBER 1980



HENRY K. IN DETROIT — A PSYCHODRAMA BY CHOLLY B.

The Safety Valve

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

To the IRA sympathizer ("Notes from the Auld Sod," *Instauration*, July 1980) who said, "No good Irish father would like to have a mongrel like himself about," I don't imagine his mother would have cared much for him either.

372

Does John Nobull have a fixation about the Salvation Army? What's wrong with visiting nursing homes and taking sandwiches to firemen? Salvation Army music books have many folk songs, marches and even some drinking tunes, plus traditional hymns. Among its officers you will find many good British and Scandinavian names. The Salvation Army withdrew from the World Council of Churches after losing some workers to terrorists in Rhodesia.

675

One look at a poor, wire-service photo of the Reverend Jim Jones and I had him pegged as a *mestizo*. Initially, the press ignored Jones's obvious lineage. Then in the page-four endings of a couple of stories it was admitted his mother had Cherokee blood. Naturally, a classically handsome white, Powers Booth, was selected to play the Mongoloidish "Dad Jim" in CBS's "Guyana Tragedy."

741

Amusing, satirical whimsy of Cholly's. He's so good at it!

400

Priding themselves as the most intellectual of peoples, able to dissect and pull apart the notions of race and nationality of the host peoples whose potential they have historically exploited, Jews totally fail to appreciate that the arguments of liberal egalitarian dogma in which they have schooled others so extensively are also applicable to their own chauvinistic attachment to the concept of "the Jewish State." In this respect the creation of Israel has been a most wonderful event, because in defending the justification for the existence of a theocratic, racist government while espousing multiracial, secular government historically as the "ideal" throughout the rest of the world, Jews have confronted themselves with an irreconcilable contradiction, of which only they seem unaware. All the cold abstractions and attempts at chessboard manipulations of people without regard to instinct and affinity for one's own race lose their logical credibility, because Jews find themselves unable to apply similar reasoning in their own case. In a scientific proof, it is the solitary contradiction which destroys the hypothesis. The cruel and abusive references to the reactionary sentimentality which have been heaped upon the ethnic states of Europe are all based on a system of logic which if directed toward Israel will cause the Jew to sullenly withdraw and grumble about "anti-Semitism."

142

I gave my nephew a copy of *Why Civilizations Self-Destruct*, and he wrote a paper on it, then made a speech in class. He said you never saw such an uproar.

629

Have you noticed the sudden popularity of a kid actor named Matt Dillon, who played Randy in the classic 1980 movie, "The Little Darlings"? A fanzine article emphasized that Dillon is a youthful tough guy and that that is the real basis of his immense appeal. It's also true that his explosive popularity is the result of Hollywood PR. When I saw the movie, his first appearance on the screen caused a loud wave of squeals and "oohs" throughout the female patronage, so it's not all hype. It's significant that all the other teen idols (Leif Garrett, Andy Gibb et al.) are very effeminate and "soft" in appearance. Dillon is the opposite. He's a hard, mean guy who can handle it all.

802

I quit the Catholic Church six years ago after it allowed Catholics to become Freemasons. That's the end of the Church. I joined the Eastern Orthodox the next year.

077

The Norse strains in Ireland have been totally assimilated with the Gaels/Celts/Normans. Despite opinions to the contrary, I believe this amalgam can be accurately called an Irish race. There is, of course, much Saxon blood there, but the Normans were far more acceptable to the Irish and for many reasons were actually welcomed during the Conquest, while the Saxons were generally regarded as the enemy. I think the major difference between the English and the Irish, as races, is the result of the Roman occupation of England, which skipped the Emerald Isle.

713

Could any of *Instauration's* British contacts suggest a book on the positive aspects of colonial rule of Third World nations?

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Instauration

is published 12 times a year by
Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc.
Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920

Annual Subscription

\$12 regular (sent third class)
\$6 student (sent third class)
Add \$5.50 for first class mail
\$20 Canada and foreign
Add \$12.50 for overseas air

Wilmot Robertson, Editor

Make checks payable to Howard Allen

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□ *Instauration* (May 1980) advocates registration and conscription in order to get intelligent white draftees back into the ranks. It was correctly pointed out that our dumb-white, dumb-brown and dumber-black armed forces are virtually useless and that America has not won a war since they were desegregated. Admittedly, a division of our maladjusted, marijuanized, mongrelized military would be no match for a battalion of Russians. However, let's assume that whites are drafted and the quality and operational effectiveness of the military is restored. Question: What would be the purpose and mission of a reorganized, finely tuned, competent armed forces under the present liberal-minority, Christian-humanitarian leadership? Answer: (1) The revitalized Navy and Coast Guard would be better able to rescue floundering Haitian and Cuban and Indochinese "boat people" and escort them safely to our shores of Florida; (2) An elite Marine Corps would be more efficient in evacuating and surrendering our embassies when attacked by mobs of irate students; (3) A first-rate Air Force would be more skillful and effective in airlifting Senegalese, Cambodians, Afghans, Soviet Jews, Vietnamese and Patagonians to our bountiful and charitable country.

044

□ I have an explanation for Christianity's success in Northern Europe: the ratchet effect. Christianity could lose ten times, but if it won once, the victory was permanent. Legend aside, the Northern Europeans, who did not look upon philosophy and religion as more than means to an end, never did a good job of persecuting Christians. On the other hand, once Christianity won an area, it began the extirpation of everything that came before, precisely like the Asian Communists and the Stalinists of our own time. The argument that economics should be judged by its efficiency, rather than being made a battlefield, reflects the Northern European view of philosophy and religion: it was a tool, not an end. If one god did not come through, we went to another to bargain. Other things being equal, the intolerant regime must always win. This is the reason communism is marching forward. No long-time Communist state is or ever expects to be anything but Communist for a millennium or more. Intolerance is a fatal advantage, particularly against a people which does not recognize that fact. Our science is a result of intolerance of everything that is not factual. The implications of this are endless, including the contradiction of a major portion of Dr. Oliver's brilliant book, *Christianity and the Survival of the West*.

200

□ Every editor has an editorial policy which it would be neither feasible nor possible for him to expound fully in detail; he doubtless has a definite conception of the kind of readers he wants to address, and some knowledge, greater than anyone else can have, of the readers whom he actually has; and he is a very hardy soul, indeed, if he does not soon begin to wonder whether there is much difference between an editorial chair and a pillory. But he must make the decisions. [Editor's Note: Amen!]

108

□ The article, "The Sacrifice of the Ideal," in the June *Instauration* touched a raw nerve. Not so very long ago, I began dating a very attractive blonde (whose grandfather had come directly from Germany). She had been married before, but it was only later that I found out to what. She was very bright, very talented, very charming, and very beautiful. She was the living incarnation of the Nordic ideal. But as I got to know her, I discovered a number of other things about her. She affected cynicism and sophistication, but at heart she was gullible and easily swayed. She had also swallowed the social doctrines of the day without ever questioning them. One of our heated arguments was whether the movie *Star Wars* should have black characters. She wanted galaxy-wide affirmative action. Then I discovered that her former husband had been black -- that between the ages of 18 and 32 she had moved entirely within black circles, had dated only blacks, and had put two illegitimate children up for adoption because she didn't want the responsibility of caring for them. Our relationship was doomed from the start, partly because I didn't slap her around the way all her boyfriends did (she expected a man to abuse her). Why did I stick with her as long as I did? I can only say that she was extremely good-looking and, in her best moments, quite personable. But I had to recognize that she had a core of masochism I simply could not handle. It's a pity to let all her spectacularly desirable genes go to waste, but what can you do with a Nordic hellbent on suicide? I have since been keeping company with a young lady of Polish descent. She may be pure Alpine, but she has a backbone and plenty of common sense.

401

□ I worked in Indonesia during Sukarno's reign as President, and learned there at first hand about inflation, when I purchased a desk priced at 8,000 rupiah but which cost me \$8.00 U.S. We laughed about their Mickey Mouse money and the "korrupsi" (their word for corruption). I guess it's their turn.

905

□ I was at two local parties last weekend, and nothing was further from my mind than to get drawn into politics. In both cases, I was the only Majority activist present. Both times I overheard people saying things that provided perfect openings for a tepid expression of my opinions. I would guess that such openings exist at virtually any Washington party with reasonably intelligent and largely Majority people present. Things are in the air. Anyhow, both evenings I was received so enthusiastically by all who came within earshot, that I knew that either: (1) the times are incredibly ripe for our doctrine and we should all be out harvesting; or (2) I have stumbled into the magical combination which opens almost any locked mind. At each gathering, by the time I left there were several people requesting my phone number and saying with an urgent tone in their voices, "We have to get together and talk some more about your ideas." Had I entered those parties with a proselytizing motive, I would have made more of a splash. I have had people in the past urge me to talk to some of their friends, but I have never followed up because I've had to save my energy for my idiotic job. I believe that every interested person at those parties, if I had a good personal talk with them and ended by asking, "Do you know anyone who might be interested in hearing some of this?" -- I believe they'd all know at least one such person. They could arrange little meetings, and those people in turn would know more people. If I dropped writing and job alike for one summer, and threw all my energy into extroverted activities, meeting several people a day and going to two or three parties a week, I believe I might be able to start something -- I don't know what! -- rolling around here.

200

□ As to choosing between Jews and Negroes, there is no choice. All the World-Trashers must be encouraged to leave, including Uncle Miltie Friedman, whose economic acumen is more sorely needed in Israel than in the U.S. That done, we can handle all our other problems, maybe even get control of our monetary system.

990

□ On the newsstands is a very silly novel by a clique of British generals entitled *The Third World War: August 1985*. It is a preposterous tale about another "war to end wars" that does produce oodles of World Peace in every pot. If the generals really think in terms of the military operations they describe, the British would be well advised to assign them the duty of teaching knitting in a home for the feeble-minded. They do, however, make one intelligent prediction: Israel proclaims neutrality!

605

The Safety Valve

You should join the Sierra Club. You could tell people you want to preserve the bleary-eyed Nordic, rather than the Peregrine falcon or snail darter. No other conservationist wastes his time enlisting the cooperation of the bird or fish he is trying to preserve. The real Majority member, not the idealized version, likes soft toilet paper, big cars, tender (tasteless) steaks and watery beer. He is emotionally immature, insecure and rather devious. Unlike Greeks, Jews, Chinese and even blacks, he has no racial or ethnic consciousness. Prejudice, yes, but not any positive feelings. Reading *Instauration* or anything else for ten thousand years is not going to change him. Anyway, he'd rather watch the tube.

326

The IRA might pursue a nobler and more important task than saving Northern Ireland from the British. It might try to save the Irish in the U.S. from Kennedy and the liberal-minority coalition.

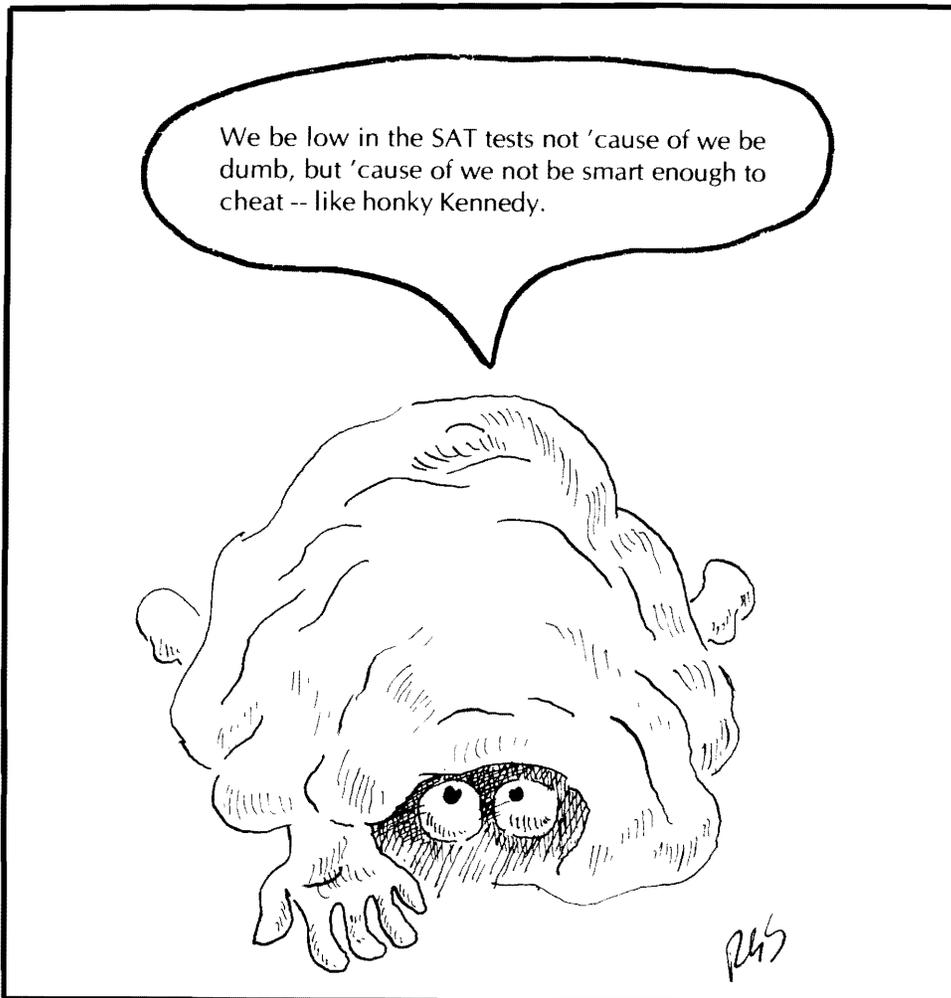
326

I attribute the parlous plight of our race to the erosion of mind and soul (i.e., Aristotle's *psyche*) wrought by fifteen centuries of Christianity. I do not know in what way this long degeneration can be counteracted -- if there is a way. The late Whittaker Chambers, with whom I became acquainted a few years before his death, was convinced that our race was driven by a subconscious but irresistible death wish. I was not impressed by his opinion at the time, largely because I never knew him well enough to know whether he had done more than jump from one proletarian superstition to another; but in more recent years I have often wondered whether he was not right, after all.

612

The uproar about the Coca-Cola beauty contest proved that Americans are no longer permitted a physical ideal. A country that can't get together on "beauty" will have a harder time agreeing on "truth."

281



"Race and Inflation" (June 1980 issue) makes a valid point that the economy of a country, including the purchasing power of its monetary unit, has a biological basis. The author might have speculated, as have I, that the eugenic policies encouraged in Germany during 1933-1945 might have been responsible for the *Wirtschaftswunder* of the Federal Republic and even for the fact that Communist East Germany is probably the most prosperous among all the lands behind the Iron Curtain. Disregarding the biological basis of a national economy is either naive or dishonest. However, it would be just as naive to disregard the short-run effects of monetary policy. Man, not God, prints banknotes and promulgates banking regulations. In June 1940, there were 7.8 billion dollars in circulation. By 1976 there were over ten times that amount. It is remarkable that the dollar has retained as much purchasing power as it has, especially in view of the fact that since August 15, 1971, the still considerable U.S. gold reserves have no longer been effectively backing the dollar in international payments. On the other hand, racial factors are present in decisions on monetary policies. A striking recent example has been provided by black political leaders. They have protested that measures undertaken to restabilize the purchasing power of the dollar might jeopardize the huge flow of welfare payments. In conjunction with the graduated income tax, debasement of the currency increases the fraction of the earnings of productive people taken by the government in taxes. Instaurationists would be well advised to become aware of the ramified connections between race and economic questions

452

I need not remark again on the fundamental and innate difference of the Jewish mentality from our own. Since we tend unconsciously to assume that other minds are like ours, the differences are so many quagmires on our path. We often miss, for example, the Jews' fanatical belief in their vast racial superiority because, in our minds, superiority is associated with pride and a sense of professional honor: we think of Prussian officers or British noblemen. We are also prone to overlook the Jews' need to be "persecuted," which has always been the real basis of their power. If their minds were like ours, I should consider it certain that their bizarre religion was primarily a device to ensure "persecution." It gives them a pretext for perpetually whining and thus concealing their hold over us. Your excellent article on Coen Baccri in *Instauration* (May 1980) is a good illustration of that point.

150

□ Some lines inspired by Lyndon LaRouche's campaign film: "We can build nuclear power plants, although we might have to melt down the neon signs on the whorehouses to do it"; "Sending U.S. soldiers to the Middle East would be moving drug addicts closer to their sources of supply."

104

□ Reading the article in Cultural Catacombs about Edward VIII (*Instauration*, Feb. 1980), I think the King's political views made his removal a necessity because the government could not count on his cooperation in an anti-German policy. Edward VIII had seen for himself the appalling economic and social conditions the majority of the British people lived in and was not prepared to just issue public platitudes. Having taken a serious look at the new social and economic experiments in Italy and Germany, on his accession he made known his wish for an Anglo-German alliance, for the King was stoutly opposed to any policy which was likely to bring the Empire into conflict with Germany and was already well informed as to the role of Zionists inside and outside Britain in promoting such a conflict. In Madrid he told the American ambassador that the French were so diseased that they ought never to have declared war on a healthy organism like Germany.

English subscriber

□ I agree with your British subscriber who said that John Nobull is full of bull. He is. Not many Instaurationists should boast that they frequent nightclubs full of rootless cosmopolitan elements. Goldsmith's rag, which he presumed to be less poisonous than *Newsweek* or *Time*, is in fact cast in the same mold.

801

□ Why do you *never* ask for donations to "the Cause?" I'm sure many readers would support your effort financially. [Editor's Note: We would rather close down than beg.]

437

□ Although you deserve a tremendous amount of credit, it can't be stopped. "They" have complete and unquestionable control. Perhaps everyone should merely join the game and wait to see if things will change. One must eat, feed one's children, and keep thoughts inside (no matter how they hurt). No nation has ever been so destroyed in such a short time. There is no unity, no values, the unreal has become the real, the untrue true.

079

□ I read with great interest the article "Choosing the Jews" in the April issue. The author expressed my sentiments exactly. What we must keep in mind is that the differences among Englishmen, Hungarians, Germans and yes, even Jews, are relatively insignificant when compared to the gross racial differentials between any one of them and people of Negroid extraction. This appears to be more apparent to blacks than it is to whites. The whites need to "get their act together," and we can start by recruiting Jews over to the side of the Majority -- the group to which they naturally belong but from which they have held themselves aloof for false historical-ethnic reasons. The Jews are intelligent, hard-working and well-organized, but horribly misguided. They are an asset to any team they play on, but they have been playing the wrong game and with the wrong people for too long. The Jews are a self-proclaimed and militant minority, and *ergo* they must identify with every other "minority" they see. To anyone who reads the papers -- even the Jewish-controlled papers -- this is patently false. American blacks are a logical part of the burgeoning Third World. They are coming to realize this and to align themselves against Israel by consequence. To the Jews this is all some great mystery -- a hideous "betrayal." They have their heads in the sand, and so do many members of the American racist right. Israel is a white racist state. Blacks and Arabs around the world know this. Jewish and Gentile whites in America do not. A Jerusalem-Pretoria axis exists, as Israelis and Afrikaners are the only white militants still in charge of sovereign nations today. American Jews and their media fellow travelers throw flowers at Jerusalem and brickbats at Pretoria. American white racists throw flowers at Pretoria and brickbats at Jerusalem. It's time we both woke up. With the brains and chutzpah of the Jews added to a collective, instead of a particularist, white racism, there will yet be hope for the white race.

293

□ Glancing back over some past *Instaurations* I decided the illustrations don't deserve all the groans they've sometimes received. That fellow who did six covers a few years back was really excellent. Also, the outstretched hands grow on you with the passage of time. [Editor's Note: If *Instauration* had any money, our first paid employee would be an artist.]

221

□ I recently purchased *The Dispossessed Majority at the Bristol (Connecticut) library* at its annual book sale. Unfortunately, it never made the bookshelf.

060

□ I have been an American prisoner in Texas for seven years. After being exposed to minority racism in jail, I became very race conscious. In late 1978 I had a letter published in one of South Africa's major newspapers, supporting Apartheid. As a result, I received almost a hundred letters, one of them from a South African lady with whom I fell in love. In 1979 she expressed a desire to come to the U.S. and be with me while I proceeded with my appeals. She got a tourist visa and arrived in January. She and my mother went to the local courthouse and we were married by proxy under the Texas Family Code. It is a valid marriage and recorded at Austin. Later my wife was given a permit to work temporarily while I applied for an "Immigrant Visa" for her. In April the application was denied on the ground that "we had not consummated" the marriage. My wife was working by this time and paying taxes. Later in April, I was notified that for a \$50 filing fee, I could file an appeal. At the time, Carter was welcoming hordes of illegal Cubans with "open arms." If the government is successful in deporting my wife, it will have separated us permanently, since she would certainly not be granted another tourist visa and, as a convicted felon, I would not be allowed to enter South Africa. I have absolutely no doubt that had I or my wife been black, the government would have not only granted the application for Immigrant Status, but would probably have given her a government grant, a monthly paycheck, and free housing.

773

□ Begin seems to have gotten worse since we gave him all of the planes, rockets and napalm. His crimes and outrages make the IRA and the PLO look like Boy Scouts.

203

□ Got a big kick out of the "White Survival Demonstration in Washington." I might add that, due to the sketch of William F. Buckley on the cover, my opinion of your artist went up considerably. Having had one of my grandfathers in the Civil War, I really enjoyed the postbellum poem. Perhaps you might like to hear some lyrics popular with "ethnic" Yankees in 1861:

To the tenets of Douglas we tenderly
cling,
Warm hearts to the cause of our country
we bring;
To the flag we are pledged -- all its foes we
abhor --
And we ain't for the "nigger" but are for
the war.

111

The Safety Valve

□ I sort of feel sorry for the Jews and Negroes around here. The Majority members here in Washington are the absolute bottom of the human experience. Their IQs range from 110-150 and even higher. That is not what they lack. What do they lack? Think about it.

206

□ Has anyone noted that in the 36-page June issue you are giving your readers 40 to 80 percent more product for the original price? You'd better raise the rates or someone will accuse you of being subsidized by David Rockefeller.

640

□ I saw a recent drama called "Siege" on TV a while back. It showed a group of elderly people being terrorized by a group of blacks in their apartment. They had a wonderfully kind Jew, of course, but the whites were the good guys and the blacks were the bad guys for a change.

431

□ Part of the June 1980 issue deals with the storing of Northern European genes in outer space, of all places! What needs to be done is to exhort Nordic types to reproduce large numbers of offspring right here on Earth, as the Irish and the Irish alone among us do.

201

□ "The Sacrifice of the Ideal" (June 1980) was certainly apt, coming as it did on the heels of the Vernon Jordan shooting. The shooting itself bothers me. I simply cannot see a man struck (twice?) in the lower back by high-velocity .30-06 bullets getting out of bed a few days after his operation and walking around his hospital room.

506

□ Article in May *Instauration* is a smash hit of reason and common sense. Zip 875 who else? Why can't we stomach a radical response? I'm a gentlewoman (do believe me), though not so confounded civilized nor so blinded by lecherous liberalism my eyes and ears are closed to truths so obviously spelled out by one man. If it be inhuman, uncivilized, barbaric to defend ourselves when an enemy of long duration is out to exterminate us, then I'm all these things. Sweet Reason (let us sit down and negotiate) should have gone out the window eons ago. If there are qualms about any worthwhile counteroffensive, we are weaker than I thought and deserve to rot.

038

□ If America is to be stamped into a desperate war against Russia, a necessary preparation for that maneuver is the dissemination of the idea that Jews no longer control the Soviet Union.

320

□ I am curious as to why Zip 100 (or anyone else) thinks we have the choice of aligning ourselves with the Jews or Negroes. My poor, untutored and illiterate father, when discussing the black problem fifteen years ago (everyone thought it was bad then), said, "Don't worry about what you will do with the Negroes. Worry about what they will do with you."

372

□ When I read John Tyndall's article in *Instauration*, I became convinced that among those few people aware of the ongoing extinction there is no one with any political savvy. Tyndall sounds like Adolf Hitler, who excluded everybody except Germans from his cult and caused a war which decimated the white race and left the Jews stronger than ever. *Instauration* is too egg-headish for my tastes, but I will continue to subscribe as long as you publish Dr. Tripodi's "Death Watch." He is a fact man and maybe can bring you and your Nordics in touch with reality. As a blue-eyed, 100% Irishman from three generations of American-Irish, I'm assuming I don't qualify for Tyndall's Anglo-Saxon cult.

481

□ Liked the suggestion that we should side with (or aid) the blacks if a Jewish-black split developed. Still, I'd like to see more articles both ways, to keep the Jews guessing. It might also be nice to speculate on joining up with the Latins or Orientals in order to take on the Jews and blacks. We don't want the blacks to take us for granted or the Jews to give up hope.

230

□ My visits to Scandinavia have not convinced me that Nordics are superior. Denmark has hyper-inflation caused by a 20% value added tax on everything. Immorality is rampant. Norway is probably the best of the lot. A recent stop in Iceland resulted in my coming face to face with a man who could have passed for my twin. A long conversation followed in which he revealed practically all the men were alcoholics, the women sex-mad, the birthrate negative, etc.

842

□ We've had a little affirmative action here in the office. The wife of a black petty officer entered the work force several years ago as a typist (GS-2 or 3, I'm not sure). She was afforded the opportunity of having on-the-job training in the use of a closed microphone, all equipment government supplied. A few short years later and she is a now GS-6, the same grade I hold.

941

□ Your stomach tightens and churns. You grit your teeth and mutter over the latest bit of white stupidity. But what good does it do? It only gives you heartburn. We should continue to do our utmost to educate the seemingly ineducatable. But there's only so much we can do. Our race seems hellbent on its own destruction. But dammit, it's not our fault!

606

□ I can't generate any enthusiasm for Reagan, who is very close to Max Fisher of Detroit -- and to Maxwell Rabb, an Eisenhower adviser who was probably instrumental in Eisenhower's appointment of Earl Warren and Brennan to the Supreme Court. Those appointments paved the way for what Harvard historians call the "civil rights revolution."

184

□ So Billy Carter took some money from the Libyans -- big deal! Nobody complains about the millions of dollars important people have gotten from the Zionists in "business deals." And what about the large "honorariums" Jewish organizations lavish on politicians for donning yarmulkes and groveling before them?

941

□ The media have lately been complaining about "single issue" movements and groups, finding fault that those who believe in something will band together to attain their goals. Those opposed to abortion, against gun control or for prayer in schools -- not to mention white racialists -- are painted as intolerant, narrow-minded and dangerous fanatics. Cronkite never complains about the most numerous single issue group -- blacks. All the networks are doing their best to ingrain the idea that no candidate can win without the black vote. No one even dreams about criticizing the most powerful single issue group -- the Zionists.

100

□ At our Harvard graduating ceremonies this year there were signs telling people where to sit. One read, "Candidates for Honorable Degrees."

021

RONALD REAGAN — Old Virtues and Old Vices

An early issue of Instauration (March 1976) carried an article on Ronald Reagan, then in the midst of his unsuccessful race against Ford for the Republican presidential nomination. Except for some extended references to his political rivals, most of whom have now faded from the scene, and except for the mistaken guess that the 1976 primary was Reagan's last gasp, there is little in the article that doesn't make just as much sense today as it did then. Accordingly, we are rerunning it with only a few additions and deletions to take care of the changes in the political dramatis personae and the worsening of the American predicament both at home and abroad.

Ronald Reagan has talked so much about the old virtues that the media pass him off as an anti-welfare Scrooge and a strict budgetarian -- code words for "insensitivity" to minorities. To counter these racist insinuations, the ghost of Reagan's father has been called up time and again to prove his son's persistent tolerance and compassion. There was that famous night when Reagan père, stopping at a small Midwest hotel after a hard day selling shoes, was told in confidence by the manager, "We don't permit a Jew in the place." Whereupon the elder Reagan rose up in his wrath and, in a dramatic moment that Reagan fils never ceases repeating, stomped out of the hostelry with these historic words, "I'm a Catholic and, if it's come to a point where you won't take Jews, you won't take Catholics." Having nowhere to go at the late hour, he had to sleep in his car. The uncomfortableness of the back seat and the shattering bigotry of the hotel keeper brought on a heart attack a few days later. At another time when his film-loving son wanted to see *The Birth of a Nation*, his father refused. "It deals with the Ku Klux Klan against the colored folks and I'm damned if anyone in this family will go to see it."

No, Governor Reagan is not a racist and he has paternal anecdotes to prove it. Neither is he a Communist, though he was once a member of the Stalin-tilting Hollywood Independent Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions. Neither is he a radical, though he once belonged to the American Veterans Committee, nor an Internationalist, though he once hotly supported the United World Federalists. Neither, some will say, is he an actor, though he has starred in innumerable Grade Z pictures.

The fact is that as politicians and actors go, Ronald Reagan is a fairly decent sort. He is not a hyperhypocrite like Jimmy Carter, not unread like Robert Dole (he has actually waded through Gibbon), not a robotized renegade like Anderson, not a Big Labor cassette like Mondale, not a political slummer like George Bush, not a blackguard like Kennedy. Although truth and politics are



seldom one, Reagan keeps the separation at a minimum and probably tells fewer whoppers than the rest of the pack. His habits, like his origins in rural Illinois, are Middle American. Yet second wife Nancy, a Chicago debutante, Smith graduate, daughter of a prominent American surgeon and, thankfully, only briefly a movie star, is by far the most attractive, most tasteful, most composed and most intelligent of all the candidates' spouses.

Though it is not often noticed, Reagan bears certain resemblances to Nixon. The latter, raised as a Quaker, is Irish on both sides, though pretty far back. Only half of Reagan's chromosomes gleam with the green tint of the Emerald Isle, having been passed on to him by a hardworking prototypical Paddy with a brashness and a gift of gab and a bias for toping that would have brought tears of joy to the eyes of Mother Macree. Reagan's father's wife, on the other hand, was a Protestant fundamentalist who won the battle of the faiths, if there was any battle, and brought up her two sons (brother Neil is an affluent huckster) in a dour Puritan household, eventually sending Ronald to a college run by the Disciples of Christ. There he was the leader of a student strike that ousted the president. Later when he became a successful radio sportscaster, Reagan managed to land a Hollywood contract through the good offices of Lew Wasserman's MCA agency, to which he remained loyal throughout his movie career. Wasserman, by the way, is one of Reagan's oldest friends, a fire-breathing Zionist and over the years one of the largest financial contributors to the Democratic party.

Reagan never went to pot -- in both senses of the word -- in Hollywood. He married Jane Wyman, a star of equally dim magnitude, who later divorced him because he spent too much time in union activities. For many years he was the president of the Screen Actors' Guild and was as responsible as any other member for keeping the union out of the hands of the Muscovites.

Reagan was deeply committed to Franklin Delano Roosevelt and spent World War II in Hollywood in an armed services film unit. He voted for Truman in 1948 and worked hard for the re-election of Helen Gahagan Douglas in 1950, whose defeat by Nixon put the latter on the road to the presidency. All the people who later criticized Reagan, when he was running for California governor, for being an actor, never criticized the female senator for being a starlet.

The great political turning point in Reagan's life was apparently triggered by some highly placed executives of General Electric, who had hired him at \$150,000 a year as their TV pitchman. They told him to "get a philosophy." Always loyal to his bosses, Reagan obeyed and a few years later the philosophy came out as a mixture of Burke, Buckley and a little, just a little, of Robert Welch. Reagan toiled so mightily in Goldwater's 1964 campaign, in preparation for which he switched from registered Democrat to registered Republican, that the Fat Wallets decided he would be the next governor of California. They were right.

In most cases, Reagan ran a tight ship from the governor's desk in Sacramento, except for the usual compromises on taxes and spending. He tried hard to put some sense in government, though what could he really do? The legislature was

Democratic. The media were liberal. The judiciary was on a permissive binge. He had the office, but not the power. It was the old, sad story of American politics, as it had evolved since the death and transfiguration of FDR.

At least one thing could be said for Governor Reagan. He was an authentic Republican -- converts are usually the truest of true believers -- and not a Democrat in disguise like his Republican gubernatorial predecessors, Goody Knight and Earl Warren. To win the governorship he had to knock out Pat Brown, a stumblebum Democrat, and after serving two terms he yielded it to Jerry Brown, Pat's tall, dark and handsome son, who looks more like a movie star than Reagan and who, thanks to his Jesuit apprenticeship, speaks much better Latin.

Now 69, Reagan, who was eased out of earlier bids for the presidency by Nixon and Ford, is determined to take a fling at the impossible and hopeless job in the House that is White in the City that is Black.

In 1976, to prepare himself for the primary ordeal, Reagan spent a few days at the lavish Palm Springs spread of Walter Annenberg. Whether he followed the same regimen in 1980 is not known. Annenberg is the publisher son of Moses Annenberg, the old Hearst racketeer who went to jail for income tax evasion. Walter was indicted with his father, but somehow got off. Nixon is also Annenberg's good friend, so is Agnew, so is Frank Sinatra, to whom Agnew dedicated his new book. What's wrong with being a good friend of such characters? Nothing, really. After all, none of them ever went to jail.

The brain, character and temperament that make it possible to hop from Holiday Inn to Holiday Inn, from frosty milkshakes to frosty handshakes, are not the qualifications required to lead a confused and limping nation through its time of troubles. But since we have no choice, since Carter and Anderson are also Holiday Inn hoppers, we have to take the best of the worst.

Once again, the Majority is clutching at straws. That Ronald Reagan is a little bigger straw than the others and has slightly more buoyancy is not too helpful to the drowning voter. What we need is a log, a life preserver, a lifeguard, not a straw. When the system is failing is it possible to be saved by someone who is part of the system, someone who has spent most of his life -- consciously or unconsciously -- making the system fail? Repentant sinners make interesting literary figures, but there is not much hope for America if it can only be saved by the wicked who mend their ways or by the ignorant who suddenly become learned. Death-bed conversions may relieve some last-minute tensions, but they don't put a Humpty-Dumpty civilization back together again.

Anyone who has worked ten minutes in Hollywood and has associated with the people who run the film industry and has subscribed to the mystagogy of the film capital needs only another ten minutes to crystalize his revulsion into an anti-liberal, anti-equalitarian, anti-Marxist, anti-pornographic world view that will never leave him. Yet it took Reagan twenty years to see, not the light, but just a glimmer of the light.

Principles above politics? Reagan's desperate last-minute choice of a mushy liberal, Senator Schweiker of Pennsylvania, for a running mate in 1976 -- in advance of the convention --

didn't win him the nomination and showed that his ideology became a little slippery when it was a question of votes. His last-minute choice of George Bush, the best racial type in the 1980 primaries, although Bush is forever contaminated by decades in the dirtiest backrooms of national politics, was hardly any better. Moreover, the involved negotiations with Ford and Kissinger during the Detroit circus were not very reassuring to those Reagan supporters who, stupidly, consider him to be an authentic conservative and a different breed of politician.

Let us assume that Reagan wins the presidency. He will strengthen our defenses against Russia, if Congress so permits. He promises to support Israel more strongly than the Democrats, which means more chance of war in the Middle East, more chance of an energy shortage, more dislocation of the economy. What will he do about immigration? That's a real issue, so, like the consummate politician he is, he holds his peace. What about crime? What about minority racism? What about affirmative action? Hardly a decibel.

Let us suppose that he really balances the budget and unchains the economy and puts American production back in high gear. Do we end materialism, one of the scourges that has brought us low, by a saner materialism?

What we need is a major biological and philosophical overhaul, not a temporary economic cure, not a couple of massive shots of conservative or moderate Republicanism, which has been the junior ideological member of the political

partnership that has presided over our downgoing. All the Reagans really do is slow the process, offer false hopes and waste our time. There are old virtues in the land -- orderliness, prudence, self-reliance, ingenuity, stick-at-it-ness -- and Reagan rightfully reminds us of them. There are also old vices in the land -- equalitarianism, pseudo-humanitarianism, dollar-grubbing, interventionism -- and Reagan also reminds us of them. As for that most egregious vice -- the upper-class WASP's almost total abandonment and desertion of lower- and middle-class WASPS -- so far Reagan has never uttered one word to indicate his horror of this great betrayal.

The future of America belongs to the man who restores the old virtues, quashes the old vices and imbues his people with new virtues as he leads them into the quicksands of tomorrow. This epochal task is so much beyond Reagan's comprehension and capabilities that it is almost cruel to mention it.

If we have to be destroyed, it is better that our enemies destroy us than our friends. We cannot build while the ramshackle old building stands, the battered, antiquated fort that Reaganites are determined to hold. Reagan is just a great-grandfather clock that rings pleasantly with nostalgic chimes, as it runs forty years slow.

It is true that our great-grandfathers would have made better presidents than the one we have today or the one who may soon replace him. But it is also true that our great-grandfathers are dead.

IN CANADA, AS ELSEWHERE IN THE WEST, IMMIGRATION KILLS

During the early 1970s, journalist Georges Suffert conducted wide-ranging interviews with a number of prominent French intellectuals, scholars, and men of letters for his book, *Le Cadavre de Dieu Bouge Encore (The Corpse of God Stirs Again* -- a reference to the "God is dead" concept). Of special interest is the interview with historian Pierre Chanu, whose discussion of historical and contemporary demographic trends is little short of chilling for those concerned about the survival of the West.

At the beginning of the 16th century, according to Chanu, as the European conquest of the New World got under way, the aboriginal peoples of the Americas numbered some 80 million -- between a sixth and a fifth of the total world population of the time. What then occurred, especially in the densely settled agricultural areas of Central and South America, was a 200-year catastrophic demographic collapse. The Amerindians were not exterminated; rather their reproduction rate fell well below the replacement rate and stayed there. "One fine day, they stopped having children. Life was no longer interesting to them. Perhaps because they were no longer free. Perhaps because they no longer believed in their gods."

This is of more than just historical interest, Chanu argues,

since the advanced industrial nations of North America and Europe today have reproduction rates below the replacement rate, in some cases rates as low as those which led to the precipitous decline of the Amerindian peoples. In some countries of Western Europe this is not so obvious because of the tremendous influx of millions of migrant workers, many of whom remain in the host countries and have children. (A similar situation exists in the United States where the decline of the European-descended population is concealed by the massive illegal immigration from Latin America.)

Since the social costs are unacceptable, Chanu asserts that countries cannot look to migration to maintain their populations. "Racism is not a question of virtue. It's numbers. More than 10 percent blacks amongst whites or whites amongst blacks -- it is exactly the same -- [and] racism begins. Thus, immigration isn't a solution."

Chanu, however, misses an essential point in his discussion regarding the impact of immigration on the birthrates of indigenous populations. Man is a strongly territorial animal. Given a certain mix of absolute (resources) and relative (cultural) factors, there are fairly rigid limits on the size of a population which can exist in any given land area. As an immigrant

population fills up a territory, the native population will be displaced. If the immigration is large and sustained, the decline in the size of the native population will also be sustained. Thus, today, migration to the advanced industrial nations by the Third World millions does not just conceal the decline in Western birthrates and population, but is, in fact, a major cause of that decline. *The grim conclusion seems to be that large-scale immigration is tantamount to genocide.*

How does this affect the world as a whole? Is the population decline of the West compensated for by the population growth in the Third World? Chanu remarks: "Like it or not, the West, since Sumer, has led the way. Not by imperialism . . . but because the West had the most vitality, the greatest cultural accumulation, the most imagination. And where did that imagination come from? The young. The old had little of it. If Europe has no more children, the epicenter, which for six thousand years electrified the planet, will progressively shut down."

It is little short of astonishing to learn that the views expressed by Chanu were well known and understood ideas two generations ago. A few examples make the point:

1. The great British-born psychologist, William McDougall, explained in his *The American Nation* (1925) that the ever-increasing black population in the United States was not part of an overall increase in the American population. The greater number of blacks was simply taking the place of an equal number of white Americans who would have been born if Negroes had never been brought into the country.

2. Professor Edward Alsworth Ross wrote in the preface to his *The Old World in the New* (1914): "I am not of those who consider humanity and forget the nation, who pity the living but not the unborn. To me, those who are to come after us stretch forth beseeching hands, as well as do the masses on the other side of the globe. Nor do I regard America as something to be spent quickly and cheerfully for the benefit of pent-up millions in the backward lands."

3. Prescott F. Hall in *Immigration* (1909) stated: "Immigration to any country of a given stratum of population tends to sterilize all strata of higher social and economic levels already in that country . . . Races follow Gresham's law . . . the poorer of two kinds in the same place tends to supplant the better. Mark you, *supplant*, not drive out . . . A few may be pushed up; more are driven to a new locality . . . but most are prevented from coming into existence at all."

The research of ethologists and sociobiologists indicates that man is inherently xenophobic (fearful of outsiders), especially in the face of large-scale immigration of groups dissimilar to his own. This natural xenophobia is crucial to man's survival. Where the immigration invasion is fiercely resisted, racial violence is often the result. Where it is accepted passively or resisted unsuccessfully, the result is biological discouragement on the part of the indigenous population, resulting in a sharp plummeting of the birthrate.

The Case of Canada

While some attention is paid to the disruptive effects of

massive Third World immigration upon the emotional, economic and cultural security of the Canadian people, little is known or understood about the effects of overpopulation in Canada. The size of the nation's territory creates the false impression of an underpopulated country in relation to other areas and their respective populations. The density of the Canadian population is one of the lowest in the world. Yet, in fact, only a narrow strip of land along the Great Lakes and the U.S. border is suitable for human habitation and only then with massive infusions of energy. Needless to say, the colored immigrants do not settle in the wide open spaces of the Canadian north. They concentrate in the more crowded areas of the south, especially in the major cities.

In Canada immigration kills. Today, Canada's all-time low fertility rate is a clear indication and warning of the real stress inflicted on the Canadian people through a combination of unfavorable economic, cultural and psychological changes brought about by heavy doses of Third World immigration in the past decade. Canadians, in order to protect their economic standards and their cultural legacy, are responding to these pressures by imposing severe limits on their reproductive behavior.

What is really happening is that *for every immigrant admitted to Canada, an unborn Canadian has to be killed to make room for the new arrival.* While the number of reported abortions and legally admitted immigrants may not necessarily coincide, as there are other forms of birth control available, it is interesting to note that *the net immigration to Ontario, estimated at 30,000 yearly, corresponds almost exactly to the number of reported abortions in Ontario -- 29,374 for the year 1978.* This is the way the demographic law works in a territory saturated with people. While this law cannot be changed, immigration laws can.

Recently, a fierce public debate has raged on the advisability of flooding Canada with 50,000 largely unassimilable Vietnamese, Cambodians and Chinese (or will it eventually be 100,000, as the Immigration Department admits, or will it be the 750,000 predicted by the National Citizens' Coalition?). Apparently, the church lobby and the assortment of persons who have long welcomed an open-door immigration policy believed that the emotional trappings of the issue would insure prompt and overwhelming support from Canadians. This has not been the case. Increasingly, the once-confident supporters of massive immigration have been more shrill in their denunciations of those who question their policy. Disturbingly, there is a recurring note that such opposition should be silenced.

Unfortunately for the immigration lobby, those opposed to immigration will not be silenced. In a full-page ad inserted by the National Citizens' Coalition in *The Globe and Mail* (Toronto, Sept. 12, 1979), Kim Abbott, former director of Canadian Immigration Services, explained that it is not the first splash of immigrants that causes the trouble. It's the waves the splash sets in motion. Abbott described a not atypical case:

The original entrant was 38 years old and came here through the normal immigration process. On arrival he took up employment as a janitor. He then brought in his wife, a brother and two

sisters. The brother brought in his wife and a daughter. One sister brought in her husband and her son and daughter. The other sister brought in her husband. The man's wife sponsored her mother and father, two brothers and a sister. One of these sisters brought in her husband, and he, in turn, brought in his father, his mother, two brothers and two sisters. Another brother brought in his wife. In all, during the first five years, 23 persons entered as sponsored or assisted relatives, a ratio of 23 to 1.

Debate on Canadian immigration has concentrated on the levels of unemployment, depletion of natural resources, high prices of housing, language and cultural problems, pollution and social stress. As important as these issues are, they are mere side issues to the far more fundamental problem of the physical survival of the Canadian people as we know them.

Canada's immigration policy has been insensitive to this issue since the open-door policy was adopted in 1967. It is this massive, indiscriminate immigration that leads in a number of ways to the destruction of the Canadian nation in general and young Canadians in particular. *Immigration kills*. It kills 100,000 unborn Canadians annually through abortions, contraceptive practices or continence inspired in large measure because Third World immigration has undermined the nation's emotional, economic and cultural security.

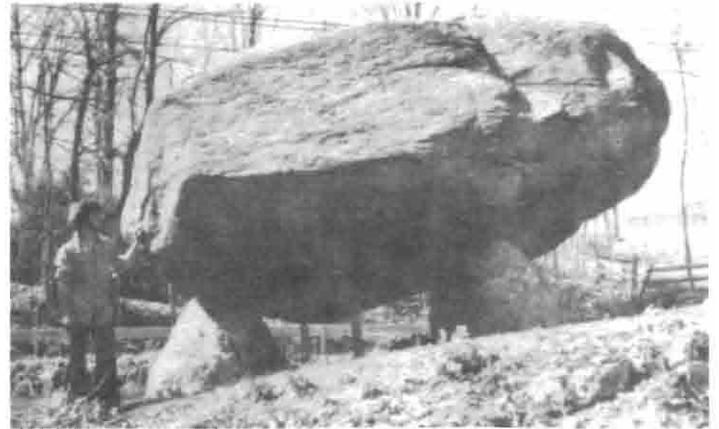
The above article is a condensed, edited version of two important newsletters recently published by the Citizens for Foreign Aid Reform, P.O. Box 332, Rexdale, Ontario, M9W 5L3, Canada.

ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS OF NORTHEAST AMERICA

In *The Search for Lost America: Mysteries of the Stone Ruins in the United States* (New York: Penguin, 1978, 284 pages, \$5.95), archaeologist Salvatore Michael Trento tells how the pioneers "noticed buried stone chambers, monstrous boulders balanced on smaller rocks, massive earthen mounds, and other stone ruins" when they moved into the North American wilderness. The great earthen mounds -- centered in the valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio -- were excavated by the Smithsonian in the late 1800s, although not very well in Trento's opinion. As for the stone ruins, they were (and still are) neglected by the archaeological profession. Today, thanks to historical amnesia, they are often glibly explained by professors who have never come near them with a spade as "colonial" in origin. Slab-roofed chambers, topped with stones weighing up to 30 tons, are called settlers' temporary shelters, root cellars, and ice houses! Fortunately, a growing interest in the ruins has led to the formation of several research societies, through whose efforts an astounding number of new sites have been added to the many already known.

Trento's book concerns itself mainly with the stone ruins of the Northeast, where the greatest number have been found. Some of the monuments and artifacts he describes are:

Balanced Rock, North Salem, New York. A few hundred yards from the post office, thirty feet from the main road, lies Balanced Rock. It is "a 90-ton, pink granite boulder neatly plopped atop a few smaller, cone-shaped rocks." In 1824 Professor John Finch noticed that this "freak of nature" rested on supporting stones of crystalline limestone and that "primitive limestone never appears above the ground in the shape of small conical pillars, but in large massy blocks." Recently, investigators measured "the distance between the contact points of the supporting stones" and found "results very suggestive of the megalithic yard." Since the ancient construc-



Ninety-ton balanced rock at North Salem.

tions of the northeast tend to occur in groups -- find one and you will probably find others nearby -- aerial photographs and ground searches turned up three ground disturbance rings with respective diameters of 90, 290 and 330 feet and described as "the remains of circular earthworks." The bands of each of the two larger rings averaged about 50 feet in width. Also found were five slab-roofed chambers containing inscriptions.

Ancient Copper Mines, Upper Michigan Peninsula. Trento writes, "Many inexplicable mining pits are scattered along the rivers and tributaries of America's northeast." However, a more active region appears to have been to the west: "On Isle Royale in Lake Superior and in northern Michigan, thousands of worked copper mines were discovered as early as the sixteenth century by French Jesuit missionaries who reported that the Indians of the peninsula knew absolutely nothing about their origins."

The pits contain a number of ancient tools. "Recent carbon-

14 dating of organic matter taken from the shafts places them back around 1000 B.C." A student of Trento's adds, "metallurgical engineers estimate that more than a billion pounds of copper were mined out of the Michigan Peninsula and the Isle Royale."

Turtle Mound, Andover, Mass. One of the few northeastern sites excavated by a trained archaeologist is Turtle Mound, an assemblage of boulders and cobbles on top of a small hill, containing three slab-roofed chambers, one of which was the site of an ancient cremation burial. Four test trenches in 1951 produced a javelin point, ax heads, an octagonal ball, hammerstones, drills (straight and single-shouldered), mauls, a pestle and rectangular pendants, and a polished celt (stone chisel). "Polished celts are almost invariably more than six thousand years old. In fact, all of the stone material found within the burial chamber points to a date as early as 3,000 B.C." Trento continues:

The Andover site is incredibly similar in design and layout to Neolithic West European burials. Both the artifacts and the stone cover strongly suggest this, but the artifacts could also be interpreted as American Indian. We are, therefore, confronted by two exciting and thoroughly testable hypotheses: that the burial cairn site was constructed by an unknown group of northeast Indians who worked in stone, or that the cairn was built by prehistoric Old World travelers to America.

If the archaeologists eventually decide that "Indians" raised the northeastern megaliths, the claim should be confirmed by a first-rate physical anthropologist. Although Trento gives no indication of it, he has to be aware of the fact that the word "Indian" is perversely used by modern "social scientists" to subsume a number of racial types that lived in the pre-Columbian Americas, such as Caucasoid, Caucasoid/Mongoloid, Mongoloid and Mongoloid/Negrito. (See Nigel Davies, *Voyages to the New World*, for the latest word on the races of pre-Columbian America.)

Runestones, Popham Beach, Maine. In 1971 three tenth-century runic stones were found here by a stroller. They were judged authentic by State Museum officials who assumed "they must . . . have been brought to Maine since colonial times." Trento disagrees. In a later section on Helge Ingstad's great discovery at L'Anse aux Meadows in 1969 he says:

Future excavations throughout the Canadian maritime provinces and the rest of the Atlantic coast will probably expose many examples of Viking occupation . . .

Copper Artifact, Monhegan Island, Maine. Of this discovery Trento writes:

[A] tiny arrowhead, or possibly a small dagger, was recovered from an excavation of a rubbish heap by the island's archaeologist. A C¹⁴ test of the organic material associated with the deposited metal artifact gave an approximate date of 1800 B.C. For some unknown reason, no one . . . thought of testing the composition of the metal . . . We can only assume that the scientists in charge of the study did not think it was necessary.

During the summer of 1975 [William Nisbet of the Early Sites Research Society] submitted a tiny fragment of the artifact to a laboratory for analysis. The results were shocking. The seemingly insignificant arrowhead was composed of copper and tin. There are no tin deposits in either the eastern or middle states of America. The closest mines are in Bolivia, but these deposits were not worked in 1800 B.C. We must look elsewhere to explain how a copper and tin artifact found its way into an island trash pile that had lain undisturbed for perhaps over three thousand seven hundred fifty years . . .

Calendar II, South Woodstock, Vermont. After one of Trento's associates, astronautics engineer Byron Dix, had spent over eighteen months surveying the Calendar II Site, he concluded it was an ancient observatory. He based his opinion on: (1) three observation points, "A massive, slab-roofed chamber, a large flagstone platform, and a rock outcropping marked with inscriptions; (2) inscribed bedrock along the solstice pathway which Barry Fell, knowing nothing about Dix's work, identified as a Celtic Ogam allusion to a "winter observation pillar"; (3) "a large triangular monolith . . . placed so that an observer . . . could watch the sun rise above it on the longest day of the year"; (4) "hundreds of small inscribed stones" whose "symbols have been identified as an early alphabet used by a people in the western Mediterranean"; and (5) an ancient quarry which suggests that "the people quarrying the stones stopped work one day and never finished." The layout of Calendar II, like other sites in the northeast, suggests a knowledge of the megalithic yard and the Pythagorean theorem.

Here it might be added that a multitude of somewhat similar sites in the northeast and a lesser number in the rest of the country have been discovered. A documentary, "Is There an American Stonehenge?", was recently aired by PBS. In a remote spot, 10,000 feet up on Medicine Mountain in Wyoming, there is a "medicine wheel" with a central cairn containing a post in its middle. Twenty-eight rows of stones lead directly from the cairn to a rim of stones enclosing the hub and spokes. In between paeans to the "accomplishments and triumphs of the American Indian," tom-tom drummings, pow-wow chants, and photograph stills of noble savages, the minority filmmakers did find the time to say that this site appears to be an ancient observatory. Since it is on a windswept plateau with a thin soil cover, it's hard to guess its age. Another "medicine wheel" in Canada is thought to be almost 5,000 years old.

It seems that the relics of not one but several ancient civilizations are present in America's Northeast. Various cultures appear to have succeeded each other, the later ones on sites that had been occupied by earlier peoples. It will require years of careful excavations just to outline this region's prehistory. The sooner the archaeology departments of our universities start some serious digging the better. Trento's book just might prod them into action. Factually written, filled with superb photographs, maps, drawings and charts, it is going to be difficult to ignore The Search for Lost America, although we may be sure certain people will try.

Are "Memes" Cultural Genes?

THE GENETIC RELATIONSHIP OF IDEAS

Archimedes once said that, given a place to stand, he could move the earth. Just so. But note the importance of somewhere to stand. No judgments have any lasting value if uttered by someone who does not know where he stands -- not even if he is quoting better men who did know where they stood. Each individual quotation may retain its validity in the mouth of a fool but, taken together with other quotations selected indiscriminately, it will be lost in the resulting welter. This is most obviously true in the realm of literature, where second-rate critics dare to quote their betters without having the capacity to comprehend them. But sociological and political commentators are given to the same sin. Remember that the modern relativist "position" is theoretically a denial of the possibility of standing positively anywhere. It does not, however, preclude bias.

Style depends on coherence. The person who just throws together vaguely similar ideas produces a fuzzy impression. The ideas ought to fit together like pieces of a jigsaw. Otherwise, no clear picture can emerge. To write well, one must think straight, and that means thinking in accordance with one's own instincts, not those of others. Words and thoughts must be compatible, or a confused impression results. Look at any newspaper for examples of this. A jackdaw may steal a wide variety of bright objects, but it is not an artist, any more than is the perpetrator of a haphazard collage. If you want a sure sign of muddled thinking, look for the mixed metaphors. They conclusively demonstrate that there is no clear image in the writer's mind.

Recently, an Australian subscriber to *Instauration* remarked that we have the liberty to say anything -- except of course the truth. Like most effective aphorisms, this is just a fact presented in a surprising way. Nothing is so demoralizing as suppressing the truth in one's own mind, because it frustrates the honest thought which leads to action.

We are now aware that the progressive demoralization of our people results from the minoritarian exploitation of their native tolerance, kindness and discipline. The disease is so far



Richard Dawkins, author of The Selfish Gene

advanced that the media have been able to impose taboos on Majority thinking. Such taboos accelerate the process of demoralization until it undermines sanity. No intelligent person can study the world around him without being driven to the inescapable conclusion that there is something very wrong with our culture and that minority influence may have something to do with it. Yet this very conclusion -- the only true one -- is taboo. The underlying thought process is as follows: "If I am inexorably driven to immoral conclusions, then I must be guilty, or mad. Therefore, I shall try to escape from logical thought altogether." Is it any wonder that so many turn to drugs and deafening cacophany, or else allow themselves to be typecast on the psychoanalyst's couch? We are back with our old friend the Judeo-Christian guilt complex, which gives enormous power to those who decide who is guilty. The more natural the instinct suppressed, the greater the feeling of guilt.

All this has been thrown into sharp relief by Dawkins's concept of "memes" (Richard Dawkins, *The Selfish Gene*, Oxford University Press, 1976). This young Oxford lecturer

builds on the notion that "cultural transmission is analogous to genetic transmission in that, although basically conservative, it can give rise to a form of evolution." He does not mean that culture is necessarily linked with biological genetics (though I shall argue that this is the case), but rather that culture has an internal genetic drive of its own, which makes it move very much faster than genetic drift in a stable population. The replicators in the world of culture are analogous to genes in biology, and Dawkins has given them the name "memes" (abbreviated from "mimeme," a unit of imitation). Like genes, memes are not indivisible units but units of convenience, lengths of "chromosome" with just sufficient copying fidelity to serve as viable units of natural selection. In other words, Dawkins postulates that ideas have a life of their own, and that they mutate, just as genes do. This may be only an analogy, but it is a very instructive one.

Original ideas which occur by chance are in fact modifications of ideas already in existence, and may justly be regarded as mutations. Most of them, like most mutations, are non-starters (e.g., all the kooky, conflicting notions encouraged by the media), but some attain replicative power when they combine with other advantageous memes in a sociobiological fashion. Thus, metaphors, musical motifs, etc., combine with ideas to form clusters of memes which replicate themselves, although at first they had no necessary connection with one another. Hence the appeal of religion expressed in terms of art, or philosophy expressed in terms of literature. Dawkins does not stress the need for successful meme clusters to be composed of compatible elements, perhaps because that would lay him open to the charge of cultural discrimination, but such compatibility is presupposed when he says, "we could regard an organized church, with its architecture, rituals, laws, music, art and written tradition, as a co-adapted stable set of mutually assisting memes." This explains the effect of substituting inferior translations of the Bible for the King James version. The message of the New Testament (which includes Christ's denunciations of the Pharisees) is severely weakened by such changes. Similarly, when Pope Montini got rid of the Latin rituals (especially the plain chant), he greatly weakened

the hold of religion on the minds of believers. Note that memes, like genes, cannot exist by themselves. They have to combine in order to replicate. A head cannot exist without a body, any more than an idea can exist without its vehicle of expression. Of course, the head can remain alive if one cuts off the arms and legs, but the whole organism is thereby weakened.

The importance of meme complexes, as postulated by Dawkins, is very great. Like gene clusters, they have the capacity to replicate, and much more cohesively. Dawkins says that some of the genes of past geniuses may remain, but they will have been scattered by recombination (though I noticed that when people with the name Shakespeare came together at Stratford-on-Avon some years ago, a number of them seemed to resemble the Bard). The meme cluster, he says, lives on intact. But this is not quite true. It only lives on intact to the extent that those who experience it continue to do so in the original way. New York Jews read the same Shakespeare texts as I do, but their staging of the plays shows that they do not experience them as I do. This is another aspect of Wilmot Robertson's insistence on the importance of the right audience to the creative artist.

The only danger in Dawkins's ideas is that they may be taken as a new form of the Teilhard de Chardin heresy, which postulates that biological evolution has ended, and that mental evolution will now take over. Dawkins is in fact a hereditarian geneticist, but some people might take his meme theory to mean that genetic differences do not matter any more. Of course they do. Some races have proved capable of evolving advanced cultures, while others have not. Ideas do have a life of their own, but it is not independent of the brains which are their hosts. What is more, we respond more readily to those ideas which are most in tune with our instincts. Finally, ideas go in clusters, which demonstrate their compatibility by their survival power in combination. Therefore, if we are to preserve the ways of thought which are vital to our physical survival, we shall have to break the taboos which are intended to destroy the symmetry of our thinking.

EPHEMERIDES

Éléments, the magazine that is best described by the French word original, carries as a continuing feature éphémérides, a calendar of important but often dimly remembered events that goes far beyond the scope and presumed neutrality of more sedate almanacs. Our readers may be interested in a sampling:

August

- 3 (1546) In Paris the printer and humanist Etienne Dolet is burned, together with his books, at the stake. He received the death sentence for having translated Plato's writings on the immortality of the soul.
- 9 (1919) Ernst Haeckel, the biologist-philosopher who introduced the theories of Darwin to Germany, dies in Jena.

- 14 (1903) The first World Zionist Congress, Theodor Herzl presiding, opens at Basel, Switzerland. At the time Palestine had 700,000 inhabitants, 78,000 of them Jews.
- 15 (1769) Birth of Napoleon. The unofficial date, according to several historians, is January 7, 1768, seven months after Corsica had rejoined the kingdom of France. His real father, say these revisionists, was Comte de Marbeuf, sent by France to Corsica in 1764 as the head of its official delegation.
- 16 (1875) The unveiling in the Teutoburger forest of the statue of Hermann (Arminius), vanquisher of the legions of Varus in A.D. 9.
- 18 (1634) The Curé of Loudain, Urban Grandier, accused of having

made witches out of some nuns at an Ursuline convent, in which he had never set foot, is burned alive before a great number of the faithful.

19 (1923) Death of Vilfredo Pareto.

20 (1669) Czar Peter the Great orders his subjects to wear European clothes.

21 (1944) On the demand of two intellectuals of the French liberation movement, Alexis Carrel is suspended from his position as regent of a foundation for the study of human problems.

27 (1701) Treaty between Philip V, king of Spain, and Louis XIV stipulates that for ten years the transportation of Negroes to the American colonies will be the monopoly of the Royal Company of Guinea, headed by the governor of Santo Domingo. The ships must be French or Spanish. Crew members may be of any nationality, provided they are Catholics.

29 (1526) The military disaster of Mohacs. Louis II of Hungary, beaten by the army of Suleiman II, is found dead on the battlefield. The Ottoman flag flies over Hungary.

31 (1572) Bands of Catholics in Lyons, having learned of the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre, invade a city prison and kill 800 Protestant inmates.

September

1 (1715) Death of Louis XIV, who made himself the champion of the religious party and accelerated the decline of the nobility in favor of the bourgeois class and bourgeois values. He backed the Turkish invasion of Europe in the hope of weakening the house of Habsburg.

4 (1962) General De Gaulle visits Germany and exalts the friendship between the French and German peoples. To the officers of a war school in Hamburg, he declares that Franco-German cooperation will constitute "the basis of a Europe whose prosperity, power and prestige will equal those of any other nation."

6 (1956) The young English linguist Michael Ventris is killed at Hatfield in an automobile accident. Along with classical scholar John Chadwick, he had demonstrated that Linear B, the writing of ancient Crete, was Greek.

11 (1917) Pilot Georges Guynemer, 23, disappears in an aerial dog-fight over Flanders shortly after having shot down his fiftieth German plane. Before his death he said, "I have never shot down an enemy without a sharp twinge of conscience."

12 (1683) The Polish troops of John Sobieski destroy the Turks at Kahlenberg. The city of Vienna is saved.

13 (81) Death of Emperor Titus. Son of Vespasian, he successfully directed the Roman war against Judaea, took Jerusalem and destroyed the Temple.

17 (1948) Count Folke Bernadotte, member of Sweden's royal family and United Nations representative in Palestine, is assassinated by Israeli terrorists. The murderers were never brought to justice.

20 (1870) Italian troops enter Rome. End of the temporal power of the papacy.

21 (1860) Death of Schopenhauer.

22 (1774) Pope Clement XIV dies of poison. One year earlier, having undertaken the reform of the Church, he had suppressed the Jesuit order with the bull *Dominus ac redemptor noster*. He had then declared, "I sign my death warrant, but I obey my conscience."

October

9 (439) Genseric, king of the Vandals, conquers Carthage.

11 (1973) The Nobel prize for medicine and physiology is awarded to Konrad Lorenz, Nikolaas Tinbergen and Karl von Frisch, for their pioneering work in ethology.

16 (1946) Execution of the Nazi war criminals at Nuremberg.

17 (1685) Revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. As a result of renewed persecution, French Huguenots flee France in droves. The Edict comprises twelve articles, the first of which declares that the revocation is irrevocable.

21 (1952) The Mau Mau insurrection forces the government of Kenya to proclaim a state of siege. One cause of the revolt was the interdiction, by the English, of clitoridectomy. After the proclamation of independence, Jomo Kenyatta reestablishes the practice.

24 (1870) Adolphe Cremieux (Isaac Moise), prominent French politician and one of the founders of the Alliance Israelite Universelle, signs a decree giving French citizenship to the Jews of Algeria.

27 (312) Battle of the Milvian Bridge. A short distance from Rome, Emperor Constantine and his Christian supporters annihilate the forces of Emperor Maxentius, who drowns in the Tiber. The body of the vanquished emperor is later fished out and decapitated. His head, affixed to the end of a lance, is carried triumphantly through the streets of Rome.

28 (1922) The Black Shirts begin their march on Rome.

29 (1268) Conradin, 15, last of the Hohenstaufens and king of Sicily and Jerusalem, is publicly executed in Naples. The execution, ordered by Charles d'Anjou, was inspired by Pope Clement IV, whose temporal power was being threatened by the Hohenstaufens.

Camp of the Saints

The American paperback edition of *Camp of the Saints* is now out of print. A Canadian group has managed to get hold of some remaining copies of the paperback British edition. Not many are available. The price is \$3.00 postpaid. Order from Campus Alternative, Box 332, Rexdale, Ontario M9W 5L3 Canada.

KARL LUEGER (1844-1910)

In a secret address delivered to representatives of the German press, in Munich on November 10, 1938, Adolf Hitler recalled that in his youth Viennese newspapers were almost exclusively slanted in a liberal-democratic or Marxist direction. The sole exception was the *Deutsches Volksblatt*, which had a small readership of some 25,000. Yet in the 148-member Vienna City Council sat 136 adherents of the anti-Semitic Christian Socialist party. People, Hitler explained, had ceased to pay any attention to the press. He added that he himself had come to power with the backing of approximately 5% of Germany's newspapers.

The creator of the Austrian Christian Socialist party was Karl Lueger. From 1897 until his death in 1910, he was mayor of Vienna and responsible for turning it into "an efficient modern metropolis." The quotation is from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (14th edition), which gives him full credit for bringing the public services under municipal control and developing parks and gardens, schools and hospitals. The streetcars of present-day Vienna are the lineal descendants of his mass transportation system, and outside the city one can still enjoy the spring blossoms in the little Schrebergärten (allotment gardens) established under his rule.

Lueger certainly did not begin his political career with any special advantages. Like the core of his later following, he was of lower middle-class origin. In fact, he may be regarded as an important forerunner of fascism, not just because he was in favor of restricting Jewish power (plenty of others wanted to do that), but because he appealed above all to the class from which fascism later sprang. His basic idea, a winner, was to combine radicalism with an appeal to the little man: the tradesman, shopkeeper and small businessman. In other words, he was a populist. It is no accident that whenever a populist appears (Poujade in France, Wallace in the U.S.), the liberal Mafia moves in quickly to bury or neutralize him. Inevitably, Lueger's policies brought him into conflict with the rich Viennese bourgeoisie, whose key elements were Jewish, and with the Marxist Socialists, whose key elements were also Jewish. He spoiled their traditional game of playing both sides against the demoralized middle by giving the middle an ideological backbone.

Lueger was an Austrian German. He faced, like all his contemporaries, the problems of a multiracial empire. His solution was to create a federal state in which each nationality would rule in its own area. Inevitably, this brought him into conflict with the prevailing concept of the dual monarchy, because both the Austrians and the Hungarians controlled several Slav territories. Partly because of this, partly on account of Lueger's anti-Semitism, Kaiser Franz Josef delayed

two years before allowing him to take up his elected post as mayor of Vienna. Unfortunately, jealousies among the many different ethnic groups of the Austro-Hungarian Empire prevented his federal policy from ever being realized.

Lueger was by no means the only Austrian politician who ran head-on into Jews. Far more anti-Semitic was Georg Ritter von Schönerer, whose Pan-German party sent twenty-one members to the Reichsrat in 1901, although they never attained the same success as the Christian Socialists. Starting as a left-wing liberal, Schönerer gradually became more and more Prussophile, showing a willingness to subordinate even Austrian German interests to those of the Hohenzollerns. What is more, he was closely associated with the anti-Catholic *Los von Rom* movement. Indeed, he himself became a Protestant, which inevitably distanced him from other Austrians, only 10% of whom are of that denomination. His failure teaches us that any successful political takeover must be built upon a local basis. The big mistake of Sir Oswald Mosley (in his own opinion) lay in allowing a cross between the Italian black shirt and his own fencing jacket (he was an Olympic fencer) to become the uniform of his movement. Mosley's adoption of the label "fascist" was also a mistake, since it immediately identified the movement as being foreign in inspiration. The same thing, *a fortiori*, must be said of the little Nazi movements which have sprung up in the English-speaking countries since the war. Southern separatists and Scotch nationalists are far more dangerous to the *status quo*. The trouble is that if they exaggerate their separateness too much, they may damage the interests of the Majority as a whole.

Like Lueger, Schönerer drew some support from the lower middle class, but with the significant addition of the university fraternities or *Burschenschaften*. Lueger, although he had studied law at Vienna University, was cut off from such lofty connections by his class origins. But the cold fact is that for centuries the European aristocracy has not shown itself capable of leading a successful revolution.

Frustrated in his ambitions, Schönerer identified the Jewish-controlled press as his chief enemy and turned to violence. It was an attack by his supporters on the offices of the *Neuer Wiener Tagblatt* that led in 1888 to his being imprisoned and deprived both of his parliamentary seat and his title. He was goaded into direct action before he had the power to make it stick. Nevertheless, Schönerer's fruitless violence inspired like-minded members of the *Burschenschaften* in Austria and *Freikorps* in Germany to take out key enemies after World War I -- Rosa Luxemburg, Kurt Eisner and Walther Rathenau, to name a few.

It can be claimed that Schönerer's pan-German Reich did in

fact come into existence, if only for seven years. But his desire to Germanize the Slav elements in the western part of the Austrian Empire produced a predictable backlash. If there is one thing which people hate it is being absorbed and losing their cultural distinctiveness and sense of identity. The Czechs and the Irish hate the Germans and the English respectively, not because they were particularly badly treated, but because attempts were made to assimilate them.

Lueger and Schönerer were two different aspects of the same sociobiological response. The Europe-wide revolution of 1848 had been the crest of one of those great waves which periodically break over Western civilization. No *intelligent* person thereafter could be in any doubt about the power of liberal-minority coalitions everywhere in the West. The only question was whether to play along with them or oppose them. Inevitably, the better elements chose the latter course.

It can be argued that the foundations laid by Lueger have enabled Austria in the post-1945 period to cling tenaciously to its nationality laws, which have prevented a flood of aliens from taking over whole areas of the cities. There are many colored "visitors," but they cannot obtain citizenship rights in Austria. In the long run this legacy of Lueger will be more important than anything Schönerer ever did.

Rightists have regarded Lueger as being soft on the Jewish

minority because of a famous remark. When someone heard him praising a Jew and brought the man's origin to his attention, Lueger replied in Viennese dialect, *Wer a Jud' is', dos bestimm' i'!* (I decide who is a Jew!) Goering later used the same phrase when the antecedents of General Milch were called in question. Jews view this anecdote quite differently. From their vantage point it illustrates the cynicism of a man who had destroyed their political influence, but was still prepared to use them for his own purposes.

In that long-gone pre-TV era, Lueger had to build up his power with oratory. Inevitably, he was described as a demagogue, though his main strength lay in his reasoned appeals to fairness and decency. What is more, he had a large measure of that essential political attribute -- the common touch. Once when Lueger was holidaying on the Adriatic coast, his carriage passed an Austrian taking a walk with his very young daughter. Lueger told his coachman to stop, asked if they were Viennese, and took the little girl into his carriage for a conversation. He knew that a moment of personal attention means more to people -- and to a successful political career -- than fine speeches. Vienna's present mayor, the handsome Socialist Leopold Graz, an ex-Nazi, receives the ordinary people of Vienna at the Rathaus every autumn. Throughout the long day he stands kissing the hands of women whose hands no one else ever kisses, making small talk and thereby keeping large numbers of Viennese in the ranks of his party. This also is in the Lueger tradition.

Like Graz, Lueger was a Nordic. His statue stands in the square named after him between the Wollzeile and the Ring in Vienna. His hands are at his heart and his face is full of determination. Underneath are futuristic statues of heroic laborers. For a man who made his career in politics, Lueger was straight as an arrow. They don't make many mayors like him anymore.



Statue of Karl Lueger in Vienna

Ethnomania

- It was an ethnic slur when Florida's Tourist Office tried to distribute 150,000 brochures with illustrations of black children munching watermelon.
- It was an ethnic slur when John Anderson, usually very hep about racial matters, praised dancing Negro children for their "nice, natural rhythm."
- It was an ethnic slur for a restaurant chain to call itself Sambo's, even though it was a play on the name of its two founders, SAM Battistone and J. Newell BOhnette.
- It was an ethnic slur to estimate that 45% of the Eskimos who live in Barrow, Alaska, are "in the definitely alcoholic range" and 23% "in the suggestive alcoholic range," although these percentages appeared in a carefully conducted study by a University of Pennsylvania research group. Not surprisingly, Kim Moeller, the public safety chief of Barrow, who commissioned the study, was fired. Not surprisingly, the average adult Eskimo in Barrow continues to consume 5.9 gallons of pure alcohol a year, twice the national average.

Campaign Chaff

The Republican convention was a disgusting, tasteless performance, a living advertisement for all that is worst in that low-IQ form of politics known as multiracial democracy. While delegates were cavorting about in funny hats and Reagan was reaching out for minorities, black snipers in Miami were reaching out for whites with bullets.

Nevertheless, the verbal tornadoes at the podium lost the battle of noise to the inane commentary of the boob-tube pundits and the nauseous rat-a-tat-tat of the commercials for false teeth sticky stuff. Perhaps for the first time in the annals of television CBS actually interrupted a commercial -- one that was blacking out the triumphal arrival of Reagan on that great and final night.

Although there is absolutely nothing to fear from Ronnie, Republican liberals and the media almost blew a fuse trying to force Ford in as vice-president. By rumor, innuendo, quarter-truths and mawkish repetition, Cronkite and Rather tried to make the Ford appointment a *fait accompli*. It almost worked. The TV impresarios well know that saying something is going to happen long enough and loud enough can often make it happen. As the media featured coy Ford interviews, Alan Greenspan, Henry Kissinger, Senator Javits and other Ford boosters wheeled and dealt into the wee hours, trying to pretend that Ford, a man so ignorant he twice declared Poland to be an independent nation during his unsuccessful 1976 campaign, was a sort of political Einstein. Finally, the liberals' demand for a White House duumvirate was turned down. Reagan still retained a shred of pride.

We await the debates, which both candidates have allegedly agreed to, with a burst of ennui. Carter is trickier than Reagan, more of a hypocrite, better at the lie, quicker with the pious platitude, slicker with the goody-two-shoes pitch. So he'll probably do well.

During the summer heat wave many poor white old folks in the big cities chose to remain in their boiling apartments and die of heat exhaustion rather than go out, get some fresh air and be mugged or knifed by blacks. This is the real America the men in the funny hats refuse to think about. This is not the America that the Reagans, Carters, Bushes and Fords orate about. Totally unqualified to be president, all these pathetic pols can do is fool the public, their toadies and themselves. They're going to find it's a little harder to fool history.

* * *

As usual in a national election, the presidential candidates' positions on Israel are considered as important as their stand on inflation, unemployment, the recession or the far more serious issues they try not to talk about, such as immigration, crime, busing and reverse discrimination. To get his third-party campaign off on the proper footing, Anderson made the obligatory pilgrimage to the Promised Land, donned his yarmulke and proceeded to out-Zionize Reagan and Carter by promising to recognize Jerusalem as the capital of Israel and by proclaiming the Israelis had every right to establish settlements on the West Bank. A few days later in Egypt the "courageous" and "tell-it-like-it-is" Anderson swallowed half his words and admitted to Sadat the fate of Jerusalem should be decided by the Israelis *and* the Arabs.

At home Anderson, who boasts about his born-againism, is still apologizing for backing an amendment that anachronistically described the U.S. as a Christian nation. Reagan is also getting into the religious act by talking about some "experience" he had that sounds perilously close to a second birth.

Carter doesn't have as much to say, because he's been boasting about being born again ever since a heavenly light suddenly descended upon him in the dark days after his unsuccessful try for the governorship of Georgia. For fear of being called "too" Christian, however, he did refuse to attend a huge rally of 200,000 fundamentalists in Washington last April.

Without a doubt the coveys of Christian preachers on TV and radio, who claim to speak to or for 40 to 50 million American evangelicals, are going to exert some influence on this year's election. These numbers probably explain the sudden increase of religious decibels emanating from the candidates' mouths.

* * *

The Democratic machine in California's 43rd Congressional District quickly disavowed Klansman Tom Metzger who, to the absolute dismay of the old pols, won the Party's primary. A special rule was passed removing the requirement that Democrats had to support the elected nominee. Minority members pushed for a resolution of sup-

Dublin Dispatch
AND
IRISH FREE WORLD

VOL. CLXXXIII NO. 94 ★★ SUNDAY, JULY 20, 1969 ★★ 7d THE COPY

God Saves Senator Kennedy As Catholic Girl Drowns

Devout Pair Believed To Be
On Way To Midnight Mass

Ted Prays For Almost Nine
Hours Before Leaving Scene

Irish Government Blasts Italian
Builder Of Faulty Bridge

We don't subscribe to The Dublin Dispatch. We doubt if anyone does. But if the paper doesn't exist, it should -- as proved by the headline of its July 20, 1969, issue.

port for the Republican candidate, incumbent Clair Burgener, even though such a step would violate California's Election Code, which prohibits one political party from openly supporting a rival party's candidate.

The ethnic component of the 43rd Congressional District is estimated to be 16%

Chicano, 10% Jewish, 6% Oriental and 1% black. Ed Skagen, the man Metzger beat, spent \$5,000 on the campaign. The Klansman spent \$2,000. UPI, trying to explain Metzger's victory, said there were a lot of "rednecks" in the area.

Metzger was only able to make one major

speech in the course of the campaign -- at San Diego University where he was shouted down by 1,200 students. The media, of course, never had one decent word to say about him. No one wanted to guess the number of votes he might have garnered if he had been given a fair shake.

Will the Real Uncle Tom Please Stand Up?

Harriet Beecher Stowe, the little humanitarian lady who helped start the big, bloody, dysgenically disastrous war, gave us a hellish version of life in the antebellum South that has infected American history to the present day. Her picture of slavery was as distorted as Alex Haley's, and her character, Uncle Tom, as fraudulent as *Roots* hero Kunta Kinte.

The real Uncle Tom was Josiah Henson, born not free in Maryland in 1790. When in his late twenties he was slaving away on a Kentucky plantation, he and his family were narrowly passed over for shipment down river to the rice planters of Louisiana. That was when he parted company with both the sympathetic martyr of Mrs. Stowe and the unsympathetic collaborator of the Black Panthers. From then on, Henson wrote in his autobiography, "One absorbing purpose occupied my soul, to gain freedom and deliverance. For it I stood ready to pray, toil, dissemble, plot like a fox and fight like a tiger." In 1830 his wish came true. After riding north on the Underground Railroad, he crossed Lake Erie to Canada with his wife and four children. "Come on deck, clop your wings and crawl like a rooster," the Scottish ferry-boat captain called to him, "you're a free nigger as sure as you're a live man."

Henson soon found that the Canadians were almost as colorwise as Americans, especially when it came to sending blacks to white schools. So he persuaded some white philanthropists to finance the Dawn Settlement near Dresden, western Ontario, whose



Josiah Henson

primary purpose was to educate Negro children. It was also a working agricultural community of eventually 500 people, with a sawmill, grist mill, rope factory, brickyard, two schools and a church.

Henson acquired the reputation of an imperious patriarch in his mismanagement of the chronically debt-loaded settlement. Among his other failings, he was away too

much on his speaking, fund-raising and lumber-selling tours. On one trip, in 1851, he attended England's Great Exhibition and was ushered into the august presence of Queen Victoria.

A few years later he was back in Kentucky smuggling slaves across the Mason-Dixon line. About this time he met Mrs. Stowe, who later visited him in Canada to get more details about his colorful past. It was his embroidered personal history that inspired her famous adrenalin-pumping sob story, a fact which she acknowledged in her introduction to Henson's autobiography.

In 1877, at the age of 87, Henson made a last lecture tour in Britain, where he spoke out strongly for aid for American blacks, who "still suffered from the scorn of the white man and from their own ignorance, malnutrition and fear." On his return he was received at the White House. He died in Canada six years later.

In a biography of Henson called *Black Moses* there is this account of how he felt about *Uncle Tom's Cabin*:

He found nothing in the life of the hero resembling his own life except the sufferings which were common to many a slave. At first he was displeased by the identification with such a godly but simple man. But his displeasure changed into annoyance, then indifference and finally amusement: "Yes, yes, I am Uncle Tom," he would say when questioned. "I have been dead, you know. For quite a long time I have been dead and gone. but my ghost is always appearing somewhere."

What Russian-Americans Say About Afghanistan

Britain tried three times to occupy Afghanistan, the last try in 1880 (the Khyber Pass campaigns). The British did not succeed simply because they never fielded an army big enough and strong enough for the job.

The Soviet high command took a careful look at Britain's attempts to occupy this mountainous country. To do what the British had failed to do, the Soviets needed a massive military force, an element of surprise, a suitable strategy and a favorable political

climate.

What was the specific need for occupying Afghanistan? Would it not be an affront to the free world?

The Afghan government, despite huge Soviet financial aid, did not fully satisfy the

Kremlin demands for a complete shift into the Soviet orbit. It was also looking in two other directions -- to the West and to China. While looking toward the West might have raised Soviet eyebrows, the slightest hint of a move towards China could not be tolerated.

The results of the Indian elections, so favorable to Moscow, were anticipated by Soviet observers. That, plus the turmoil in Iran, triggered the Soviet decision to invade. The wavering American attitude and the clear lack of unity among the Western allies gave the Soviets reason to assume that the occupation would not meet with any significant resistance or retaliation. The West, it was believed, would limit itself to rhetoric and protests. The Kremlin was right. Whenever the Americans make an important move anywhere in the world, even for humanitarian reasons, the streets of Paris and Rome are more often than not filled with protesters. There were no such demonstrations after Afghanistan.

The Soviets wanted to prevent at all costs

a Chinese or a Western "presence" on their southern borders. They also had to eradicate any outside or inside attempt to influence Soviet Moslems to join a united Islamic movement. In Afghanistan, the Soviets saw a splendid opportunity to deploy their armed forces, to apply the three C's (command, communication, control) and to probe Western reaction. They were able to push their forward positions closer to the oilfields and the Indian Ocean and acquire better access routes for a possible occupation of Iran. Considering the strong animosity between the Iranians and Baluchistanis, Moscow will keep a close eye on what is going to happen in that troubled area in the next six months, particularly in view of the Soviet-Iranian treaty of 1921 giving the Kremlin the right to march into Iran, should any forces unfriendly to the Soviet Union move in.

Western observers are stunned by the huge Soviet forces in Kabul. Why? Soviet tactics are very well expressed in the memoirs of Marshal Zhukov. Commencing with

Khalkin-Gol and ending with the operations after Stalingrad, all Soviet military actions are regularly preceded by tremendous concentrations of manpower and materiel.

Should another 100,000 troops be needed for successfully completing the Afghan operations, they will be available, regardless of what the UN might say about it. Only a world war would have a chance of dislodging them. As no one is ready for this, the Soviets will use the next few months to consolidate their position while looking for new opportunities for aggression.

If Western observers are concerned about Pakistan, they should also turn their eyes toward Istanbul and the Dardanelles. Turkey long ago stopped monitoring the number of Soviet ships passing through the Bosphorus, just as it long ago stopped taking any note of Soviet violations of Turkish air space.

The above is an edited translation of an article by G.M. Moyseew appearing in the Russian newspaper, Don Ataman Herald, published in Howell, New Jersey.

A stab at economic futurology

The Day of the Knout

What fools are being made of economists these days, both those of the senile right and those of the straitjacketed left! Books, encyclopedias and whole libraries have been written about the economic crisis. But it all can be boiled down to a few words -- productivity is going down, population is going up, and consumerism is still the order of the day. The Puritan Ethic has been turned inside out. No longer do we tighten our belts in hard times (the so-called balanced budget is one more swindle). We loosen them and spend our way out of debt.

How will the decline in productivity be halted? Certainly not by the book, the old Adam Smith book, that is. What government would or could restore the vanished props of moribund capitalism? The slightest move in that direction would be stopped dead in its tracks by a few thousand rioting Negroes in Miami or parts north.

Taking into account the present political climate, there is only one practical means of maintaining even a minimum level of production. We will call it, for lack of a better phrase, the enslavement of the producer. Since the incentive to produce has almost disappeared in this day and age, producers will have to be *forced* to produce under penalty of the law. The managers who do not meet their quotas will be fined, jailed, tortured and, if necessary, liquidated. The profit motive will be supplanted by physical

fear. The lash and the knout will be substituted for the dividend, the bonus, the pay raise, the stock option and the capital gain.

Those who do not think terror is an effective economic incentive should look at Communist East Germany, which, on a per capita basis, has one of the world's highest GNP's.

The real solution to the economic crisis would be to put the producers in charge of the economy. But this would be a right-wing solution, so that is out. The only right-wingers still allowed to function in Western politics are men who talk like conservatives but act like liberals.

More goods, more leisure, more welfare -- that's what consumers want and that's what their political masters pretend their legislation will provide. But what do the people really get? More welfare and more leisure, yes, but along with an inflation rate and skyrocketing prices that make even the rich clutch their wallets in desperation. As for pay raises, the big labor unions do see to it their members get more money. In this era of the dollar's double-digit downswing, however, raising real wages is about the same as chasing a will-o'-the-wisp with a bulldozer.

What is to be done? The media belong to the left, so the leftists who run the economy from Washington will not be blamed for the oncoming disaster. The blame will fall on the producers, who have been out of the

power picture for decades. As media pressure edges the country further to the left end of the economic spectrum, eventually the government will fall almost automatically into the lap of Marxists, who may or may not reject any overt or covert ties to Moscow.

Contemporary Marxism is not a conspiracy. It is an irresistible trend. Outright Marxists are the next in the saddle because no government is willing or able to clean up the mess it did so much to perpetuate.

When the Pinkos and the Reds and the Scarlets come to power, they will avoid the mistakes they made in Chile. There will be no more truck with freedom or vestigial forms of freedom. They will simply enslave the producers. Statutory law will specify that production must be kept at a level sufficient to meet the subsistence needs of a majority of consumers. Yet even with strikes impermissible, with piecework and quotas permissible and even mandatory, goods and services will continue to shrink. The middle class and the rich will get it where it hurts most.

But in the long, long run the commissars will understand that even their barebones economy will collapse if they liquidate the few remaining producers. By sheer political necessity the terror will eventually be turned against the consumer and a few crumbs handed out to the managerial class, as happened in Stalin's Russia. Since rabid Jewish

class warriors and wan WASP professors cannot produce anything more tangible than ideological tracts and manifestos, even career welfarists and blacks will come to understand that something more is needed.

So the producers still extant will be released from the Gulags, and the liberal-minority consumer advocates -- the Naders, the Kennedys and the Samuelsons -- will be

moved into the vacated cells. As a further incentive to the producer, he may even be given the right of access to his own culture again. A few Majority writers and playwrights may be rehabilitated, while old-fashioned minority racist propaganda is confined to UHF channels and ghetto colleges. Immigration, which in its latter days favored the mentally lame, the physically

halt and the morally blind, will finally be stopped.

It all reduces to a weird Hegelian synthesis. Out of economic depressions and busts comes the totalitarian left and out of the distributive madness of the totalitarian left comes the totalitarian right. It has happened before in history, and it will happen again, and it will happen here.

A Voice from the Old Immigration

One of the bitterest dogmatic pills forced down ideologically defenseless Majority throats is that the minority experience in America was as tough, if not tougher, than the woes and sufferings faced by earlier Northern European settlers. How often have we been loudly or subliminally reminded by a rash of Ellis Island bestsellers that the trials and tribulations of immigrants in New York's Lower East Side made life in a frontier cabin in Indian country seem positively Elysian.

Once in a while a fragment of true history is allowed to creep into print and put matters in better focus. Once such appeared in the October 1979 issue of the National Historical Society's *American History Illustrated*. Featured was a letter dated August 5, 1782, from a young Alsatian woman in Louisiana to her brother in New Orleans.

Louisa Cheval quit Strasbourg in May 1782 to follow her brother's example and emigrate to (then Spanish) Louisiana. With her on the little vessel *Étoile du Nord* were her year-old-son, her husband and a few other families. The ship -- old and poorly provisioned -- was skippered by a lush who was often so bloated "the management of the vessel fell to the mate, who was densely ignorant." "Even worse," wrote Louisa, "the seas were infested with pirates."

A month passed during which they were "more dead than alive." Fever claimed two children and the mother of one. There was no medicine.

One evening, when the captain and three officers were paying their customary homage to the bottle, the passengers were suddenly surrounded by the incompetent mate and six sailors armed to the teeth.

To resist would have been madness; we had to yield. They searched our trunks and took away all that we possessed: they left us nothing, absolutely nothing. . . . [They then seized the] boats and abandoned us to our fate. When, the next day, the captain appeared on deck quite sober, . . . he told us, to console us, that we were very near the mouth of the Mississippi, and that

within two days we should be at New Orleans.

All that day the male passengers worked in place of the departed crew. When the ship reached the delta in the evening, they were too tired -- and the captain too anxious to get drunk -- to heed Madame Cheval's plea to keep sailing on up the river.

After the passengers had bunked in, they were awakened by the war cries of a welcoming party of redskins in canoes, who soon made the callous treatment of the eloping crew seem positively benevolent. The first to be butchered was Monsieur Cheval. It was then the turn of the rest of the male passengers, except one who managed to jump overboard unseen. Louisa Cheval wrote:

One Indian tore my child from me while another fastened my arms behind my back. In response to my cries, to my prayers, the monster who held my son took him by one foot and, swinging him several times around, shattered his head against the wall. . . . I fainted, no doubt, for on opening my eyes I found I was on land, firmly fastened to a stake. [Two other female passengers] were fastened as I was: [one] was covered with blood and appeared to be dangerously wounded. About daylight three Indians came looking

for them and took them God knows where!

Madame Cheval was stripped, tied to a stake and left naked in the subtropical sun, but her captors had other things on their minds than sex. They were mainly interested in eating what seemed to be the limbs of a dead child.

Towards evening one of the sub-chiefs approached. . . . He set himself to examine me as the butcher examines the lamb he is about to kill; he seemed to find me worthy to be served on the table of the head chief, but as he was hungry and did not wish to wait he drew from its sheath the knife he carried at his belt.

When she awoke she was lying a few paces from the stake on a ground strewn with dead autochthons. Spanish soldiers were milling about. The man who jumped off the ship had reached the safety of the woods and eventually blundered into a Spanish fort.

The letter Madame Cheval wrote was carried by a Spanish officer to Louisa's brother, who brought his sister to New Orleans. Remembered as a grief-stricken young woman whose hair had turned white and who walked with a staff, Louisa survived her tragic ordeal by only three years.

Ponderable Quotes

Make any statement that is so true that it has been staring us in the face all of our lives, and the whole world will rise up and passionately contradict you. If you don't withdraw and apologize, it will be the worse for you. But just tell any thundering silly lie, and a murmur of pleased assent will hum up from every quarter of the globe.

George Bernard Shaw

The truth must dazzle gradually or every man be blind.

Emily Dickinson

How to Get into College Without Studying

The overrepresentation of any population group in the nation's colleges may be due to differences in racial intelligence. Or it may be due to something else, such as cheating.

The New York State Regents Examinations are very important to students who want to get into New York colleges. It is now known, after an exposé in the *New York Post*, that advance copies of these exams have been and are being sold to college applicants for as much as \$1,000 each. These exams are funnelled through Jewish private schools by something called the Yeshiva Connection.

This is not exactly news. In 1974 Regents exams were stolen from the Solomon Schecter High School in Brooklyn, a link in a nationwide chain of Conservative Jewish schools. Now the stolen tests seem to be huckstered by students in the Yeshivas, a less Orthodox group of Hebrew day schools. One Jew heading for college paid \$150 to a Yeshiva student for the English and Social Studies exams, then resold them to another student at more than double the price. Per usual, the culprits have a ready excuse for their crimes. It's so important to study the Talmud that having the examinations ready at hand eliminates "frivolous" study time.

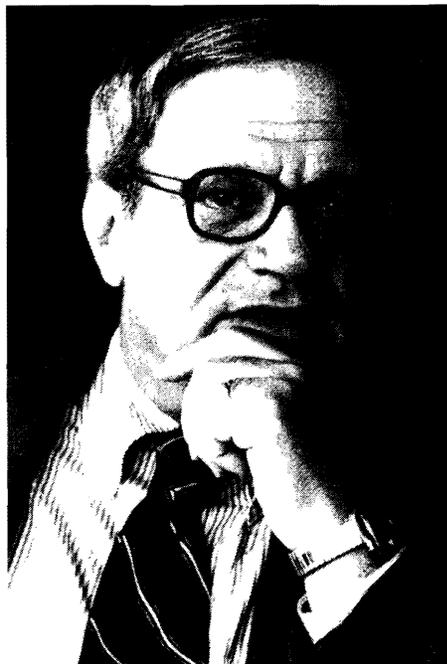
Such doings may not be so frivolous to Majority students who have a hard enough time competing with Jews who are much better able to afford high tuition fees and have been able to buy their way into better preparatory schools. At any rate, the next time Jewish overrepresentation in American education is credited to brains, crack a polite smile.

Radio Czar

Since the Public Television Network and the three commercial TV networks are all presided over by Jews (Grossman, Paley, Silverman and Goldenson), one might think that just out of fairness the American Majority would be allowed to have one of its own at the head of National Public Radio, the taxpayer-subsidized radio network. Not a chance. The \$60,000-a-year president of NPR is Frank Mankiewicz, an old Kennedy hand and McGovern campaign director. If anyone is surprised by the "news" churned out by NPR, let him take a close look at the chief churner.

Some four years ago Frank and another McGovern flack, Kirby Jones, made a whirl-

wind six-week tour of Cuba and came back with the bare bones of a book, eventually published under the title *With Fidel*. The authors were quite taken in by the bearded character who dances to the tune of Brezhnev as Mussolini danced to Hitler's. They found no cult of personality in Cuba, a rather surprising discovery since the island is plastered from one end to the other with pictures of *El Máximo Líder*. The authors also discovered that the Pearl of the Antilles had "no labor camps, no ever present secret police, no brooding presence of the State." In other words, the almost one million refugees who have fled Cuba since the Castro takeover must have been either mad or blind, having seen evil and darkness where there was only sweetness and light. In his book Mankiewicz and his co-author almost sounded like McGovern who, having been given a personally chauffeured Potemkin tour by Castro, assured the American people that Cubans are "healthy, the morale is high and Mr. Castro obviously has achieved a warm relationship of confidence with his people." Senator Church, arriving in 1977, credited Moscow's man in Havana with views that were "reasonable, objective and surprisingly moderate." In return, Castro called Church a "courageous politician" who was "capable, serious and intellectual . . . a man you can talk to."



Frank Mankiewicz

When asked about his book recently by John Lofton, the new editor of the *Conservative Digest*, Mankiewicz replied, "it still reads pretty good to me." It's this sterling honesty and deep perspicacity of the NPR

president that assure NPR listeners straight, undoctored, factual news. How thankful we should be that our masters in their infinite wisdom have appointed such a highly qualified and highly trustworthy man to inform us on domestic and world affairs.

Why only an incurable cynic would switch off NPR when the classical music switches off.

Never on Saturday

It was the standard scenario. The Jews tried to force an overwhelmingly Majority institution to conform to Jewish religious law. When they failed, they made the customary noises about anti-Semitism and dragged in the Holocaust, that overworked deus ex machina that is blindly counted on to resolve every Jewish plot to the plotters' satisfaction.

Lynn and Susan Stein, twin seniors, up and announced last spring they would refuse to attend the graduation ceremony at Woodson High School in Fairfax County, Virginia, because it was being held on a Saturday. Since there are less than 6 million Jews in the U.S. (Jewish figures) and since only one-fifth of them are Orthodox (the curly side-burned ones who are not permitted to do much more than live and pray on the Sabbath), it was not a case of the tail wagging the dog, but of the flea riding the elephant.

The school administration in true courageous WASP style ducked the issue, abandoning the battleground to the student body and the Stein twins, who were reinforced by their ultrasharp Shylock, Michael Hausfeld, an ardent Zionist who would not open his mouth to upset the schedule of any Israeli school. At first Hausfeld threatened to take the case to the Supreme Court. Then, when he sensed the anti-Semitism he was stirring up -- the 2,300 students didn't exactly want graduation day delayed or cancelled by a minority of two -- he backed down and retreated behind a smokescreen of anti-Majority recrimination, which included an anecdote about the Holocaust. Hausfeld, a very affluent civil rights lawyer, recounted how at a meeting of Christians and Jews at a local church someone got up and said, "Do you Jews ever stop to think what you did to deserve the Holocaust?" Hausfeld bravely stood up and faced down the questioner in stony silence.

On graduation day, 525 seniors in their blue and black robes received diplomas while the Steins went to the Olim Tikvah Synagogue, according to a teary report in the *Washington Post*, and "prayed." One val-edictorian complimented the Steins for the "courage that they displayed." A TV reporter and parent, who managed to be invited

as a guest speaker, earned his Brownie points with the ADL by attacking the school administration for acting highhandedly in setting the graduation date.

Next fall the two heroines will hustle off to Haverford and Brandeis, colleges whose tuition is well beyond the means of most Majority students in Woodson High and elsewhere.

Update: The Woodson High School PTA voted to have next year's graduation on Tuesday. Chalk up another victory, albeit a belated one, for their side.

Hurray! The Titanic's Sunk!

One of the weirdest books we've heard about -- and we've run into a lot of hard-bound and paperback weirdies in our time -- is the *Titanic* by Wyn Wade (Rawson, Wade Publishers, 680 Third Ave., New York, 1979).

The author's first point is the sinking of the unsinkable passenger liner in 1912 was a setback to feminism. The gallant conduct of the men in allowing women to fill up the few places in the lifeboats impressed both sexes and led to a new upswing in male chauvinism.

The author's second point, even zanier, is that the *Titanic* disaster was greeted by black ghettoites with a burst of joy and enthusiasm. The white man's seamanship was no better than his boxingship (Jack Johnson had recently floored the "Great White Hope"). Leadbelly, the black minstrel, said it all:

Jack Johnson wanted to get on boa'd;
Captain Smith hollered, "I ain' haulin' no coal."
Cryin', "Fare thee, *Titanic*, fare thee well!"

Black man oughta shout for joy,
Never lost a girl or either a boy,
Cryin', "Fare thee, *Titanic*, fare thee well!"

Another Negro song called the "Titanic Toast" celebrated a stoker named Shine.

Up jumped Shine from the deck below,
Says, "Captain, captain, don't you know
There's forty feet of water on the boiler
room floor."

The captain remains confident.

"Never mind, Shine, you go on back,
I got forty-eight pumps to keep the water
back."

Shine finally jumps overboard and swims around while rich and wealthy white ladies

offer him money and sex if he will save them. He refuses and swims to New York where, soaked to the gills with whisky, not water, he hears that the *Titanic* finally went to the bottom.

Twins: Black and White

Marxists, equalitarians, Trotskyites, Moonyites, Harvard professors, ADLers and JDLers shudder at the very sound of twin studies. The mere idea is fascistic, if not Nazistic, if not holocaustic. Twin studies practically clinch the argument that genes have a powerful hold over everyone's destiny, including the destiny of those who consider genes to have no more historical importance than last year's toenails. Twins, both one egg (identical) and two egg (fraternal), correlate so well in behavior, temperament and mental capacity that not even Ashley Montagu can slither his way out of the strong deterministic implications.

What, to the present-day academic world, is worse than a well-researched twin study? Why, a well-researched black and white twin study. Much to the dismay of all double domes everywhere, this unthinkable project has now been completed by R. Travis Osborne, longtime professor of psychology and director of the Counseling and Testing Center at the University of Georgia.

Twins: Black and White, written for professionals but quite understandable to intelligent laymen, is a social science first. It carefully reviews and analyzes the scores, biometric data and personality profiles patiently accumulated in 125 different tests of 123 black and 373 white twin pairs, ranging in age from 12 to 20. Some of the personal histories, transcribed from tapes, are fascinating. The raw psychological test data and anthropometric measurements (90 pages in all) are contained in appendixes so other investigators can verify the findings.

What does this pioneering study prove? First of all, that heredity works on blacks exactly as it does on whites. Just as whites inherit the genes that give them an average IQ score of 100, so blacks pass on to their offspring genes that give them an average IQ score of 85. Environmentalists have always believed, or hoped, that somehow, some way, blacks might be able to escape from heredity's iron full nelson, that some kind of biological affirmative action might make it possible to blame their pedestrian historical performance on others, not themselves. Well, as Dr. Osborne shows conclusively, it just isn't so. Equal opportunity may be the king in Washington, but it's a slave in the kingdom of genetics.

Twins: Black and White tops off a lifetime

devoted to the study of human intelligence. Dr. Osborne has written more than forty articles and papers and a couple of books, but this is by far his most important work. Arthur Jensen agrees: "The data and results, which are presented with admirable thoroughness, will surely be of great interest to students of twin research, differential psychology, and behavioral genetics."

Twins: Black and White, 286 pages, \$17.95, plus \$1 postage and handling, may be ordered from The Foundation for Human Understanding, P.O. Box 5712, Athens, GA 30601.

High Culture

Linda Lovelace, no relation to the Deep Throat of Watergate, has told all in her book *Ordeal*. She was turned into a love slave by a husband and passed around like a cocktail party cheese dip to people like Sammy Davis, Jr., Hugh Hefner and other members of the Hollywood miscegenation set. Hefner, says Linda, has a positive fixation on bestiality and has amassed reels and reels of films depicting young women having fun with animals. Linda claims she turned down \$3 million to do a repeat of *Deep Throat*, the porniest of all porn flics, for which she received only \$1,200. "I wouldn't do any of that again even if I could get \$50 million. I thank God today that they weren't making snuff movies back then. Women are being beaten to death, and the people who are making these movies are getting away with murder and making money on it."

* * *

Marty Chavkin and Mark Seidenberg have produced a program called "The Gay Dating Game" on a San Francisco Cable TV channel. The producers hope to syndicate their queer version of the heterosexual original.

* * *

Alan Abel is a Jewish "satirist" who made a name for himself some years ago when he conducted a nationwide campaign for animal decency and asked that horses and dogs be fitted with underwear. The media took it seriously for a while. When this *sticker*, as New Yorkers call it, faded away, Abel produced and directed a tasteful film, "Is There Sex After Marriage?" Early this year Alan Abel "died," and the *New York Times* came out with a rather large obituary. Of course, this was just another hoax by a member of a race that seems to specialize in hoaxes (remember Clifford Irving?). The *Times* took it all back two days later.

Pray for a Bust

Since the President refuses to enforce our immigration laws, about the only thing that will protect Majority Americans from the alien tidal wave is an economic bust. Maybe, just maybe, if half the country is out of work and on starvation rations, the world's dregs will look for work and welfare elsewhere.

We have no other choice. Millions of immigrants enter each year (700,000 will be termed legal in 1980, though the official limit is 270,000). Each of them forces us to import more energy in an energy-short country. Each adds more pollution to a polluted country. Many are criminals, prostitutes, homosexuals and mental defectives. More than a few have serious contagious diseases. All muddy our already muddied gene pool. Just the officially invited or welcomed "political refugees" (more than 400,000 in the last twelve months) cost us more than \$1 billion a year. We have to pay their traveling expenses to get them here and pay their resettlement expenses once they arrive.

Since the law won't protect us, since the media are for the immigrants, since the politicians duck the issue, since the President refuses to act, we say again, let's pray for an economic bust. Better to be hungry than hybridized.

Damned If They Do -- or Don't

While Jewish scientists George Wald and Richard Lewontin in the Harvard professoriat have been trying to outlaw or restrict genetic research on humans, the father of Shauna Curlendar is suing two California laboratories for more than \$3 million for not doing enough genetic research. Hyam Curlendar claims his wife was not tested properly for Tay-Sachs Syndrome, which if detected would have resulted in the abortion, not the birth, of his two-year-old daughter. This strictly Jewish genetic defect usually causes death at age three or four.

Minisuperpower

Instauration, the Cassandra of American magazines, has been saying unbelievable things about Israel.

To wit: Israel, with its fat arsenal of fission and fusion bombs, is a minisuperpower which could rain more destruction on an enemy than any previous military force of any nation before the nuclear age. This

power will surely tempt Israel to plunge well over its head into geopolitics.

To wit: Suppose the European countries continue their drive to give the Palestinians a modicum of justice in the Middle East. *Instauration* has already mentioned how Begin practically threatened to nuke West Germany if it carried this policy too far.

As for the United States, let us hypothesize that -- after the presidential elections, of course -- it should try to pressure Israel into accepting an independent or semi-independent Palestinian state. Instead of turning a deaf ear, as he has done in the past, suppose Begin (or whoever succeeds him) says, "Look, Mr. Carter or Mr. Reagan, if you go on like this we, not the Arabs, will cut off your oil. And our nukes and F-16s and tanks and missiles can do this much more effectively than any new Arab oil embargo."

A pipe dream? The *Los Angeles Times* has already discussed such a possibility in a dispatch from its correspondent in Israel. An "unnamed government official," possibly with the blessing of Begin himself, warned, "Remember, we are letting it [the oil] flow and we could turn it off. We could turn the United States and Western Europe into a pastoral society if we wanted to." When the reporter said he couldn't believe the Israelis would go so far, the Zionist official alluded to Samson and what he did when he got mad.

Affirmative Racketeering

Here is a rental opportunity that no minority member can afford to resist: An air-conditioned terrace apartment with the use of indoor swimming pool, gym, theater and other luxuries -- all for \$60 per month, though some of the larger 3- and 4-bedroom units go for \$300. That's all the poor, disadvantaged black family has to pay. The rest of the cost, an average of \$800 a month for each of the 546 apartments, is picked up by taxpayers, many of whom could not possibly afford such plush living quarters and who are sweating out the hottest summer in history with an electric fan. The address: Taino Towers, East Harlem, which the Department of Housing and Urban Development built at a cost of \$49 million.

One family of the type eligible to move into Taino Towers is Karen Thomas and brood. Twenty-seven years old and never married, Karen has four children, aged one to seven. Welfare gives her \$218 a month for rent, \$325 for living expenses and \$137 in food stamps. That's a monthly income of

\$680 tax free. Karen's last job was in 1977 when she did a stint as a barmaid. As far as anyone knows her fifth child is not yet on the way.

As to HUD, this superbureaucratic monstrosity has been shaving off a little fat. It has now given up on the black utopia of Soul City, North Carolina, after dropping \$31 million on it. When black promoter Floyd McKissick first started Soul City, the media blew it up to the point where it sounded like Romulus and Remus had founded a second Rome.

Thanks to the Small Business Administration, another one of those efficient federal agencies, a black named Louis Dodds, with the help of "a senior black congressman," managed to land (without competitive bidding) a contract to supply coal to the General Services Administration. Now Dodds doesn't mine coal, he just resells it -- in the case of the GSA for some \$230,000 above the market price. Even then he doesn't bother to deliver it on time and when it does arrive, says a government inspector, it is hardly better than "junk."

* * *

G. Todd Jagerson has a vested interest in affirmative action. His consulting company, Organization Resources Counsellors, bills 170 large companies \$1,500 a year for providing them with advice on how to hire, promote and never to fire minority personnel. A similar firm, EEO Services, grosses a million dollars a year.

It's the job of such consulting firms to help business respond to the 50,000 complaints of discrimination that pour into Washington each year. Generally the advice amounts to nothing less than abject surrender. The client is told, for example, that rather than put a qualified white machinist on overtime to get out an important order, it is wiser to give the job to an unqualified minority worker. Not only wiser, but safer. Otherwise, the company may be running the risk of a fine or a lawsuit from the Equal Opportunity Commission. "EEO awareness," one consultant warns, "has to be part of every decision you make."

Religious News

Police officers recently seized a veritable Noah's Ark of lambs, baby goats, ducks, guinea hens, roosters and hens being readied for sacrifice by a West Indian religious cult in New York. The going price is \$100 an immolation, for which a shaman will cure your disease, procure you a good job, get you a girlfriend, or whatever. A woman named Emilia Plasencia was arrested and charged with 124 counts of cruelty to

animals. She explained she was a believer in Yoruba, one of those sophisticated African religions brought to Cuba in the 18th century by slaves. Infanticide, incidentally, was not outlawed by Yorubans until the 1940s. Yoruba, a cultural gift of the Cuban and Puerto Rican immigration, is now widespread in the New York metropolitan area and in one form or another claims 200,000 members in the United States. Similar religions have been imported from Trinidad (Shango), Brazil (Condombie Macumba) and Haiti (Voodoo).

Another police raid a few days earlier interrupted twenty men and woman in strange robes, some of whom were in trances, while others were wailing, crying and chanting as sacrificial ducks and chickens squealed and goats bleated. On the floor around an iron pot were other dead and dying animals, their throats slit. The blood is frequently drunk by cult members as part of the ritual. In making their arrests, the police were very apologetic and very careful to explain they were not trying to interfere with religious freedom.

* * *

Mrs. Patricia Abraham, a 26-year-old Harlem mother, put her 20-month-old son in an oven and turned on the heat. When he was burnt almost to a crisp, he was removed and placed on a pile of burning linen. Muttering some old magic formulas from the bush, Mrs. Abraham called on other residents of the apartment house "to see the devil burn." The infant died in the hospital five days later.

* * *

"Exorcist II," shown on CBS-TV, made a deep impression on the mother of Khonji Wilson of Wichita Falls, Texas. A few days later she stabbed her four-year-old daughter seven times, cut out her heart and put it in a washcloth. That's exactly the way they did it on TV.

Missing Cronkite Tapes

Last year Uncle Walter Cronkite gave an interview to a Russian "journalist," who later turned out to be a member of the Communist party's Central Committee. Published in two Soviet magazines, Cronkite's words seemed remarkably appeasing. In answer to a loaded question by the Russian as to how anyone could possibly think "our people are preparing for war," Cronkite allegedly replied: "If you watch my program every evening for several years, you must know that I never agreed with that and do

not agree. An honest person cannot believe that and I am positive that the overwhelming majority of Americans do not believe it. But they are thoroughly muddled. They are being scared on all sides."

When asked who was "muddling" them, Cronkite did not give the correct answer, which should have been "I am." He blamed it on "those who for various reasons consider it useful."

The two articles made such a splash in the Soviet Union that Reed Irvine, head of Accuracy in Media, asked Cronkite about them. Cronkite replied that his words had been seriously distorted. Since the pride and joy of CBS news had taped the interview, Irvine asked if he could have a listen. Cronkite agreed, but never sent the tapes. Irvine checked later and was told they were missing -- just like some of the Watergate tapes that Walter had been so ulcerous about way back when.

Stillbirth

The Birth of a Nation, one of the great film classics, was made sixty-five years ago by D.W. Griffith, one of the great film directors. Recently when a brave San Francisco theater owner showed *The Birth of a Nation*, minority racist hooligans broke in and ripped up the place, doing about \$20,000 worth of damage and destroying the screen and projector. Since the film portrays the Klan historically and not Hollywoodistically, it has now become a no-no. A few days later, a University of California graduate student, boasted of his part in the assault and said he would do it again "if it is necessary."

Crime Blotter

It's a fact that white policemen sometimes shoot and kill black criminals *in flagrante delicto*. It's a fact that some degenerate whites have occasionally murdered blacks for no other reason than the color of their skins. There was a recent case in California where a Negro was gunned down by "disappointed" white hunters. Last spring in Miami a few whites killed a few blacks in revenge for blacks murdering and torturing whites who blundered into the riot area. Recently a black (male) and a white (female) Pennsylvania couple were shot to death in their habitual trysting place.

Acknowledging the above, we must still point out that the overwhelming number of racial murders in the U.S. today consists of blacks killing whites, not vice versa. The current estimate runs from 1,600 to 2,400 a year. Some examples of black-on-white

homicides or violent crimes in recent months:

A black named Willie Robertson stormed into a Springfield, Massachusetts, hospital and hacked to death a six-year-old white boy in front of his mother.

More than 60 passengers watched a six-foot black ex-convict beat into unconsciousness a five-foot-one-inch, 89-year-old white man in a New York Subway. Not one of them moved a finger to help him.

An 18-year-old white woman, abducted in broad daylight from a bus stop in Atlanta by a knife-wielding black, was raped, robbed and shot in the back. It's the second time she has been raped this year. She is recovering.

Two similar kidnappings and rapes took place in the heart of downtown Chicago two weeks later. The victims were a 20-year-old art student and a 27-year-old housewife. The black rapists, one of them a Yellow Cab driver, have not yet been found.

Six members of a Negro gang which preyed on elderly whites on Long Island were finally arrested. Their *modus operandi* was to enter the home of an old couple and beat one spouse until the other gave up whatever valuable possessions they had hidden away.

The Majority Under Siege

- In Pittsburgh an ordinance that would ban racial and sexual discrimination in business-oriented private clubs has been given tentative approval by the City Council

- In Princeton University, Sally Franks, '80, tried to force the all-male eating clubs to accept her as a member. Refused, she took her case to the New Jersey Division of Civil Rights.

- In Washington the House of Representatives passed a bill that would put not only teeth but fangs in the 1968 Fair Housing Act by permitting a complainant to bypass the courts and go directly to HUD. An "administrative law" judge would then be able to impose a fine on the accused property owner of up to \$10,000 and, if warranted, further penalties of up to \$1,000 a day.

They just won't let us have clubs with members of our own choosing. They won't let us eat with people of our own choosing. They won't let us sell our homes to people of our own choosing.

When will it become illegal for us to choose our marital partners?

John Nobull

Notes from the Sceptred Isle

The Irish have a proverb about things which go together: horn of a bull, hoof of a horse, smile of a Saxon. You will notice that this is not really complimentary. The horn, the hoof, and the smile are all seen as weapons. Nor is it only the Irish who feel like this about us. Years ago, in North Africa, I met a Sicilian American. He was an oilman, but when he had had too much to drink he seemed to imagine himself as one of Frank Sinatra's bodyguards. He told me he was hostile to the Anglos on account of their permanent smiles. The Scots, he said, were more tolerable because they seldom smiled. It was an interesting point. I had noticed, for instance, that in Italy north of a certain line people smile all the time, south of it very seldom. Alas, he spoilt the discussion by trying to lean on me. It was a place where I could not lose much respectability by responding in kind, and I have always been interested to observe how the eyes of hostile persons change when they suddenly realise that they cannot count on one's usual restraint.

A perspicacious commentator remarked some time ago that modern Britain was sinking giggling into the sea. There is a lot of truth in this. But I think a case can be made in favour of frivolity. For one thing, it is a characteristic of people who know where they stand -- a class characteristic, in fact. The average inhabitants of bungaloid subtopia -- mindless families glued to the goggle-box -- are neither very frivolous nor very eccentric. That does not mean that they are fundamentally serious, however.

The English tradition of frivolity goes back a long way. The bawdy riddles in the Old English Exeter book are a case in point. Or take Shakespeare's Prince Hal, a frivolous young man who attains seriousness (with occasional relapses) when he becomes king. Nelson putting the telescope to his blind eye at Copenhagen is perhaps the archetype of frivolous seriousness. But in the twentieth century we Britons have become caricatures of ourselves, and our obvious representative is Bertie Wooster. People who dislike us find him very difficult to take. But Wodehouse is pointing a moral far deeper than they suspect. Bertie Wooster is really another Don Quixote: silly, certainly, but at the same time a *chevalier sans reproche*. He looks especially funny in a world where ideals are no longer respected. But for all his nervousness, he comes up trumps in the face of danger, always protects the lady (without obtaining her), and always behaves well towards his dependents (as well he might, in view of the fact that his chief dependent, Jeeves, is

his intellectual superior). Silliness is not a high price to pay for decency.

Now, there is a natural affinity between frivolity and satire. The target of satire is *serious* frivolity -- the absurd pretensions of those who get above themselves, who depart from traditional norms of behaviour when they take themselves too seriously. Such people (not to speak of whole classes and races) are by definition ridiculous because they arrogate to themselves more than their intrinsic merit can sustain. The traditional nanny used to smack her small charges when they "tried to make themselves interesting." Quite right too.

Since the satirist cannot actually spank his targets (although Roy Campbell set us a good example when he spanked Stephen Spender), he makes use of humorous frivolity in attacking the serious kind. This has been given a new twist by the extremely severe English libel laws. Anyone who feels himself libelled (whether or not there is truth in the charge) can hope to collect a large sum in damages. Therefore, the satirist often says the opposite of what he means, but in such a frivolous way that it becomes obvious what he is getting at -- which leaves the target in the position of having to spell out his own defects if he is to prove a libel. The schoolboyish magazine *Private Eye* developed this technique, and other writers have followed suit. Further, because the educated in England retain a certain amount of class solidarity, it is possible to imply a great deal which would not readily be understood or acceptable outside a charmed circle. Those Americans who do understand what we are getting at are often astonished at what we can get away with.

I can best illustrate my point by retailing a little story. In September 1943, a British regiment landed at Salerno, and had a hard time digging in under constant fire. Very early one morning, they saw a motley collection of men appear out of the German lines. They were dressed as for a carnival, some got up as chefs, others as women, others in all sorts of absurd garments, their faces painted in bright colours. They sang and waved bottles as they came forward, their rifles slung over their shoulders. The British watched, nonplussed. This was a side of the German character for which propaganda had not prepared them. Suddenly, 100 yards from our lines, the Germans unslung their rifles and charged. The regiment had the utmost difficulty in fighting them off. Frivolity can be a perfect smokescreen to cover an attack.



Notes from the Auld Sod

Despite John Nobull (May 1980), it is not only the Irish who have a crow to pluck with England. Practically every nation in the world has. The British leveled Copenhagen, August 16, 1807, and seized the Danish fleet, only because Denmark had chosen a path of neutrality.

Lord Tweedsmuir (John Buchan), once Governor General of Canada, wrote: "Against our little land (Scotland) there had always stood England, vast, menacing and cruel. We resented the doings of Edward I, Henry VIII and Elizabeth as personal wrongs. The brutalities of Cumberland after 1745 seem to us unforgivable outrages which happened only yesterday."

The British East India Company by intrigue and force succeeded in not only crippling its Portuguese, Dutch and French rivals, but gained the upper hand over native rulers by inciting one against the other. Clive was perhaps even worse than the Sassoons in the brutalities inflicted on India. The same company was responsible for the Opium War which was fought to prevent the Chinese government from banning the import of a drug that had hooked a large segment of the population.

The Boers of South Africa were systematically scourged from 1795 onward by the English. After they had been driven to new homelands in the north, a group of British imperialists and Jewish financiers followed at their heels and used the rich diamond and gold mines to dominate the economic and political life of South Africa. From *A People's Runymead* by R. Scrutton in the chapter entitled, "The Peace Was Lost": "Capt. G., an English officer, told him [a reporter] at Bloemfontein: 'It is, however, in order to give gold to some financiers, at present one knows not where sheltered, that the soldiers of Great Britain have come here.'"

The Boer War was cruel beyond description. In an official report addressed to President Kruger, General Jan C. Smuts stated, "Lord Kitchener began to carry out in the two republics a policy distinguished by unheard of barbarity and disregard of the elementary principles of all martial law . . . the war has long since degenerated into an enterprise for the extermination of the Boer people." From *Modern Idolatry* by J. Mark, p. 222: "More than 20,000 Boer women and children perished in Kitchener's concentration camps."

I will omit the obvious about how the English helped to get America into two wars to save themselves, after waging two wars against us, and get back to the Irish problem. England destroyed the culture of Ireland in the Middle Ages by frequent raids until in the days of Cromwell the whole island was subjected to British rule. From 1641 to 1652 over half a million Irish perished by sword, famine and disease. Sequestered property was handed over to the British colonists. Irish livestock breeding, industry and commerce were suppressed to favor British business. As far back as 1699 the export of Irish worsteds to foreign countries was forbidden. To prevent competition with the ports of England the great harbors of Ireland were closed and abandoned.

By 1840 in their misery and poverty, tenants on their own land, the Irish could not pay the rent demanded by the absentee landlords in England and were driven from their homes by English troops. Between 1841-1880, 3,000,000 Irish emigrated, mostly to the U.S. There was no "famine" in Ireland. Only one crop, the potato, failed. There was an abundance of other vegetables, cattle and poultry. The trouble was, these edibles were the rent "due" the English landlords. Only the potato was left for the natives. When it went, the Irish starved.

I will not bore Instaurationists with the gory details of the Penal Laws other than to mention that even Mother England was embarrassed by them. Eventually they were repealed.

Now we come to the English-Zionist connection and the part the Irish played in it. The third year of World War I found Britain in desperate shape and on the verge of defeat. The undercover offer of Palestine for U.S. participation in the war had been made, but with the Holy Land in the hands of the Sultan there was little chance of clinching the deal. The British Army hadn't done too well against the Turks. Gallipoli was very embarrassing, while in other Middle Eastern areas many of the King's men found themselves guests of the Sultan for the duration. When the chips were down and Britain had to have a victory an entirely Irish regiment, the 10th, was trotted out. Oddly, the command of this regiment was first offered to General Smuts, who had changed sides by now. When declined, the job was given to General Allenby, a direct descendant in

the female line from Oliver Cromwell. Surely, here was a test of loyalty. Needless to say, the campaign was an outstanding success. As pointed out in the *The Irish Regiments in the First World War* by H.E.D. Harris, it was the Royal Irish Fusiliers that drove the Turks and Germans from Wadi es Sunt where David had flogged Goliath. Irishmen had liberated Jerusalem for king and Rothschild! In the words of King Louis of France, paying his respects to the Wild Geese, "Everywhere and ever faithful."

In the early summer of 1918, 60,000 battle seasoned and victorious Irishmen left Palestine for the trenches of France. Meanwhile, the British had been sending English troops to occupy Ireland. When the word got back to the Irish in France, all hell might have broken loose if they had decided to throw down their arms, or even join Catholic comrades on the Kaiser's side. A senior British general noted with alarm that under all too many of his soldiers' helmets protruded tufts of red hair and donkey ears.

The precarious situation forced an agreement between London and Eamon De Valera. In turn for Irish loyalty in France, Ireland was promised independence -- all thirty-two counties!

This promise was never kept, and the Irish are not a race renowned for their patience. The British were ever so quick to lay down the white man's burden in regard to the Hindus and the Hottentots, but to this day persist in the delusion that only the presence of the Royal Army in Ulster can save the wild Irish from themselves.

To wrap this up, I would like to challenge John Nobull's alleged knowledge of the Irish language, Gaelic. To quote, "the Irish pejorative for the English in the 17th century was *buidhe Seán* (yellow John). This is usually taken to mean that the English had yellow skins . . . but the word *buidhe* could also refer to yellow hair." Gaelic is an extremely specific language. For your information, John, the 17th-century English were properly called "Sassenachs" (strangers -- with a connotation of illegitimacy). Yellow hair is "*gruaig bhui*" and the yellow race is specifically "*na ciniocha a bui*."

I fail to see how any Irishman could be nervous in the presence of one with such a poor command of Gaelic.

If the smoke-filled rooms had been bugged, this is what we might have heard.



Cholly Bilderberger



Detroit . . . The inside story of the vice-presidential struggle at the Republican National Convention can now be told in its entirety

July 22, 10:00 AM, Reagan and Ford in Reagan's suite at the Plaza:

Reagan: I'm not going to rock the boat. Any boat. All I want is to be president, and I'll let the same old gang that's been running things for the last thirty years go right on running them.

Ford (approvingly): That's the only way. When you get in, you'll find, as I did, and as every other president has done, that the old gang knows best.

Reagan: Gee, they must be swell guys, the old gang. I can't wait to meet them.

Ford (with just a touch of wistful sadness): You will, Ronnie, you will, and sooner than you think. *(He exits.)*

July 22, 11:00 AM, Kissinger and Ford in a broom closet on the 70th floor of the Plaza:

Ford: I wish we didn't have to meet like this.

Kissinger (impatiently): It's the only way to avoid the reporters. How did it go?

Ford: I think he's coming around.

Kissinger (startled): Here?

Ford: To our point of view.

Kissinger (masterfully): Oh, you mean the other sense of "coming around."

Ford: I didn't know there were two senses.

Kissinger: Let's not dwell on it. In any case, I'm delighted he's coming around.

Ford: I think you'll like him now that he's mellowed.

Kissinger: I like them very mellow indeed.

Ford: He's getting very mellow.

Kissinger: As mellow as you?

Ford (shyly coy): Well, I . . .

Kissinger (jovially, very much the man of the world): You were the mellowest.

Ford: Really?

Kissinger: Really.

Ford: You mean it?

Kissinger: Of course I do.

Ford: Honest? *(And so on, until . . .)*

Kissinger (impulsively): Why couldn't we have again what we once had?

Ford: Again? You are amazing.

Kissinger: No, no, Schatzli, I mean again in the White House, the top of the heap. You and I together again there, old times revived.

Ford: But how?

Kissinger (wagging his forefinger): You'll see.

Ford: Tell me.

Kissinger: Later.

Ford: Now.

Kissinger: No.

Ford: Yes.

Kissinger: No.

Ford: Please?

Kissinger: No.

Ford: Pretty please? *(And so on.)*

July 22, 4:00 PM, Kissinger and Alan Greenspan in Greenspan's room — hotel and room number still classified:

Kissinger: Jerry says he's coming around.

Greenspan (startled): Here?

Kissinger (with immense patience): To our point of view.

Greenspan: Oh, the other sense of "coming around."

Kissinger: From the context you should have known which was meant.

Greenspan: Well, whatever. Anyhow, I'm glad he's not coming here. I'm expecting a few of the boys.

Kissinger: The boys will have to wait. We're going to see him. *(They exit.)*

July 22, 4:45 PM, Kissinger, Greenspan and Reagan in Reagan's suite:

Kissinger: We understand you've mellowed.

Reagan: Oh, I've mellowed. Yes, indeed.

Kissinger: I mean really mellowed.

Reagan: So do I.

Greenspan: We mean mellow to the core.

Kissinger (with meaning): To the point of pliability.

Reagan: I think you'll find that I fit that . . .

Kissinger: Of softness.

Reagan: Well, in private I suppose that could be . . .

Greenspan: Of timidity.
Reagan: You may not believe it, but I'm not afraid to say I'm scared a lot of the time. If you knew the times I . . .
Kissinger (brutally): Of total mush.
Reagan: Well, I . . .
Kissinger (relentless): Of total mush.
Reagan (hurriedly): You've got it. You asked for it, you . . .
Kissinger (even more brutally): Of total mush to the degree that when our foot comes down on your repulsive, ancient turkey neck you'll wallow with joy and wiggle your rump for more.
Reagan (dubiously): In public? On TV? What would the . . .
Kissinger (impatiently): In private, Dummkopf.
Reagan: Well, in that case, I . . .
Kissinger: Then it's settled.
Reagan (cautiously): Yes, well, I guess so. (*Mysteriously*) If you're who I think you are.
Greenspan: What's that supposed to mean?
Reagan: The old gang?
Greenspan: What old gang?
Reagan: You know, the old gang that's been running things for the last thirty years?
Kissinger (divining the problem): He wants to check our credentials, Alan. (*Reassuringly*) Of course we're the old gang.
Greenspan: Founding members.
Kissinger: The innermost circle.
Reagan: Well, that's a relief.
Kissinger: Satisfied?
Reagan: Wholly. (*With presidential briskness*) What's the first item on the agenda?
Kissinger: Jerry Ford is going to be your vice-president.
Reagan: OK, next item. (*Doubletaking*) Hey, Ford? Why?
Kissinger (infinitely patient): So we can control you.
Reagan: Can't you do that without Ford?
Kissinger: We need insurance.
Reagan (admiringly): That's the old gang for you. That's why they've stayed in there for so long. That's why . . .
Greenspan: You're repeating yourself.
Reagan (gratefully): Yes, I have to watch that. (*Presidentially*) I've always been a big Jerry Ford fan, and I think he'll strengthen the ticket.
Kissinger: That's the spirit. (*Enter Bill Brock.*)
Brock: Benjamin Hooks is here to see you.
Reagan: Benjamin Hooks?
Kissinger: He's the head of the NAACP. Don't see him.
Hooks (bursting into the room): I heard that. But you're going to see me.
Reagan (genially): I've always got time for an athlete . . .
Greenspan: Not NCAA, NAACP.
Reagan: Their own athletic association?
Greenspan: Their own association, but not athletic. Political.
Hooks: Designed to prevent honky deals in hotel rooms. The NAACP knows about Jerry Ford and we don't want him.
Reagan (genuinely interested): Why not?
Hooks: He's a Jewish tool.
Reagan (looking at Kissinger): Is that true?
Kissinger: Of course it's true.
Reagan (to Hooks): It's true.

Hooks: We want our own tool as vice-president.
Reagan: Two vice-presidents? I don't think . . . (*The scene degenerates into an unseemly squabble.*)

July 23, 2:30 AM, Kissinger and Ford in the broom closet:
Kissinger: The niggers want Bush.
Ford: But you don't.
Kissinger: No, I want you.
Ford: It's wonderful to hear you say it.
Kissinger: Oh, cut it out. I meant . . .
Ford: I don't care what you meant, it's just wonderful to hear you say it, no matter . . . (*And so on.*)

July 23, 5:00 AM, Kissinger in bed in his room, reading the Protocols of Zion. Enter Walter Cronkite.
Cronkite: Hi, Henry.
Kissinger (showing Cronkite the title): People say this is phony, but that's not the point. It's got a lot of good stuff in it.
Cronkite: If you say so. Listen, Henry, what's this about Ford being on the ticket with Reagan?
Kissinger: All settled.
Cronkite: I hear the niggers don't like it.
Kissinger: Walter, Walter, what difference do they make?
Cronkite (surprised): Don't they?
Kissinger: No.
Cronkite (still surprised): I always thought they did. Listen, I didn't come in here tonight to ask you about Ford.
Kissinger (surprised in his turn): You didn't.
Cronkite: No, I want your advice on something else.
Kissinger (all business, folding up the Protocols): Shoot.
Cronkite: I want to move to Israel.
Kissinger: What? (*He laughs immoderately.*) Why, for heaven's sake?
Cronkite: I want simplicity, real people. I want . . .
Kissinger: If you want reality, don't go to Israel. Anyhow, you're needed here.
Cronkite: Why? My work is done.
Kissinger: We still have plans for you.
Cronkite (bitterly): Everyone tells me that, but nothing ever happens. I'm disillusioned.
Kissinger (giving him a fatherly clap on the back): We all have moments of despair. You'll come around. (*A knock at the door.*) Come in. (*Enter Lieutenant General Tusker Nelson, in full uniform, with medals.*)
Nelson: Hello, Henry. Oh, I thought you were alone.
Kissinger: Walter is family. You can talk in front of him.
Nelson (suspiciously, to Cronkite): What did you say your name was?
Cronkite: I didn't, but it's Walter Cronkite.
Nelson (evidently relieved): Oh, I thought you were someone else. (*To Kissinger*) Can't be too careful.
Kissinger: That's right. (*To Cronkite*) This is General Tusker Nelson, the real head of the far right wing.
Nelson: Not more than five people know about me. I . . .
Kissinger: What's on your mind, Tusker?
Nelson: We don't want Ford.
Kissinger: Why not?

Nelson: Too hard to be against.

Kissinger: Who do you want?

Nelson: Bush.

Kissinger: Hmmmmmm.

Nelson (eagerly): We can raise a lot of hell about Bush.

Kissinger: But everything is all set.

Nelson: Ford as vice-president will kill the right wing. Nothing to be against. You don't know how hard it is to hold them together. (His voice crackles with emotion.) Do you have any idea of the problems a right-wing leader has? Especially if you're secret?

Kissinger: Tusker, we go back a long way and I'd like to help, but . . .

Nelson (heedless, impassioned): Why, Henry, only tonight I walked into the men's room at the Joe Louis Arena and there was one of my men, a great little rightist and racist from the Ohio delegation, buried in there like a mole, a man I would have trusted my life to, and what do you think he was doing? (Kissinger doesn't answer, evidently assuming the question is rhetorical. Cronkite stares listlessly off into space, intent on his own problems.) Bragging to everyone about how we are going to take over! Giving away our most secret plans! (He pauses, still no reaction.) And that wasn't the worst. He revealed my name! And title! There was Bill Brock and Phil Crane and Paul Laxalt -- a whole bunch of them -- and they were laughing. Laughing at my man! At me! Even the black latrine attendant was laughing! (He breaks into uncontrolled weeping.)

Kissinger (very embarrassed, trying to be considerate): Now, Tusker, that's politics. You know what they say, it makes strange bedfellows.

Nelson (drying his eyes): Yes, well . . . that may be true, but it doesn't help. Henry, if you don't give us Bush, I don't know what I'll do.

Kissinger: Tusker, I'll do my best.

Nelson: I guess I can't ask for anything more than that. (They shake hands and Nelson leaves.)

Cronkite (coming out of his reverie): Oh, he's gone. What did he want, anyhow?

Kissinger: A favor.

Cronkite: No story in that.

July 23, noon, Kissinger and Ford in the broom closet.

Kissinger: No one seems to want you.

Ford: I'm not interested in numbers. I'm only interested in one . . .

Kissinger: Not now. I have things to do.

July 23, 3:00 PM, Kissinger, Greenspan and Reagan in Reagan's suite.

Reagan: I'm really getting pretty excited about having Jerry on the ticket. I . . .

Greenspan: There may be a change in plans.

Reagan: But . . .

Greenspan: You're pliable, remember?

Reagan: Oh, I do. Why . . . (Enter William Casey.)

Casey (in the last stages of senility): Say, there's a telephone call for Mr. Greenman.

Kissinger (to Greenspan): He must mean you.

Casey: It's from overseas.

Greenspan (looking at Kissinger significantly): The call we've been waiting for. (He picks up the receiver.) Greenspan here. (He stiffens to military attention.) Yes. Yes, sir. Consider it done. (He hangs up and turns to Kissinger.) They want Bush.

Reagan: Now, wait a minute . . .

Kissinger: Did they say why?

Greenspan (with pride): No, you know how they are about giving reasons.

Kissinger (standing up): Well, that settles that.

Reagan: Yes? Well, if you say so. I . . .

Kissinger (to Casey): Get Bush over here.

Casey: Who?

Kissinger: Bush.

Casey: Is that his first name or his last name?

Reagan (angrily): George D. Bush, the former head of the FBI and the SEC. We ran against him all year.

Casey: Oh, him. (He totters out.)

Reagan (throwing up his hands helplessly): That's my campaign manager.

Kissinger (with a smile to indicate he is about to say something amusing): Rotsa Ruck.

Reagan: Huh?

Greenspan (exasperated): It's the way the Japanese say "Lotsa luck."

Reagan (firmly): No ethnic slurs, boys. That's one mistake I can do without.

July 23, 10:00 PM, Kissinger and Greenspan in Bush's quarters at the Ponchartrain. Enter Barbara Walters.

Walters (throwing herself exhaustedly into a chair): Can't find him anywhere.

Kissinger (enigmatically): He'll come around.

Greenspan: I thought he'd already come around. He . . .

Kissinger: I mean here.

Greenspan: Oh, the other meaning.

Kissinger (infinitely patient): Yes.

Walters: What a day.

Kissinger: You don't know the half of it.

Walters: You mean about Jerry taking all those sleeping pills and trying to . . .

Kissinger: Don't even talk about it. We spent the whole afternoon and evening pumping him out.

Walters: They say there was a note, that a prominent name was mentioned, that . . .

Kissinger (grimly): If there was a note, there's no note now. (Enter Bush.)

Bush: Hi, guys, what brings you to . . .

Kissinger: You're on the ticket.

Bush: You don't mean it?

Greenspan: Where have you been all day?

Bush: I got caught in the men's room at the Arena. Such a crowd that you couldn't get out of the place. It . . .

Kissinger: We don't want to hear about it.

Bush: No, of course not. Well, I wasn't going to tell you, anyhow. Say, vice-president, that sounds pretty tempting. I'll

let you know . . .

Greenspan: We came to tell you what we expect of you.

Bush: Oh, good. Well, I accept. I . . .

Kissinger: You will report directly to me. Or to Mr. Greenspan.

Bush: Say, is that Constitutional?

Greenspan: It is if we say it is.

Bush: Yes, I see what you . . .

Kissinger: Aren't you grateful for what we're doing for you?

Bush: Oh, I am, I am.

Greenspan: When our foot comes down on your repulsive Ivy League neck you'll wallow with joy and wiggle your rump for more.

Bush (genuinely nonplussed): Huh?

Kissinger (to Greenspan, angrily): That's my speech. And you were premature, anyhow.

Greenspan: He'll come around.

Bush: I'm not really that sort of S & M type. I . . .

Kissinger: We're not talking about sex, we're talking about politics. About what you owe us, and how we are going to collect.

Bush (relieved): Oh, in that case, I'll wiggle all over the place.

Kissinger: Good. (To Barbara Walters.) Call Reagan.

The rest is history.

Primate Watch



Death, as it must to all men, as *Time* used to say, came to **MAURICE GUSMAN**, who drew his first breath in Baranovka, Ukraine, and his last in Miami, Florida. The 91-year-old rubber king (we're not talking about tires) made his first million in World War II by supplying prophylactics to the U.S. Armed Forces.

☆ ☆ ☆

In a premeditated act of rift-narrowing, **ANDREW YOUNG** and the **WIDOW KING** were appointed members of the Friends of Anatoly Shcharansky Committee, which met in Holland in May. The financial arrangements were not disclosed.

☆ ☆ ☆

JOHN PAUL STEVENS, 60, the legal beaver foisted on the Supreme Court by Gerald Ford, quietly married **MARYAN SIMON**, 48, of Chicago, somewhere in Virginia. Stevens was recently divorced from his wife of 37 years and the mother of his four children. Since he moved to Washington, His Honor has voted more often with the left-wing Dems than the right-wing Reps; as Ford obviously knew he would.

☆ ☆ ☆

It was like Peter shutting the gates of paradise on Paul, but Vassar students are not known for their savoir or any other kind of faire. They lambasted **WILLIAM BUCKLEY**, their scheduled commencement speaker, because, "His beliefs are offensive to women, to minorities, to pacifists and, in short, to a presumable majority of Vassar students who are representative of Vassar's long, liberal tradition." Buckley took it very hard and refused to show. Alan (their way of spelling Allen) Phillips, senior class president (yes, they have boys at Vassar now), said he and everybody else were "amazed." He hinted

that the most violence Buckley might have run into would have been a little hair-pulling. The irony is that no one has ever pushed harder for Vassar's (and every other college's) "long, liberal tradition" than Billy the Kid. To prove it, the *Look Book*, a newly published anthology of the defunct magazine's best photographs and articles, contains a 1969 Buckley exercise in erudition entitled, "Why We Need a Black President in 1980."

☆ ☆ ☆

Bashful, retiring, reticent, reserved, shy, privacy-loving **HENRY KISSINGER** just can't seem to keep out of the news. This time it was a party hosted for him by the Friars, a Thespian congeries that specializes in "roasting" its honored guests. But as the *Village Voice* reported, it was more of a poach than a roast, since few would dare to roast, even to a light brown, a living deity. Everyone who was nobody was there -- **KIRK DOUGLAS**, **GREGORY PECK**, **EARL WILSON**, the mammimaniac columnist, **BARBARA MARX SINATRA** and her husband, **BARBARA WALTERS**, **AMBASSADOR EPHRAIM EVRON**, the Israeli library burner, **HENRY GRUNWALD**, the emperor of *Time*, **BOB HOPE**, **SENATOR JAVITS**, **WILLIAM BUCKLEY**, **MIKE WALLACE** and **ROY RADIN**, the producer currently involved in the Melonie Haller videotaped rape case. All but Wallace and Sinatra, who claimed he didn't know the words to "Heil to the Chief," fawned over the great man who, having engineered the sellout of Vietnam, is now considered to have been America's greatest Secretary of State.

☆ ☆ ☆

It used to be one of the best addresses in New York, though some Gothamites claim the River House became a millionaire slum when Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kissinger, the

sphere and obelisk couple, moved in a while back. Recently, **GLORIA VANDERBILT**, after plunking down \$1.1 million to buy a few rooms, ran into a snag. River House occupants like the Kiss, Carter Burden, the modern xerox of Publius Clodius, and Joshua Logan, the manic-depressive show bizzer, are all good equalitarians and Negrophiles in the eyes and pens of their press agents. But Gloria having gone the way of so many poor little rich girls -- straight into a pair of ebony arms (in this case the paws of **BOBBY SHORT** a jazzy pianist) . . . well, that was a bit much. Even the Vanderbilt name didn't stop her from being blackballed. Imagine Bobby bucking and winging it right across the hall! The latest scoop is that Gloria has lodged a suit for her lodging with the River House and a complaint with the New York City Commission on Human Rights. How many generations does it take to go from a ferry boat captain to America's richest family to Bobby Short? Ask Doris Duke and the ghost of Barbara Hutton. They've been down the same trail.

☆ ☆ ☆

RAMSEY CLARK, the world traveler who prefers exotic, faraway anti-American cities like Hanoi and Tehran, returned triumphantly to New York after badmouthing his native hearth one more time. Although he defied Carter's new edict prohibiting travel to Iran, does anyone believe that he will serve ten years in jail or pay a \$50,000 fine? Does anyone think he will get the book thrown at him for violating the Logan Act, which forbids private citizens from engaging in unauthorized diplomatic activities? Sacrosanct liberals who traffic with the enemy never, never get sent to the hoosegow. They get good jobs with rich Jewish law firms when they finish their dirty work. Clark, until recently, worked for one of the richest, Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton and Garrison. It was a different matter for Ezra Pound. Not being a lawyer and not being a liberal, he was locked up in a madhouse for trafficking with Il Duce.

☆ ☆ ☆

PAUL HALVONIK, whose appointment to the Court of Appeals by Gov. Jerry Brown was hailed as a great step forward for the California judiciary, decided to step down from the Bench rather than run the risk of going to jail. Halvonik has such a liking for the weed that he turned part of his luxurious Oakland pad into a marijuana greenhouse. He was given a six-month prison term -- suspended, of course.

☆ ☆ ☆

Did you see "Diff'rent Strokes" on NBC-TV on June 4? As a publicity blurb summed up the plot, "Arnold [a stunted subteen black who plays a seven or eight-year-old] runs away with a white girl he met in the hospital after her bigoted father refuses to let the two see each other." Miscegenation starts before puberty in the kingdom of **FRED SILVERMAN**.

☆ ☆ ☆

After avoiding jail for four years, ex-Gov. **MARVIN MANDEL** of Maryland, who sells his influence dearly, has finally been remanded to the lock-up, if the unfenced 28-acre Federal Prison Camp (tennis, racquetball) at Elgin Air Force Base in Florida can be so defined. Just before incarceration his four-year sentence was whittled down to three by an 80-year-old Solomon from Tennessee.

☆ ☆ ☆

PRESIDENT CARTER has awarded the Medal of Freedom, the nation's highest decoration for civilians, to fourteen persons for "broadening the scope of our vision." Among them:

LYNDON JOHNSON (for covering up the *Liberty* massacre and the Israeli uranium heists?)

HUBERT HUMPHREY (for pocketing \$50,000 in unreported cash from Howard Hughes, handed him through a car window?)

JOHN WAYNE (for supporting the Panama Canal throwaway?)

CLARENCE MITCHELL (for being black?) Greek Orthodox **ARCHBISHOP IAKOVOS** (for being Greek?)

Admiral **HYMAN RICKOVER** (for being Jewish?)

ROBERT PENN WARREN (for being the chief literary scalawag of the 20th century?)

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS (for being the fairy godmother of Broadway?)

Two individuals Carter inadvertently omitted: Rev. **JIM JONES** and the **SON OF SAM**.

☆ ☆ ☆

In a 4-3 decision, Judges **SOL WACHTER**, **JACOB FUCHSBERG**, **HUGH JONES** and **BERNARD MEYER** of the New York Court of Appeals, struck down a state law banning topless entertainment in bars licensed by the

State Liquor Authority. The three dissenters: Chief Judge **LAWRENCE COOKE** and Associate Judges **DOMENICK GABRIELLI** and **MATTHEW JASEN**.

☆ ☆ ☆

SIR HAROLD WILSON, the former Labour Prime Minister who persuaded Queen Elizabeth to knight and ennoble more Jews than any other monarch in English history, has now received an appropriate and predictable job -- president of the Labour Friends of Israel, a loaded, warmongering cohort of ideological clones which includes a hundred M.P.'s. To glean even more cash rewards for promoting Jewish racism, Wilson is now adding the finishing words to a book, *The State of Israel in British Politics*, which is not likely to make the top-ten best-seller list in Damascus.

☆ ☆ ☆

WALTER CRONKITE, who is going to yield his steersmanship of the news to eight-million-dollar man Dan Rather on January 1 next, thinks the media are in fine fettle. "The press," he said in some quotes preserved in *Parade* (March 23, 1980), "is far more responsible than it was in the days when I was making up stories in Texas." Neither the avitaminotic press nor the avuncular Cronkite has changed as much as he thinks.

Elsewhere



Hawaii. It used to be the pride of the Boasites, the living proof that a multiracial community, if given half a chance, was viable. Hawaii, the terrestrial paradise, where, swayed by the halcyon winds and rocked by the gentle surf, blacks, browns and whites worked and played together as if that ole debbil race had never existed. But what is suddenly up? Whites are being raped and murdered in camping areas, muggings galore of tourists in state parks, hotel rooms burgled night and day, prostitutes shaking down their haole (white) customers! Native Hawaiians flaunt signs warning whites from the mainland to stay on the mainland. School children have invented a slogan, "kill a haole a day." Japanese pols are squeezing out the other races in government and in the bureaucracy. Chinese are grabbing more and more of the island's income. All while the aboriginal Polynesians watch with horror as their race is being hybridized out of existence and their once beautiful islands turned into a poor imitation of Tel

Aviv, Miami Beach and Torremolinos.

Britain. It was quite a christening. In attendance was the mother, who is the daughter of a peer and a so-called society beauty. The father? Well, there were six "fathers," since no one knew for sure who the father really was. So the mother invited the six likeliest prospects, making each of them a godfather. It was called by the media an "aristocratic solution" to a sticky problem. But since the event itself proved that the English aristocracy no longer exists, the solution, if it was a solution, could hardly be termed aristocratic.

There are, however, a few unanemic knights left in the Sceptred Isle. Sir Ronald Bell, a conservative M.P., is one of the few who have the guts to fight Britain's Carter-type, open-hearted immigration policy. Warning of a "cataclysmic change" in Britain's population, Bell is fighting for a new Nationality Bill that will eliminate place of birth as a qualification for British citizenship.

"What matters," Bell declares, "is of what parents you were born. You get your genes from your parents, not your birthplace, and it's your genes that count."

Bell says that London was "rapidly ceasing to be a British city . . . one-third of all children born [in Metro London] are born to mothers who were not themselves born in any part of the United Kingdom."

France. Serge Gainsbourg seems determined to raise anti-Semitism in France to flood level. He has taken the *Marseillaise*, one of the most stirring of all national anthems (would we had one half as stirring), and given it the reggae beat, reggae being Jamaican voodooism set to music. At a recent "concert" in Strasbourg, he was picketed by a hundred former paratroopers in uniform, who handed out pamphlets containing some unfriendly remarks.

Gainsbourg is in reality Ginsburg. He is a cohort of these people who, fleeing the pogroms of Russia and the Nazi ovens, are now living well -- even extremely well -- among us -- the Krivines, Cohn-Bendits,

Elsewhere



Levys and Glucksmanns, peddlers of revolution and phony philosophies, a new group whose rule is simple: Face the flag, come to attention and spit.

At Strasbourg the show did not go on when Gainsbourg's black accompanists decided it was healthier not to play. So Serge sang the *Marseillaise* straight, without benefit of tomtoms. Then, as they say in France, he fled the camp.

In *Figaro* magazine, one reporter, Michel Droit, commented that there are those who propagate anti-Semitism and "others, alas, who provoke." He then discoursed on Gainsbourg's "Judaism" and "greed."

If American Green Berets had reacted as strongly to Bob Dylan Zimmerman, Jimmy the Tooth's favorite troubadour, when Dylan was whooping it up for Hanoi during the Vietnam War, we might have sung our way to victory instead of defeat!

West Germany. The Anti-Defamation League and other censor-happy groups have edited it, revised it, softened it and bowdlerized it, but Jews are still not satisfied with the Oberammergau Passion Play, now playing to full houses five times a week through September. Every ten years there is a media uproar about the drama's anti-Semitic slant. Every ten years the villagers, who first put on the play in 1634, scissor it some more. But it's never enough. Theodore Friedman, a high ADL inquisitor, after attending the opening, said he was "deeply disappointed." So the order went out to the American military forces in West Germany to "cease immediately" all army-sponsored tours to Oberammergau.

Perhaps the best solution would be to let Fred Silverman of NBC-TV take over and inject a little holocaustery to the Passion Play. Or let CBS-TV give it the treatment it gave to something called "The Day Christ Died." In it Judas is depicted as a more admirable character than Jesus, and viewers are left with the impression that it was Christ who betrayed his betrayer, not vice versa.

East Germany. In this nominally Marxist country thousands of pairs of twin schoolchildren, one-egg and two-egg, mixed sex and same sex, have been exhaustively measured by physiologists to determine their athletic potential. Speed, it was discovered, was more likely to be influenced by heredity than strength. What surprised the researchers most was the extraordinarily high heritability of the endurance necessary for long-distance running.

Norway. A proposed constitutional amendment, which would require at least

forty members of parliament to give up their seats to women, is working its way through the Norwegian electorate. Norwegian feminists are working for quotas that will put politics on a firm 50-50 basis.

Switzerland. A recent poll indicated that 40% of the Swiss population think that the 23,000 Jews in the country are "money mad." The German-speaking Swiss tend to be less anti-Jewish than the Francophones. An estimated 32% of the latter feel that Jews are not part of the Swiss nation. Only 16% of the German speakers do.

Mare Nostrum. The Eastern Mediterranean, once the center of world civilization, had more than fifty cases of piracy -- ships or cargoes stolen on the high seas -- since 1977. The loss amounts to some \$220 million a year. A lot of the skull and crossbones activity has been taking place right off the Israeli coast. Considering Israel's proven piracy of uranium shipments, this may be more than a coincidence.

Bulgaria. Colin Renfrew has been permitted to visit the magnificent find of early European objets d'art near the Black Sea at Varna. The magnificent gold jewelry was designed circa 4,600 B.C., antedating gold adornments found in Egyptian tombs by 1,600 years. Renfrew believes the Varna discovery is as important as Schliemann's excavation of Troy.

Soviet Union. America hasn't put a man in space since July 1975. "Our space shots are now becoming as frequent as airplane flights," writes Boris Konovalov in *Izvestia*. Last June when a Soviet and Hungarian crew touched down, only two days later two other Russian space drivers orbited off in the wild blue yonder in an improved Soyuz-T2

Reuter's news agency asked a highly placed Russian diplomat what Moscow would have done if the Ayatullah's minions had invaded the Russian instead of the American Embassy in Tehran and if Russians instead of Americans had been seized as hostages. The Russian, looking at his watch, answered, "As you see, it is now 3:00 p.m. By 3:45 p.m. there would no longer be any Iran.

In the race of certain minorities to get out of Russia, the Armenians now have a leg up on the Jews. Jewish emigration is down to 2,000 a month from a high of 50,461 last

year. But the Armenian hegira has climbed to 850 a month, compared to a total of 3,850 for 1979. It may all be due to SALT II. If you sign, Mr. Carter, Brezhnev may be saying, you will get more Jews. If you don't, you will get more Armenians.

Israel. Two famous women have been visiting the Promised Land almost simultaneously. The one named Lillian went to all the right tourist traps, but to the horror of her Israeli guides said the wrong thing in the wrong country. Asked who is her favorite offspring, she frankly admitted it was Billy. Billy, the bosom pal of the Libyans, the anti-Semitic critic of Jewish press control! Well, no one was overly excited. The gaffe was ascribed to Lillian's senility. But was she senile when she added, "I never dreamed, when Jimmy was young, that he would be president. He was an ordinary little boy."

The other female tourist was named Jane, who proceeded to break her left foot while rushing to answer the phone and had to hobble to the Wailing Wall on crutches. Somehow the crippled Joan of Arc of the poor and disadvantaged couldn't make it across the border to visit the Israeli-bombed Palestinian refugee camps in Lebanon. Palestinians just don't come across as human beings in Fonda's selective world view.

Barry Commoner and other Jews are in the forefront of the antinuclear agitation in the U.S. But what is sauce for the ganders is only dross for the Israeli geese. Israeli engineers are busy drawing up plans for a nuclear power plant in northwestern Sinai to supply both Egypt and Israel with electricity. The Israeli Energy Ministry hopes a lot of the money will come from the U.S., as it probably will. Close 'em down at home, build 'em up in Israel. Isn't that the story of our lives?

Inflation is 133%. One-third of every shekel goes for guns, not butter. More than 25,000 Israelis will quit the country this year for greener pastures, mostly in the ungreening U.S. Some 400,000 Israelis already live in Promised Land II, mostly in New York. About the only thing going up in Israel is American grants, gifts and other kinds of financial and military aid. Soon there may be nothing left in Israel but dollars and weapons; nothing left in the States but Israelis and shekels.

Israel doctors will use the foreskins of 8-day-old babies in producing the newest anti-

cancer cure, interferon. How much the rabbis are going to charge for their "raw material" is not known. Doctors have also been known to cash in heavily by performing the old barbaric rite. The promise of even more profits will probably make circumcision more popular and more mandatory than ever, not only in Israel but elsewhere. Since the near Eastern practice of mutilating the newborn has become an accepted practice in the United States, no doubt there will soon be so much financial interest in circumcision that we can expect to see Fore-skin, Inc., traded heavily on the Big Board.

Saudi Arabia. In 1973, just before the outbreak of the Yom Kippur War, Arab nations warned that Western support of Israel in the next Middle East conflict would trigger an oil embargo. Western government leaders and the Western media knew of this warning, but did not consider it necessary to inform the citizenry. In May 1980, Crown Prince Fahd of Saudi Arabia announced his people would use "any weapons at our disposal if we despair at the possibility of a joint solution and if the international community fails to discern our good faith." The Prince added that the Camp David peace accords between Egypt and Israel "were doomed to failure We knew Israel was maneuvering to drive a wedge in Arab ranks to gain time and that it was not going to implement even a fraction of the concessions it was allegedly making under the Camp David accords"

Once again the U.S. media and the U.S. government have chosen to ignore the seriousness of Saudi Arabia's declaration (but

not the Western European states, who are demanding that the PLO be brought into Middle East negotiations). Consequently, the frail hope for an uninterrupted flow of oil from our country's principal supplier now rests on whether the Saudis' hatred for Israel will continue to be balanced by their fear of Russia.

Iran. Zionism has long been a crime in Russia and in the Russian colonial empire of Eastern Europe. Since the ouster of the Shah it has been a crime in Iran. Albert Daniel-pour, a prominent Jewish leader, was found guilty of spying for Israel and executed in June. The head of Pepsi-Cola Iran suffered a similar fate for "helping Zionism." At present sixty Jews are in jail awaiting trial. When the heat began, 30,000 Jews fled the country, many of them ending up in Beverly Hills, which even before the Iranian revolution was known in pornographic film circles as the Holy City of Come.

Rhodesia. (*Instauration will not call it Zimbabwe until the country goes all the way under.*) The U.S. was the first nation, naturally, to recognize the Mugabe regime, which is putting on airs of tolerance and brotherhood to persuade whites to stay. After all, even black Marxists have to eat. If too many paleface farmers leave, Rhodesia would have to import food like most other black African countries and there would be less foreign exchange for those big Mercedes limousines.

So far the black bosses and their foreign paymasters have been treading softly. No government-sponsored massacres as yet. Just some proposed legislation to start grind-

ing down the whites with confiscatory taxes. Just a freeze on all new hiring for the civil service, while blacks are pushed up into key jobs. Just a couple of whites murdered, one by a black cabinet member.

As customary in African "liberation" movements, first on the agenda is censorship. Blue-pencilling blacks have been moved into state-run television and radio networks to insure that Rhodesians only see and hear what Mugabe wants them to see and hear. As one white broadcaster said, "Anything vaguely critical of the government is being killed." The subservient Rowland Fothergill, editor of the mass-circulation *Herald*, says he and other white newsmen are undergoing mental reorientation to "think more like African nationalists." Since it is rather difficult to reorient genes, what comes out in the end is likely to have the blast of rhetoric, not the ring of truth. Nevertheless, the U.S. State Department is elated by the turn of events. "We have been very happy the way things are going," says Warren Christopher, the odd-looking Deputy Secretary of State.

Bolivia. U.S. Ambassador Marvin Weissman has been accused by the Bolivian armed forces of meddling in the country's internal affairs. Apparently, he had taken an active part in trying to prevent a right-wing military takeover. In Latin America stopping a coup of right-wingers often means greasing the way for a coup of left-wingers. When it comes down to choosing between a Batista or a Castro, a Somoza or Marxist gunmen, the Weissmans always seem to take the left turn to totalitarianism. It's in their blood.

Stirrings

The *Washington Post* actually gave a full-page, generally favorable review of James Ennes, Jr.'s sizzling *Assault on the U.S.S. Liberty* (Random House, N.Y., \$8.95). The reviewer was Lloyd Bucher, commanding officer of the U.S.S. *Pueblo*, which was captured in 1968, a year after the attempted sinking of the *Liberty* by Israeli jets and torpedo boats. If the U.S. had stood up to Israel in the matter of the *Liberty*, North Korea would probably not have dared to hijack the *Pueblo*. In deference to the *Post* editors' extreme nervousness and sensitivity anent Israel, Bucher devoted much more space to the Navy's slow and negative reactions than to Israel's dastardly action.

Meanwhile, James Taylor, author of *Pearl Harbor II*, which also deals objectively with the napalming, torpedoing and bombing of the *Liberty*, told of some prepublication death threats. One, purportedly from JEWS (Jewish Executioners with Silence), was a

phone warning: "If that book is ever printed, then just as our ancestors spilt the blood of Roman soldiers on the streets of Jerusalem 2,000 years ago, we are going to spill your blood on the streets of Kansas City." The book, needless to say, was published (see *Stirrings*, July 1980), but only after the first printing was sabotaged. Half the pages were missing. Duplicates of the printed pages were used to fill out the bound book. Security guards had to be hired for a new printing.

* * *

The Canadian rock group, RUSH, cut a 1978 record, "Hemispheres" (Mercury label), that we've all been waiting for but didn't know about until a sharp-eared Instaurationist clued us in. It's a Procrustean musical allegory of the Majority-minority conflict in both countries. Since it's probably a copyright violation to print the lyrics,

a summary will have to suffice. Once upon a time in a forest there were Maples and Oaks. The Oaks were tall and their high branches and leaves deprived the shorter Maples of some sunlight. The Maples threatened and complained and bitched, and felt they were being discriminated against -- even persecuted. Considering their genes for height, however, the Oaks couldn't do much about it. Finally, the Maples organized, formed a pressure group and managed to pass a law that henceforth it would be the duty of a state hatchetman to see that no tree was taller than another.

* * *

Robert Faurisson's trial for daring to question the Holocaust has been reset for November 12 in the 1st Civil Court in Paris. Judge Simone Rozès, who has not been known for her judicial evenhandedness in similar legal proceedings, will preside. Meanwhile, the University of Lyon professor is working for the National Center of Correspondence Learning, having been forced

to leave his teaching post when university officials let it be known they could no longer protect him against the minority rat packs. This is the first time a high-ranking French professor -- one who before tackling the Holocaust was a rising star of French literary criticism -- has had to accept such a lowly position.

* * *

If Random House can come out with a book telling the truth about the *Liberty*, thirteen years after the event, Times Books, owned by the newspaper of the same name, can publish *The Question of Palestine*. Though it's hard to believe, the book presents the Arab side of the story, thirty-two years after the birth of Israel. The author is Edward Said, a Palestinian professor of English at Columbia. Elaborating on the close connection of Zionism with Victorian liberalism, Said recounts how the Zionists took full advantage of the West's old-fashioned racist attitudes toward Oriental peoples. He quotes Theodor Herzl's final solution for the Palestinians. "We shall have to spirit the penniless population across the border by procuring employment for it in the transit countries, while denying it any employment in our own country."

Said also quotes Moshe Dayan in April 1969:

We came to this country which was already populated by Arabs, and we are establishing a Hebrew, that is a Jewish state here. In considerable areas of the country we bought the lands from the Arabs. Jewish villages were built in the place of Arab villages. You do not even know the names of those Arab villages, and I do not blame you, because those geography books no longer exist; not only do the books not exist, the Arab villages are not there either . . . There is not one place built in this country that did not have a former Arab population.

Said concludes by admonishing his readers that some 4 million Palestinians will simply not vanish into the woodwork. He asks that Americans become fair-minded about the Arab position in the Near East and stop favoring and financing the land-grabbing aggressor before the whole area is turned into an Old World Death Valley.

* * *

Neil Armstrong, the Lindbergh of space, made a rare public appearance at the annual meeting of a farm bureau in DeKalb, Illinois. He shunned advance publicity and insisted on no TV coverage. After explaining that he,

his father and his grandfather had been born on farms, Armstrong said, "I'm convinced that both the breadth and details of our collective problems and progress are better understood in these heartland communities than they are in the big cities of the nation -- particularly Washington."

Armstrong, who combines teaching engineering with the operation of a 200-acre beef ranch, is still an ardent booster of interplanetary travel. He talked about recent experiments that indicate the possibility of gravity waves. Spacecraft, he hoped, might be designed to ride these waves like surfboards.

* * *

A sock-it-to-'em publication called *Choice* is handed out free by the tens of thousands to Britons worried about the browning of their once-Caucasian land. The headline in a recent issue catches the eye with two words in big, bold print -- MULTI-RACIAL MADNESS. A few paragraphs down we read:

For 30 years there has been no official opposition to immigration or multiracism despite the fact that 85% of the electorate have consistently resisted them; and public debate is suppressed by the simple expediency of ordering out the Government rent-a-mob onto the streets to threaten those trying to attend lawful meetings or demonstrations.

Elsewhere, *Choice* carries a story on Britain's enormously increasing drug traffic, a report on Jewish support of West Indian blacks, and a review of race-mixing children's books laboriously collected and lovingly distributed by a London librarian named Kay Hurwitz. There is an article about a nationwide public opinion survey that showed Britons have the most respect for doctors (79%) and policemen (54%); the least for M.P.'s (5%) and journalists (4%). A reduction in the number of immigrants is favored by 74% and the reintroduction of hanging by 54%. *Choice* also delved into some little-known history: On August 11, 1596, Queen Elizabeth I expelled all blacks from England.

Copies may be obtained by writing *Choice*, 100 Philbeach Gardens, London, S.W.5, England. Donations will not be refused.

* * *

In a plowed field 100 miles north of Valdosta, Georgia, a large, miniated sign faces the southbound lanes of Interstate 75: "We, the farmers of Georgia, apologize to the

farmers of the nation for putting J. Carter in the White House."

* * *

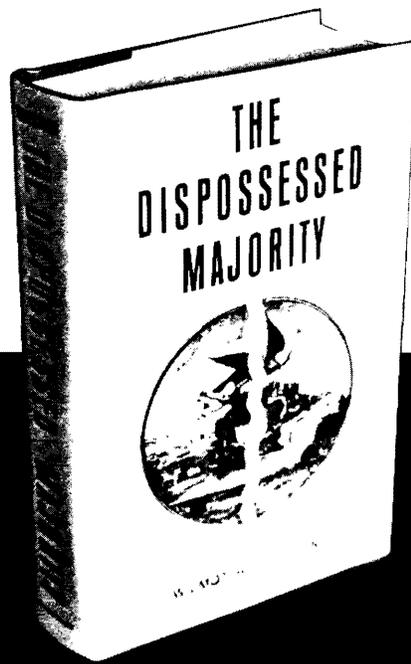
Finally, a novel on our side! *Malherbe's Fist* by Derek Crous, a gripping tale of the death of Rhodesia, has some flat Errol Flynn characters, some canned bedroom scenes and a James Bond plot, but the author's sympathy is entirely with the white Rhodesians and South Africans who have been watching their corner of the world disintegrate into a slough of black terrorism and Harry Oppenheimer gold.

Although anybody with a kind word for Afrikaners is automatically labeled racist by the Western -- and Eastern -- establishment, *Malherbe's Fist* supports the marginal thesis that all southern African tribes -- white, colored and black -- should join hands to save their land from the "manipulators," that mixed gang of Marxists and supercapitalists whose only interest is the minerals under the land and who care nothing about the people who live on it.

The story line has to do with the desperate theft of a nuclear missile from a secret Soviet base in Mozambique in order to blackmail the Russians, British, Americans and their black hit teams to get out and stay out of Rhodesia, Southwest Africa and South Africa. The mission ultimately fails, but only after chapters and chapters of high adventure and low derring-do involving the brave, undaunted commandos, the savage black "freedom fighters" and the shamefully duplicitous Western liberal-minority coalitions.

By far the most interesting part of *Malherbe's Fist* is the detailed account of the decline and fall of Rhodesia. The reader is treated to a lot of secret history never touched on by the media, a lot of background on events never adequately explained by the world press, and pages and pages of intimate and unforgettable profiles of the leading characters -- Smith, Nkomo, Mugabe, Vorster, Rhoadie and Kaunda. It's practically a graduate course in current history -- and the fiction carries the reader along when the facts get too depressing.

The publisher claims that the author, a pseudonymous South African journalist, was rubbed out by two (presumably Soviet) agents just after he had finished his manuscript. Be that as it may, if Instaurationists are willing to forgive a homemade printing job and some Hawaii Five-O writing, they can have a mighty "good read" by ordering *Malherbe's Fist* from Francois Roux, P.O. Box 869, Bedfordview, South Africa. The price is \$5.00 plus \$1.00 for shipping. You'll have to order it direct from the publisher because it's the kind of work you'll never find in your neighborhood book nook.



Silent Treatment Is Given Book Defending American Majority

CENSORSHIP can take many forms. This is the story of a book that was published but might as well have been suppressed because it has been denied avenues of publicity and distribution....

The book is called *The Dispossessed Majority* and it concerns race relations in the United States, recited from the point of view of a member of the white majority. A statement from the publisher about the silent treatment accorded this book concludes:

The censorship of silence imposed by book critics and the book trade on "The Dispossessed Majority" does not prove the abrogation of freedom of thought in this country. After all, the book did get published. But in the final analysis, what good is the freedom to write, if there is very limited freedom to publicize what is written. In order to defend America's largest population group against a continuous stream of often vicious racist propaganda, it would seem that the rights defined in the First Amendment should apply to the dissemination of ideas as well as to their expression.

The Dispossessed Majority, by Wilmot Robertson... is a serious discussion of race, amply documented with references to the literature of the field. The author has read widely and writes with apparent familiarity on many aspects of the subject. He covers the concept of race, the racial composition of the United States and a split in the ranks of the majority. Some of the chapters cover the [majority-minority] clash in terms

of culture, politics, economics, law and foreign policy. While the author's views are controversial they are expressed clearly and logically as a defense of the white Europeans who settled and developed the United States.

The publisher points out that in the last several decades, the ratio of books about American population groups has been 1,000 to one in favor of the minorities and against the majority....

The press and the rest of the media have almost totally ignored the book....Libraries and book stores have refused to stock or display [it] and standard publications of the book trade have not listed it. Difficulty was experienced, the publisher says, in placing advertisements....

Among those who speak well of the book is Devin Garrity, a New York book publisher. Rating it as "a major book under any circumstances," he states: "instead of meekly accepting the assigned role of has-been, Wilmot Robertson, speaking for the majority 'thinks the unthinkable and says the unsayable,' as one reader puts it. And he does it in superb English prose...."

The Dispossessed Majority [586 pages, available in softcover, \$5.95, and hardcover, \$16.00, postpaid] may be ordered by mail from Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc., Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920.

T.R. WARING
Editor