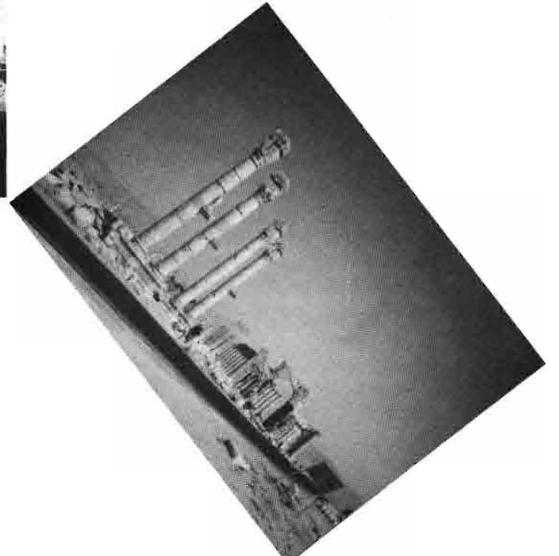


*illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal*

Instauration®

VOL. 10 NO. 3

FEBRUARY 1985



A JOURNEY THROUGH SYRIA



The Safety Valve

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

Enclosed is my check for renewal -- a bit extra included. Buy Cholly a drink. I love his Rapid Raiser.

774

If the Demos had won the election, the Hintermänner would have blackmailed Ferraro easily. In that district in New York you just do not do business without the Mafia!

104

To assess the amount of nonwhite blood in the veins of the Afrikaner nation is impossible. Those who have made the attempt differ considerably. According to Colenbrander, it is less than 1%. According to Heese, it may be 7%. We find that the more integration-minded an investigator happens to be, the higher he puts the amount of nonwhite blood in Afrikaner veins. To get at us, of course. The English in South Africa have not been investigated on this score as the Afrikaners have been. So, fortunately for them, no percentages are available yet. But you can rest assured that, if such an assessment should ever be made, the chances are it will be about the same as that of the Afrikaners. If Jewish blood is regarded as nonwhite, then the English "nonwhite" percentage will be assuredly higher than that of the Afrikaners!

South African subscriber

Zip 164's prediction that "when white racialism comes back into fashion, the Jews will be running it," is indeed interesting. Then maybe it will not only work, but will even show a nice profit!

222

I heard on the radio today that the United States nuclear energy industry has 6½ times more "accidents" than the comparable Japanese industry. Shouldn't this be seen as a side effect of affirmative action?

302

While the Populist Party's heart very definitely seems to be in the right place, I've read its complete party platform and I have to admit that I have my doubts about a party that would use an obscure word like *mattoid* in a document presumably intended to win the hearts and minds of potential voters. My guess is that by 1992, there will be a new headstone in the same graveyard where the American Independent Party and the American Party are now buried. On the other hand, my best girl recently gave me some literature from the Southern National Party, and my impression is that if any alternative party has a chance of accomplishing anything constructive in the foreseeable future, it would be the SNP. Not so much that the SNP is likely to rewrite the ending of *Gone With the Wind* very soon, if ever. But as a spokesman for local and regional interests, a Southern National Party with a few governors, congressmen and state legislators in office would be in a position to do a great deal. Come to think of it, this is what Strom Thurmond's Dixiecrats should have evolved into 36 years ago.

466

A press agent for the American Jewish Committee said on radio last night that this nation is "composed of 30 ethnic strains." He went on to explain there are "5½ million Jews here, but some maintain that figure should be doubled. We really don't know how many Jews there are in the U.S." It's nice to hear a Jew admit it.

941

Zip 302 made some excellent points about why the word *Aryan* is a non-starter as far as effective public relations go, but the fact remains that otherwise there still isn't any properly inclusive (and at the same time, properly exclusive) word to describe our people other than vague terms like *Indo-European*, *Majority* and so on. It's awfully hard to feel instinctive racial solidarity with a people that has no clear-cut sense of being a people (which, I suppose, accounts for genetic debacles like World Wars I and II, when cousins gleefully slaughtered each other in what amounted to family feuds). *Aryan* is a fine word as far as I'm concerned and I'd like to use it myself, but it does carry with it considerable excess baggage. So what can we call ourselves?

As it happens, the word may exist already. This fact was driven home to me when I was watching a news report about an inter-ethnic riot in Massachusetts between Hispanics and "Anglos." The TV news commentators even called the non-Hispanic side "Anglos," although a closer look at the people involved showed a motley crew John Tyndall would be reluctant to acknowledge as family no matter how badly the word *Anglo* is defined. But the Hispanics themselves don't draw the distinctions that are obvious to us: to them, everybody else is an "Anglo." My guess is that as Hispanics pour into the U.S. and increase their numbers, the nation will face a basically three-way racial split between them, blacks and "others," the last of which will be called "Anglos" by default and for lack of a better term. I'd prefer almost any other word than one devised and used by our opponents, but as the Hispanics become fruitful and multiply, and use the word over and over again until it bores its way into the media and then into common parlance, we'll be stuck with it. Then again, maybe it isn't all that bad: almost any word would do, and we could live with it, I'm sure.

601

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Malthus corrected! The decline in food quality lowers mental ability and brings destruction of the civilization long before the food itself runs out.

606

Compare the cases of Andrei Sakharov and Arthur Rudolph. Forty years ago Rudolph employed slave labor on Hitler's rocket program. Thirty-two years ago Sakharov employed slave labor building Stalin's hydrogen bomb. Now the same Jews and the same liberals who weep for Sakharov (because he has a Jewish wife and is critical of Stalin's heirs) have deported Dr. Rudolph, without whose genius Americans might never have landed on the moon. Jews and liberals can forgive the man who built the bombs that today threaten us with annihilation, but the man who helped America beat Russia to the moon can never be forgiven for having built rockets for his own country 40 years ago.

142

An item in Primate Watch (Oct. 1984) refers to the Confederate flag as the "Stars and Bars." What passes for the Confederate flag these days (the Ole Miss flag, the Dixie flag) is not the Stars and Bars. The Stars and Bars designation is properly applied only to the original Confederate States of America flag which, if memory serves, consisted of three red-white-red stripes with a corner patch of blue containing 11 stars. I believe this was replaced by the "Dixie" flag following battlefield confusion at Bull Run. Idea: why don't interested parties simply revive the true Stars and Bars and display it proudly? Most people won't know what it is, and those who should know, will ask.

100

My daughter attends an all-white nursery. It is a delight, aesthetic as well as racial, to look out across the playground and see those hundred or so kids, 50% of them blond, at white play. Sometimes this sight dispatches my mind to the ancient past, to the Neolithic when our race was in its prime, honed to a fine edge and unsullied by the dysgenic effects of civilization, with genes inspected and culled by countless generations under the heartless scrutiny of the most efficient, most relentless and most unforgiving taskmaster the world has ever known. Our ancestors must have possessed a harmony of features, behavior, thought, creed and all else that goes into making a human subspecies that cannot be imagined today. We almost instinctively look down upon them today as "cavemen," yet they were in every way, except in technology, our superiors. And I have little doubt that the happiness they knew more than compensated for their lack of technology.

488

We may disagree with one man about socialism, with another man about racial differences, with another on morality. In my opinion, none of these differences would be proof of irreconcilable world views. The infallible yardstick is New York. If a man loves New York he is beyond the pale; if he truly despises New York I have some fellow feeling for him whatever his race, whatever his other views.

British subscriber

I continue to like Instauration very much. It's an admirable job accomplished in the face of hopeless odds. We are all doomed, of course. Nevertheless, I say unto you, "Well done!" -- if only for the record.

German subscriber

I freely confess to being a poor American, whatever that nearly meaningless term may imply in the late 20th century. There is not one shred of the John Wayne or Jesse Helms syndrome in me. Those afflicted with that syndrome love a corpse, for the America they love is as vanished as the Old South which I love. I cannot look to "patriots" for inspiration, guidance or hope. They are obviously detached from reality. They either do not know the corpse is dead, or they believe the dead can be raised.

293

I can understand an individual white fearing the Negro, but for the life of me I fail to see why we as a people fear them. We didn't used to. For the lone individual, there is much reason to fear them. Hispanics are "cruel," blacks are "brutal" -- a slight but significant difference to keep in mind when dealing with either or both -- and both are "mean." They do not think as we do. They have far less compassion, and they are not inhibited by foresight. They often seem oblivious to any delayed punishment, just as they are oblivious to delayed rewards. They, like all animals including ourselves, can sense fear, and the sense of fear excites them into aggression and violence, especially if they are in a gang where their version of the gang mentality is at work. As vicious as they are with their own, they are more so with fearful whites. It is almost as if fear in a white man is something they detest and cannot forgive.

305

Instauration should have made Bill Moyers, ex-divinity student, ex-LBJ press secretary and currently Dan Rather's point man, Majority Renegade of the Year.

302

The recent controversy among Catholics over liberation theology illustrates how Christianity has helped to spread Leninism and Stalinism around the world. According to Funk & Wagnall's Encyclopedia, the basis of early communism was "voluntary cooperation, with each individual producing goods according to his ability and sharing according to his needs." Modern communism is, of course, no longer voluntary, but the economic goals are the same. According to the Bible (Acts 4:34-35): "Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need." It is interesting to note that both modern communism -- Karl Marx -- and Christianity are of Jewish origin. And while communism is atheistic and Christianity is theistic, they both teach the same economic philosophy that attracts the have-nots.

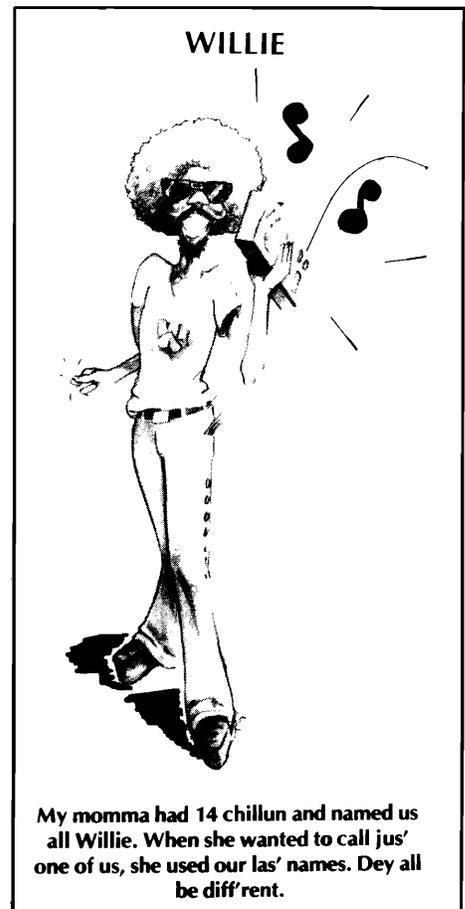
652

A close friend of mine died last summer after a valiant four-year battle with cancer. When her condition had deteriorated to the point where she could no longer drive a car, her friends took turns driving her to the hospital for treatments. The night before she was due for a particularly important treatment, Betty, one of her "calm, confident Christian" chauffeurs, called her and said that a replacement driver would have to be found. Why? Well, amid a flurry of apologies, Betty explained that she just had to go to hear Bishop Tutu speak at the city's most affluent Episcopal (what else?) church. He would only be in town for a day, and having admired him so-o-o much for all these years, she simply couldn't deny herself this opportunity. The cancer patient, having no choice, accepted the disappointment gracefully and began to call other friends who might be able to take her to the hospital. The only catch was that they were all Episcopalians, too, and would brook no interference with their determination to sit at the feet of the dusky Tutu. Well, I could string this story out, but you already know the ending. Yep, the old lady heathen from the hills drove the 35 miles to the city, took the patient to the hospital, waited four hours, and drove her home again.

032

I think the Federal Reserve in the proper hands is the only known solution to the cyclical problems of capitalism and the market system, whatever the race of the inhabitants.

652



□ The Jewish computer whiz in my agency who married a gook has gone off to another job. The goyess who also married out has now been joined by a family of in-laws who speak only Korean. The husband is an unemployed duck-carver. (Need any slant-eyed decoys? I can get 'em for you wholesale.) Nothing like having the Camp of the Saints in your own office.

208

□ A civil service boss whines and whimpers to his boss like a hungry puppy and lords it over his underlings like Nero. Altogether, the lot of them are stupid and infantile. The rank-and-file are a bunch of cringing wimps with absolutely no self-respect and no reason to have any. What a working environment! It is most odorous. Certainly the so-called "private sector" is not all that much better. Corporate America is not unlike the government; it's just not quite as incompetent. It has to swindle the public, which takes some brains; all the government has to do is rob the public, essentially at gunpoint. Small businessmen tend to be stupid and narrow-minded, which is one reason so many of them go broke.

852



□ Did you notice at the San Francisco convention that on the platform Jesse Jackson kissed Martha Layne Collins, governor of Kentucky and chair of the convention? A few weeks ago Jesse was in a skit on Saturday Night Live in which he was shown having a "crush" on UN Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick. Jesse knows what he's doing -- driving us wild -- and he knows the feminists can't and won't object. You could say he has a racial sense of humor!

939

□ After 20 years of marriage John was tired of Gerry. She was constantly spying on him and throwing jealous tantrums. On the plus side, she pushed him to become a fairly wealthy man. Certainly, her political connections gave him the opportunity of getting his hands on money accumulated by senile ladies. Still, he was bored with her. In typical Latin style, he determined to get her out of the city by foisting her off on the nation as a congresswoman from Queens. Then John would have plenty of time to chase the tootsies in Little Italy (ever met an Italian man who was faithful?). Well, his money put her in D.C., where she made goo-goo eyes at Tip O'Neill (no sex, of course; he's your garden-variety guilt-ridden Irish Catholic who is impotent anyway from all that boozing). Wouldn't you know it! Tip gets to pick the vice-presidential candidate in exchange for endorsing Mondale. And he picks his little girlfriend. Where does this leave John? Up a creek, I'd say. Gerry is back in Queens full-time now. No more tootsies for John. Did you see the quote from their daughter that said her parents talk with each other six or seven times a day! The dumb kid doesn't know that Mama is keeping hour-by-hour tabs on hubby.

441

□ A few days after Mondale, the blacks' unanimous choice, lost his bid for the presidency, an enraged young black male accosted my middle-aged landlady and me in front of her house in a racially mixed neighborhood. Apparently he was upset about the pro-Reagan poster in the front window. He accused us of doing nothing but sitting on our rear ends. My landlady had been raking leaves and I had just returned from the laundromat with two bulging laundry bags. This black stranger proceeded to point across the street to three jovial, well-fed, decently-clad black children and berated us for not "giving" them anything. I finally told this creep that I was not under any obligation to stand there and listen to his abusive language. My landlady came between us and managed to placate the black, who finally walked away. She told me that we had to learn to live with "those people." I reminded her that one of the messages "those people" should have gotten from the Reagan landslide is that they have to learn -- or relearn -- how to live with us.

222

□ The Democrats need a theme song. How about "Somewhere Over the Rainbow"?

648

□ I am constantly amazed by the number of people who boast in the Safety Valve about their total lack of contact with television, radio, newspapers and the establishment media in general. How can ignorance of current events help our cause? How can we mount an offensive if we don't know what the other side is up to? The techniques used to manipulate the masses should be studied and mastered by our people, not ignored with the obvious contempt displayed in so many Safety Valve letters.

223

□ Good analysis of the election on the back cover of the November issue. Efforts of Jesse and Farrakhan in polarizing Afros and the Chosen maybe need more appreciation. Will be interested to see how long Jews stick to a loser and a loser party. Their decade-long flight from Marx and Trotsky to the beauties of Konservatism (actually underway in the post-Korea '50s) may now accelerate. Most "free enterprise" palaver in their hands already. Overpoweringly dominant in Libertarian ranks also.

809

□ I no longer treat feminists as women. They are "its" and I turn a deaf ear to their whining about how insensitive men are. I fight with them when I have to and ignore them as much as possible.

896

□ I didn't vote! Wife and friends gave me that caca, that is, no votee, no bitchee. You know, the third-grade logic.

189

□ The Majority woman is only beginning to comprehend how indispensable she is to the enrichment, power and pleasure of the opposite gender. I do believe most of us women are virtuous and reliable. What was once a good, inspiring relationship with men has gone up in smoke -- the glow and mystique evaporating in the noonday sun. You guys really need us, you know, to make your life complete. Will you be happy with a unisex world of animated plastic figures? A woman's work is to nurture life, not to be exploited for her allurements. Remember when you tipped your hat to us? Gone with the other nice behavior. Don't blame us, we didn't do it. You did. We have come a long way, baby, at your behest and our eyes are dry with unshed tears. To be demeaned and vulgarized wholesale in the eyes of men for profit engenders contempt, and now this women in the workplace madness is entrenched in our midst. I'd like to see her back in the home doing a woman's work, but not at the whim of man. He alone is responsible for the miscarriage of events. So backward we slide, brutalized, unrestrained, or sensitively liquidated.

037

□ I'm not tired of McEnroe (Scotch-Irish, I believe). I wish to God we had more like him, telling off the staid, lying mouthpieces worldwide -- fine with me. And foul-mouthed if need be. A gutsy guy, the spirit that wins! Hope he doesn't apologize.

764

It is interesting to try to determine when our civilization's train went off the track. I used to say that Roosevelt started it all. Then I decided Woodrow Wilson represented the great continental divide of history. As I read more, I saw Abraham Lincoln as the significant departure. Now I think it all went wrong at Runnymede.

462

I'm not too enthused about the new addition to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. A white soldier and two fraggers. What class!

077

As a Lutheran I was very interested in the observation in "Putting Our People Back Together Again" (Oct. 1984). I lived for a while in an area that has the combination of Southern Baptists, Lutherans and blacks mentioned in the article. I would explain the nearly all-black Sunday schools as a result of decisions made by the denominational bureaucrats of the Lutheran Church in America. I pulled my membership out of that group last year in disgust with its race-mixing social policies. As long as Lutheran church leaders were educated in semi-isolated church colleges and seminaries among their "own people," Lutheranism was in pretty good shape. Unfortunately, a generation of Lutheran "Young Turks" in the 1950s started to attend divinity schools at Ivy League universities as well as Union Theological Seminary. Members of this generation have since taken control of numerous Lutheran colleges, seminaries and denominational bureaucracies and have proceeded to replace sound theology with superficial sociology. A dissident American Lutheran church bishop who started out as a fellow traveler with this group finally blew the whistle on them and exposed what may legitimately be described as a conspiracy to change the theology and social politics of Lutheran churches in a leftist direction. A lot of Lutheran laymen have "voted with their feet" as I did. The LCA and the American Lutheran Church, the two most liberal Lutheran denominations, lost approximately 10% of their combined membership in a recent decade. Those two Lutheran church bodies are expected to merge with a third denomination, the Association of Evangelical Lutheran Churches, in 1988. A careful study indicates that this merged Lutheran church will lose 20% of its membership between 1988 and 1998. Meanwhile, some relatively intact Lutheran denominations will continue to exhibit various degrees of concern for racial integrity, and independent churches of the Temple Tabernacle variety run by their own congregations are booming.

535

Satcom Sam must have missed the MTV show, "Dream on white boy, dream on black girl, dream on black boy." Absolutely consistent with the Instauration article of a few months ago about "the mixing of white and black music." Behold the change in the lyrics of Rod Stewart's "Young Hearts Beat Free Tonight" to the new "Young Turks Be Free Tonight," featuring, you guessed right, a young Turk with a blonde girlfriend creating mayhem in Zoo City.

775

Burning books? No, never. That is Nazi stuff. Melt the printing plates. Metal is worth more than junk paper and ashes! Then alert your bookdealers not to stack the alloy. Or, preferably, ask your neighborhood Jewish operatives to use specially imported fire-bombs.

104

It is elementary that we clean up our geography. Tel Aviv is closer to Washington, D.C., than Baltimore.

471

Kicking around the subculture today is a particularly nasty little video tape -- a piece of crude, racist burlesque and poisonous political porn dressed up as theater. In its evil chicanery it is about as entertaining as the plague. Dishing out the dirt is that most vicious of Hollywood hucksters, that clown prince among the sleazy, cheesy people who run the dump -- one Mel Brooks. This loathsome, low-life lout, this creature of bigotry at its worst, this ultimate vulgarian and darling of the controlled media, attempts to play the part of Adolf Hitler in this sick skit. He caricatures that star-crossed leader in the most obscene manner imaginable. Near-naked racially mixed dancers, representing German soldiers, simulate intercourse in a pristine Grecian temple. To finish off this exercise in naked hate, "Hitler" -- the real-life abstainer -- is shown as a roistering souse. Now strutting, now slinking, he yells, "the Russians are coming, let's get the hell out of here." He then grabs a blonde and a six-pack of beer and flees. The dialogue is, naturally, pure filth. But there is something else. There is something so hideous in its nature as to educe the feeling that one has been touched by a totally foreign malignancy, something so monstrous as to cry out for redress. This profane horror, this outrage about which it is difficult even to write, is performed to the strains of the German National Anthem.

Canadian subscriber

Please accept my nomination of Dr. Robert Klark Graham as Man of the Year. His single-handed efforts on behalf of biological advancement constitute a step into the future unparalleled by anyone else.

642

I hope that the editors of Instauration are not lawyers. If you are, you can take your deserved lumps along with the rest of that nefarious breed which, like a voracious plague of locusts, is sweeping across this nation devouring its very substance. There is hardly a single endeavor affecting the human condition that the lawyer is not privy to -- and always to the enrichment of their fat purses. Small wonder then why Christ condemned them; why Shakespeare loathed them. The American Bar Association is nothing more than a black-robed Mafia. I propose that it be made a general rule -- a law if you will -- that no lawyer be permitted to hold public office.

913

This year's renegades are those Norwegians who gave the Nobel Peace Prize to Bishop What's-his-name.

100

After seeing the movie Red Dawn, wherein Russian and Cuban troops ravage middle America, thereby provoking counterattacks which finally destroy them, it occurred to me that such a self-defeating scenario would never be adopted by the Communists, or anyone intent on destroying us. An enemy would want to capture America intact. Making a clumsy grab that could easily backfire is just not the way to do things. Slowly, imperceptibly, over several generations, you drain off, adulterate, or otherwise destroy, the human element which is most independent. You manipulate the society in such a way as to replace the sons and daughters of the pioneers with timid shopkeepers, mindless mongrels and alienated intellectuals. As always, tribal cohesion and endogamous marriage customs will both define and maintain the ruling ethnic group. So when I stepped from the theater onto the streets of Manhattan, it wasn't Russian paratroops or Communists that worried me. It was the lack of Nordic faces and the rapid social flux that convinced me the invasion had already taken place. The enemy was here. He made the movie I just saw. With subtlety and spectacle he'd guided every thought. Against his occupation there will be no armed revolt. For we lack the words and images we'd need to overthrow him. They all belong to him. He's invented what we think.

111

As a Nordic I feel it is a disservice to my race for you not to point out where we fall short vis-à-vis other races. Those races which have characteristics superior to ours are at least as much a threat as those which are inferior. No one discusses race in an objective manner, surely not the media, nor Instauration. Among friends I am not ashamed to call myself a racist. But I am not a white supremacist. I do not believe an objective case can be made that whites or Nordics are supreme. To me, a racist is one who believes that there are objective qualitative differences among races.

Expatriate in Italy

If you can't talk argle bargle, you might as well forget employment in South Florida.

331

Recently I had the opportunity to visit the Toronto (Canada) public library during what I presume was a typical weekday afternoon. I could not help noticing the high percentage of Orientals and Indians among the youthful patrons. Without exception the Asians were working diligently. In contrast, most of the extremely attractive Majority youngsters seemed preoccupied with various forms of "socializing," lounging about in poses apparently intended to be irresistible to the opposite sex and scurrying about in obviously non-academic pursuits. Only the most incurable optimist could believe that any inherent white genius will eventually compensate for the grim determination shown by the Asians. The only blacks that I encountered were to be found in the entrance vestibule. They were waiting for a bus and had sought shelter from the intermittent rain.

142

A JOURNEY THROUGH SYRIA (I)

"Nusaybin Hadut Kapisi," read the fresh Turkish exit stamp in my passport. Yards ahead was El Qamishliye, Syria, a remote, sleepy frontier post near the point where Turkey, Syria and Iraq converge. I felt as confident as an Iranian about to enter the U.S. at Sweetgrass, Montana, in the summer of 1980. What was Syria going to be like? I hadn't been able to find a single guidebook to the country in any Zoo City bookstore, settling instead for a few sheets of skimpy info provided by the Syrian UN Consulate. In all my travels I'd met only two people who had been to the country. In Kahta, Turkey, I'd made the acquaintance of an offbeat, crewcut Irishman who had just completed a year of voluntary service in a Palestinian refugee camp in Jordan. He had come up through Syria, and while his trip had gone smoothly, he told me that the Syrian people consider themselves at war with America. This frightened me considerably, but turning back was out of the question. I'd come too far and waited too long for this moment.

Fingers crossed, heart pounding, not knowing a word of Arabic, I proceeded through the open gate to never-never land, towards three uniformed Syrians sitting under a tree, sipping tea. I handed my passport to the nearest one. He examined it for a few seconds, then looked up and said, not too surprised, "American!"

"American, yes," I replied, trying to be friendly. He nodded as if to say, "Well, good for you," and directed me to a small building. I walked inside and up to the counter, behind which a young official was tending to some paperwork. He took my passport and flipped through the pages. Then he looked up.

"American?"

"Yes." He examined the visa carefully (it bore the stamp of the Syrian Embassy in Washington), then walked back to another room, where I heard him discussing the situation with some other officials. In a few minutes he emerged and handed me an entry card. I was in! From then on it was just a matter of filling in one or two forms, a few red-tape border formalities, a mandatory exchange of \$100 into Syrian pounds and a cursory suitcase inspection, which ended with the question, "Do you have a gun?"

"I sure don't."

The man who asked spoke fairly good English. He was very friendly and helpful, and curious about my somewhat flexible itinerary. I told him I wanted to spend the night in Deir-ez-Zor and continue on to Aleppo the following day. Since there were a few taxis parked nearby, I asked him if he would be so kind as to write a message in Arabic so that I could hand it to one of the drivers, indicating that I wished to be taken to where I could find a bus to Deir-ez-Zor. He said it would be easier if he accompanied me. So we piled into a cab -- a '55 or '56 Pontiac -- and drove into downtown El Qamishliye. As we raced through the side streets, I instinctively knew there'd be nothing to worry about trav-

eling around Syria. I was feeling good.

El Qamishliye was somehow different from the Turkish border towns -- more squalid, congested and animated. After five weeks in Turkey, I was glad to be in a country I was certain would have fewer tourists. There was no mistaking the fact that it was indeed a different country: Arabic script everywhere, Arabic dress everywhere, ancient American cars everywhere!

No scheduled bus was leaving for Deir-ez-Zor for several hours, but a local jitney would depart for El Haseke, a major town nearly halfway to my destination, as soon as enough passengers filled it. This didn't take long. Soon we were zooming through the northeastern Syrian desert on a narrow tarmac road. My friend from the border station had told the driver I was an American and I was given the best seat up front and offered cigarettes, grapes and nuts during the entire trip. Sitting in front afforded the best view of the small, nameless, sunbaked villages and of the peasant women in their bright, dazzling dresses walking along the road. Although the Arab music blaring from the tape deck at full volume was all my ears could stand, it added a large dose of local color to our dilapidated little bus with the imitation marble paneling, the carpeted dashboard decked with plumes and plastic feathers, the windshield moulding plastered with small stickers of veiled woman, along with sayings from the Koran (I presume) and family photographs. Glancing over at our mad-dog driver, his black-checked kafiye flying in the wind, I wouldn't have changed places with any traveler anywhere.

El Haseke, where I traded my jitney for a bus, was full of fierce-looking women dressed in the most vivid colors with strings of golden coins dangling across their foreheads. They sat in the sand patiently, minding their sacks and goats and crying babies. I was dying to reach for my camera, but I knew I'd only be asking for trouble in these parts by attempting to photograph the fair sex. Instead, I wandered over to the food stalls for a sandwich, watching in helpless disgust as the vendor crumbled a couple of hardboiled eggs into a flat blotter of bread with his dirty fingers. I was too hungry to turn it down.

Why was I going to Deir-ez-Zor? No special reason, aside from the tantalizing name and remote location. The city is a major desert crossroads. The road to the west goes to Aleppo, which was my destination; the road to the east follows the Euphrates for 80 miles or so before reaching Iraq, a country nearly impossible to visit at the present time. Every Syrian I spoke to expressed solidarity with his Arab cousins in Iraq, but they also told me that their government's support of Iran in the Gulf War was primarily due to a personal feud between their president, Assad, and Hussein, the president of Iraq. The general population of both countries, I was told, couldn't care less about the enmity of their leaders.

I pulled into Deir-ez-Zor at half-past five and went into the bus station to inquire about a ticket to Aleppo. I had a bit of communication problem at the ticket window (my Arabic vocabulary now consisted of "water," "hotel" and "thank you"), though I was armed with an Arabic-English dictionary. I think the message was that I could come back at eight in the morning and buy a ticket. Since the bus station was on the outskirts of the town, I took a cab. By golly, we drove right over the Euphrates River, that magical stream where I had been taught as a schoolboy that history began.

"Fondok," I told the driver -- hotel. I was looking up the word for inexpensive, but before I could find it he deposited me in front of the Al-Arabi, a cozy, second-story hostel on a dusty, colorful side street where donkey carts creaked along and men smoked hookah pipes and played backgammon. After signing the register, I took advantage of the remaining daylight to wander through the wonderfully weird streets of this provincial outpost.

Intriguing as it was, Deir-ez-Zor was not the kind of place I'd prefer to hang around. There was a travel agency of sorts beneath the Al-Arabi where I managed to buy a ticket for the 6:15 A.M. express to Aleppo. Next morning, I was riding on the relatively luxurious government-owned bus line, whose coaches are the equivalent of our Greyhounds. Besides the standard amenities, an attendant periodically came down the aisle with a water jug and a tray of hard candies.

In Aleppo I took the advice of a cabbie and got a room at the Venicia Hotel, near the landmark Bab el-Faraj clock-tower. The hotel printed a cute little brochure which contained an inadequately detailed map of the city. I took one and headed for the covered souk (market), supposed to be one of the best in the Mideast. I had my mind set on a wrought brass tray or an engraved dagger, but soon discovered that where tourists are few and far between, you're not likely to find any exotic souvenirs.



Aleppo street scene

Soon I was hopelessly lost in a maze of dark alleys. While floundering about, I heard a voice ask, "Excuse me, are you lost?" I turned around and faced a neatly dressed Arab who appeared to be in his mid-twenties.

Before I had a chance to answer, he asked a second question.

"Do you mind if I talk to you?"

"O.K. Why don't you help me find my way out of here and we'll go have tea or coffee or something."

Sami turned out to be a goldmine of information. He had recently returned from a year of medical study in Connecticut, where he had lived with an American family, and was about to serve his mandatory two-year stint in the Syrian military. We sat at a café across from the ancient Arab Citadel, Aleppo's most famous landmark, drinking tea and chatting for hours about every conceivable topic. Much of our conversation was in hushed tones, for as Sami informed me, there were quite a few plainclothes secret police lurking around. Talking against the government could get you into big trouble. He explained that what he was confiding in me he wouldn't dare discuss with anyone except his family and closest friends. Assad, he said, was an opportunistic, bloody tyrant who enjoyed very little popular support. I asked him if what I had read about Hama was really true, that Assad's men had massacred 10,000 of the Islamic Brotherhood there.

"Of course, it's true. It was much more. The government will crush anyone who tries to change things."

Some of Sami's sentiments I would hear over and over in Syria. One that quite surprised me was the widespread contempt for Saudi Arabians: the poor ones because of their backwardness, the rich ones because of the way they flaunted their money. Another surprise was the positive feelings toward America. Most Arabs realize that Americans aren't really bad people, that they've merely been duped about events in the Middle East by the Jewish-oriented media and -- how they love that term! -- the "Jewish lobby."

"We are at war with Israel," Sami reminded me more than once, but neither he nor any other Syrian I spoke to seemed to be fired by any sort of virulent Kahane-like hatred. Rather they expressed concern over Israel's territorial designs, as well as a seething resentment of the ongoing repression of Arabs living inside and outside the borders of the Zionist state.

A tour bus pulled up near the entrance to the Citadel, and well-dressed men and women began filing out. "Iranians," Sami said. "You'll see many of them in Damascus. Nobody in Syria likes them. Assad hates Hussein so therefore he tells us we must support Iran in the war. But this is not how we feel. We like the people of Iraq because they are Arabs like us. Nobody likes Iran, but they won't tell you that."

It was great talking with Sami and watching the world go by on the streets of Aleppo. Sometimes you'd see a silky-haired, smartly dressed young lady in high heels walk briskly past a waddling old creature draped under black sheets. Syria was like that -- a dramatic mix of ancient and modern.

"What about the Russians?" I asked.

"We don't like them, we don't hate them. But we must buy weapons from them so that Israel does not become stronger than us."

Sami had some afternoon business to attend to, but offered to stop by later in the evening with some friends. When he left, I crossed the street and climbed to the top of



Ourouba Mosque, Aleppo

the Citadel for a splendid view of both the old and new sections of Aleppo. I paid a visit to the interesting archaeology and folk art museum, mailed a few postcards (with stamps commemorating the Olympic Games in Los Angeles), and stumbled upon a newsstand selling the *International Herald-Tribune*. Whose face adorned the cover? None other than Geraldine Ferraro's! What a place to learn about our first woman vice-presidential candidate!

That evening Sami came by with Yussuf and Hosam, both well-mannered, educated young men who spoke English. Yussuf was a practicing physician, having graduated from a medical school in Michigan.

We sat in a large, crowded outdoor café. Waiters rushed about us, and the air was noisy with conversation. I ordered a tall, label-less bottle of Syrian brew, which wasn't bad. We had a lively conversation that continued as we wandered around town. I couldn't get over how modern and Western-oriented everything seemed.

We passed a music shop stocked with all the latest Japanese stereo equipment. There was a large display of tape cassettes in the window. Most were in Arabic, but some featured Western rock groups. I wanted to pick up a few tapes, more for the Arabic script written all over them than for any expected auditory pleasure.

"You like Arab music?" Yussuf asked.

"Not really," I replied. In the store I purchased a recording of the 1972 Baalbeck (Lebanon) Festival and another with a picture of a beautiful Arab woman with flowers in

her hair named *كاهن سوزنجا*. I would have preferred the primitive village music I had heard on the bus from El Qamishliye, but I had no idea what to ask for.

"You must like American country music," Sami said to me as we left the store. I nodded.

"So do I," he said, rattling off a list of his favorite singers and tunes. "I don't know why so many people in America laughed when I told them I liked this music. It is very rich." I agreed. His word, "rich," intrigued me.

"Look. Jewish people. I know some of them." Sami nodded toward a mixed group clowning around a silver 1957 Chevrolet. Only when I looked at them carefully could I tell they were Jews. Sami had told me earlier that Aleppo had a small Jewish community. When I asked him why they didn't pack up and leave for Israel, he asserted they had no desire to become third-class citizens in that country.

I did a double take when we passed an American-style ice cream parlor. Every time we turned a corner after that I was prepared to see the dreaded Golden Arches.

We parted company at the clock tower. The following day I met Sami for tea on the terrace of the Baron Hotel, which he told me quartered the French administrators in the days when Syria was a mandate. It reeked of colonial atmosphere. There were several uniformed UN soldiers drinking beer on the terrace, most of them Austrians.

"Why didn't you stay here?" he asked me. "This is a very famous hotel."

"It must be expensive."

"No, it's not expensive. Why don't you go inside and ask?" I did, and couldn't believe it when the clerk told me there was a room on the third floor without bath for only \$10. Not bad for a fondok whose guestbook is graced with such names as Lawrence of Arabia, Theodore Roosevelt, Charles Lindbergh, Kemal Ataturk, Cardinal Spellman and Yuri Gagarin, among others. I made a reservation and moved in the next morning.

Two days later I was enroute to Hama. I wanted to see the famous water wheels and visit a city where some horrible things had happened very recently. The literature I had received from the Syrian Consulate stated that the water wheels were 2,000 years old. Sami told me they were more like 150 years old. They were in plain sight from the bus station, where I arrived in the afternoon. But first I had to find a room. A few blocks away I found two hotels, the Cairo and the Riyadh. It was an old habit of mine to pass up the first hotel and check out the second. This time, I said to myself, let's be different; just for the fun of it, let's try the Cairo.

The man behind the desk didn't speak a word of English, but signalled me to wait while he made a telephone call. He spoke at length in Arabic, then handed me the receiver. The voice at the other end identified himself as the man's brother-in-law. He announced that there were no singles left, only one large room with six beds, one of which was occupied by an Englishman. This sounded interesting, so I told him I'd stay. He explained he had to come down later to work the night shift and was looking forward to meeting me.

I had an early dinner at a restaurant where whole chick-

ens were revolving on spits in the front window. I ordered half a chicken served on a bed of rice and a plate of pickled vegetables. After finishing my meal, I wandered over to the water wheels. They did look ancient, though it was hard to believe they had been turning for two millennia. They



Ancient water wheels, Hama

filled the air with a dreamy, creaking sound. I bought a bag of pistachios and sat on the low stone wall by the groaning wheels, surveying the scene. It was a setting that people like George Will would never want to see because it would undermine his fervent need to believe that Syrians are nothing but programmed, Jew-hating robots. Nevertheless, there was a dark side to all this. A river of blood had raged through this city recently. I wanted to learn more about the massacre of the Islamic Brotherhood.

I returned to my room after dark. The Englishman was there, now joined by two Arabs who were also staying the night. The Limey was actually a spaced-out, factory-issue, know-nothing college kid who quickly got on my nerves. Every word he uttered sounded as if he were struggling to stay awake. Trying to make small talk, he asked me my choice for president. Reagan was the lesser of two evils, I told him. He was shocked. He was a Hart booster.

Daoud, the young man I had spoken to on the phone, invited me down to the hotel office for a chat and brought out three cans of Heineken. He had a two-year-old daughter, whose photo he proudly removed from his wallet. He explained that his wife was now expecting another child.

"So, what do you think of the women in our country?" he asked.

"Some are pretty, some aren't, and some you can't even see," I told him.

He laughed. "You know, the Saudis come here for holidays and they think that with all their money they can buy every beautiful woman in town. The Arab men, they are very bad in this way." He went on:

Before I am married, I have taken a trip to Egypt and I stay in a very nice hotel in Cairo. The women who work in the hotel, they want you to give them money for sex because they are so poor. One night I am in my room and the woman knocks on my door. I open and she says, "Anything I can do for you?" [He spoke the woman's part very sensually.] "Yes, maybe you can bring me a bottle of beer." She

comes back with the beer and says, "Anything else I can get for you?" I said, "Yes, I would like some nuts to eat." So she returns to my room with a dish of nuts, saying, "Sure you wouldn't like something else?" [We were both laughing hard at this point.] "Yes, I think I need a pack of cigarettes." Then she puts her arms around me and says, "Don't you really want *me*?" And I said to her, "No, because I don't love you."

We were discussing religion and politics when I subtly broached the subject of the Islamic Brotherhood. "Oh, it was a terrible time," Daoud said. He walked to the doorway and ran his finger over the jamb. "Look here, bullet holes made by the soldiers when they came in like crazy men and started shooting everywhere." Daoud seemed reluctant to discuss the episode in detail, so I didn't press it. I never did get the real lowdown on the Hama massacre.

There were no buses that made the relatively short run from Hama up through the Ansariye mountains and down to Latakia, a resort town on the Mediterranean coast. You can only get there in bits and pieces by less formal means of transportation. Consequently, I found myself in a Roadmaster station wagon with eight other passengers and two sheep heading toward Masyaf, a fairly large mountain town. The driver wanted to put the sheep on the luggage rack on the roof, but their owner, a tall man in flowing robes, wouldn't hear of it. Instead, he stuffed the discouraged animals between the rear seat and the tailgate. The smell was awful.

At Masyaf, I got a ride on a Datsun pickup that was heading for Baniyas, which was in the right direction. There were two passengers, an evil-looking man who spoke a little English and a nice-looking man who didn't. The English speaker opened a newspaper and tried to translate for me.

"It say 40 million people in America is" -- he searched for the words -- "not rich."

"Poor, you mean."

"Yes, poor!"

I asked him if he believed it. He smiled and shrugged as if to say, Why shouldn't I?

He turned a page. There was a photograph of Reagan and one of Meir Kahane, a few inches apart.

The Arab mind often extrapolates the pernicious trends of American influence in the Middle East into equating the sufferings of the dispossessed Palestinians with the woes of what they conceive to be the oppressed peasantry in the New World, although the conditions are totally dissimilar. This is something many Arabs don't understand, and their expression of solidarity with leftist uprisings thousands of miles away comes across to Americans as implicit Marxism. The Jews love this, of course. They never miss a chance to exaggerate the tenuous links, which their activities created, between the Arabs and the Soviets, the buffoon Gaddafi or some other "terrorist" voicing support for the Sandinistas and the rebels in El Salvador. These shadowy developments naturally disturb Americans while allowing Jews to bolster their fabrication that Arabs are the natural-born allies of the Russians and that Israel stands as the lone bulwark against Soviet designs in the Middle East.

(To be concluded in the next issue)

**An honest, insightful social scientist tells us
what went wrong but not how to make it right**

THE FIASCO OF U.S. SOCIAL POLICY

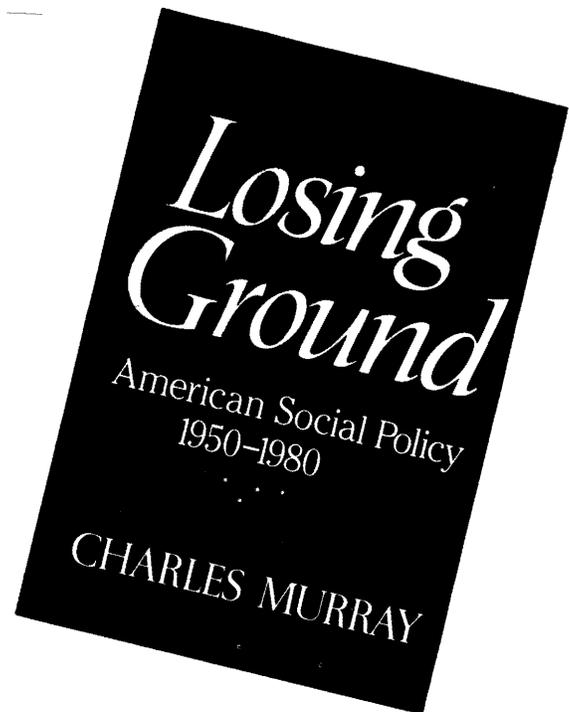
Most of us have always known that the social policies of this country are hopelessly flawed. We may have sensed the reasons, but we have never been able to provide ourselves with completely satisfactory answers as to the cause of the mess. *Losing Ground* by Charles Murray (Basic Books, NY, 1984, \$23.95) throws a pretty powerful beam on some subjects which were little more than shadows in a dark room. Now it's all so much clearer. What a relief to realize that there are still some finely tuned brains out there, people willing and able to fill in the holes in our arguments!

Programs that disprove what their authors set out to prove. Projects that exacerbate the problems they were supposed to solve. Legislation and court rulings that rot the moral fiber of the people who need every last ounce of courage they can muster. Such, says author Charles Murray, has been the net result of welfarism in recent decades, and he documents his case with an avalanche of figures.

Why has the divorce and illegitimacy rate shot up to such a culture-threatening level? Because the government's AFDC program made the splitting up of families and the practice of bastardy more economically rewarding than having legitimate children and a steady husband with a steady job. Murray proves his point with a dollars-and-cents spreadsheet.

Why have our schools become a national disaster? Because federal money brought with it rules and regulations favoring the low-achieving students at the expense of the most promising students. The Department of Education acted as if it believed the dumb could be made as smart or smarter than the bright. Today the few good students in the inner-city schools are shamed by their uneducable classmates into adopting the worst possible learning attitudes. Any Negro pupil who tries for good marks is considered an ersatz honky. Mephistopheles himself could not have devised a more effective means of extinguishing in the classroom the slightest spark of talent, the slightest manifestation of a serious desire for learning.

Federally enforced and federally encouraged leniency and permissiveness in the criminal justice system have taught ghetto children a very dangerous lesson -- crime pays! As it turns out, the lesson has become more dangerous to us than to them. Juveniles can commit serious



felonies with the odds heavily in their favor that they will never get caught and, if caught, will never spend a day in jail. Today the incentive for violent crime has become almost irresistible to the street kid and the youthful gang member.

All this has happened in the last 30 years, and it started happening just when the federal government began to dump huge sums of money into education, welfare and crime prevention. We always knew no nation could buy its way out of crime waves, educational chaos and the moral and mental decline of huge segments of its population. But we never knew until we read *Losing Ground* that the more we applied the cure, the worse became the disease.

As a diagnostician of liberaldom's sickness and what the politicians and bureaucrats have done to increase it to epidemic proportions, Murray is superb. He is a veritable one-man Mayo Clinic of social diseases. In a footnote he even hinted at the existence of racial differences in intelligence. But though he is a marvel at telling us what went wrong, he is only so-so in telling us what to do about it. To put education back on track, he recommends vouchers. Affirmative Action must be replaced by the colorblind policies that went out of style with Lyndon Johnson. Welfare must be returned to the states -- greatly reduced -- and the able-bodied jobless must be forced, if necessary by the threat of starvation, to get off their posteriors and find work.

Nothing much new or startling about these suggestions. Obviously they have some merit, but they have a zero chance of getting through the Senate and House.

Where our genial analyst really goes awry, however, is in his suggestions for ending the evils he has portrayed so vividly. He doesn't seem aware that they are based on false or shifting premises. A colorblind society with equal op-

portunity for all -- and no more special privileges for blacks -- simply means that blacks will always remain at or return to the low end of the performance graph because they are born at the low end of the IQ scale. So all we will be doing if we follow Murray's advice is to go back to square one. All the plans and projects and hopes and dreams of all the liberals, conservatives, monetarists and supply-siders can do nothing about the genetic time bomb that is always ticking in their ideology. The only sensible thing they can do is suit their actions and thoughts to the biological facts -- and this, of course, they will never do. And the "they" include Charles Murray. It would be the same as asking the Christian to give up Jesus, the Communist to give up Marx or Ma Anand Sheela to give up the Bhagwan.

Another weakness of the author, whom we started out cheering with loud praise and are now damning with the faintest of praise: he devotes almost no thought to the economy. Two or three upticks in the unemployment rate, a recession, the giant budget deficit tipping into the gigantic -- any one of these events would send Murray's data banks crashing into irrelevancy.

There is only one way out for the American social order, and that is to get the parasites off our backs before they suck the very marrow out of our bones. This means either the return of the Negro to his previous ground-level niche in the economy or the physical separation of the races by establishing an independent Negro homeland in the U.S. or Africa. Since the chances of any of this happening are very remote, books like *Losing Ground*, though welcomed by those of us interested in learning about the monumental stupidity going on in high places, will be words blowing in the wind. They will give us a brilliant rundown of what

went wrong, but their prognostications will be of little help to us in the coming Time of Troubles. The crucial issues will continue to be bypassed because any effective attempt to deal with them will be "politically impossible," which in the contemporary jargon means meritorious but unrealizable.

We need to know the mistakes of the past, but much more important, we need to know how to avoid them in a future that will not be like the past. This means going into biopolitics, into eugenics, into the mass transfer of population groups, into economic systems that go well beyond antiquated capitalism and socialism -- all the taboo, unmentionable and untouchable subjects of the late 20th century.

The country today is bankrupt. But in modern welfare states bankruptcy is not merely a mass of red figures on a balance sheet; bankruptcy in its contemporary guise is primarily a state of mind. Accordingly, we will be led deeper and deeper into bankruptcy until that fateful moment when the truth of our economic predicament becomes both financially *and* psychologically self-evident. That moment, of course, is bound to come because the bankrupters and the bankrupts will not and cannot change their ways. When it does come, the "politically impossible" will finally become possible. Then and then only, if it is not too late, will we have a last chance to undo the damage, clear away the wreckage and start down a new road swept clean of the old roadblocks. Then and only then, despite the well-intentioned efforts of sociologists like Charles Murray, will we start gaining ground and stop losing what little ground we have left.

LIKE THE ANTS, WE ARE DRUGGED AND DREAMING

*Man of white, don't be blue,
Nature's full of chumps like you*

Any successful living thing -- species, race or individual -- is sure to attract free-loaders. The best biological con artists, in the long run, are those who "know" their own limitations, if only by instinct, and so restrain their depre-dations.

Parasitism was an important theme of the fascinating article, "Ways of the Ant" (*National Geographic*, June 1984). Take the shiny, ever-busy black wood ant (*Lasius fuliginosus*) of Europe. As the Bavarian-born ant expert Bert Hölldobler tells us, a number of beetles have broken its chemical communications code, "Ultra-Secret." The nitidulid or highwayman beetle, for example, though it does not look even remotely like an ant, can approach a food-laden "worker" of this species, touch her lip (all worker ants are female), and induce regurgitation of the food. Sometimes the ant belatedly realizes it has been tricked

and attacks the highwayman beetle, but by then the latter has withdrawn, turtlelike, beneath its hard shell.

Black wood ants must worry about muggers as well. The staphylinid beetle of the genus *Pella* will pounce on the back of a lone ant, bite her neck, and drag her off to be eaten by the comrades. Yet if a horde of sober, respectable ants should discover several staphylinids lurking in the ants' debris-filled garbage dump, there is little they can do about it. The entomological "legal system" was rigged against them long ago. As the outraged ants swarm to the attack, the beetles "offer pleasant secretions from glands in the tip of the abdomen that appease the ants, diverting aggression and permitting escape."

It gets worse

Some beetles are such excellent chemical mimics of ants that they live their entire lives inside ant nests. An ant of the European species, *Formica sanguinea*, will feed the short-winged beetle, *Lomechusa strumosa*, even as one of the latter's gigantic larva, immediately adjacent, consumes an

ant larva! Not only does the beetle look nothing like an ant, but its larva is at least 10 times larger than the ant larva. How can it get away with such outrageously obvious "obligate parasitism" (i.e., parasitism that is required for its very survival), when the relationship confers no advantage whatsoever on the ant? By "secreting irresistible scents into dense clusters of bristles on its back," that's how. On the positive side, these beetles "also eat their own larvae, preventing overpopulation of their species and the total elimination of their hosts."

Ants, writes Hölldobler, are "little chemical factories," which is what makes possible their superb social instincts. Pheromones, an array of secretions from specialized glands, serve as their language, making possible perhaps 50 distinct messages in the case of the weaver ant. "Through these pheromones the ants can convey messages ranging from the location of food to the presence of danger. They use pheromones as well to orchestrate social behaviors as diverse as tending the young, grooming the queen, marking their territory, and mating."

The catch is that ant communication works so smoothly that an outsider organism -- perhaps a beetle, perhaps an ant of the same species but belonging to an alien tribe with different chemical "passwords" -- can sometimes exploit a colony once it has cracked its code.

Ant communications are based upon *pleasant* experiences for the ant. This is basic. Show a worker ant a "good time" and she will unwittingly betray the welfare of her entire colony. In the examples given above, one kind of fakir beetle had a seductive abdominal tip, a second had irresistible back-bristles, and the third literally had "hot lips."

In each case, the end result is fewer ant babies -- though the trial-and-error of millions of years has at least "taught" the tiny alien Casanovas their permanently "marginal" place in ant society. Like so many violin-playing, fortunetelling Gypsies, who, their novelty worn thin, must periodically pull up camp and move on to the next host town, these beetles "know" instinctively that the exotic but superficial "pleasures" which they offer can be tolerated only in small doses by the industrious ant society. That is why they sometimes literally "consume their young" (which, interestingly, is what dozens of feverish minority writers have metaphorically insisted their own parents wanted to do).

In Praise of "Beetles"

To pursue our study in parasitology, we now invite to the podium a prominent Jewish literary critic. Leslie A. Fiedler, once busted for smoking pot *en famille*, was profoundly excited when he first read in the Sixth Satire of Juvenal ("a most *goyish* poet") that, in ancient Rome, "for a few pennies" one could buy any dreams his heart desired "from the Jews." These dubious Jewish goods were especially tempting to women, warned Juvenal. His imagination "fired," Fiedler began "reflecting in wonder on the strange wares that have been in the course of Western history Jewish monopolies, real or presumed: preserved mummy, love philtres, liquid capital, cut diamonds, old clothes -- Hollywood movies . . ."



Leslie Fiedler

What, asked Fiedler, were Freud and so many other Jewish intellectuals at bottom if not masterful dream merchants? Such illusionists are sorely needed by Jewry since "when the Gentile dreams of the Jew in his midst," he dreams of him as "Shylock or Fagin, the Bearded Terror." Since Freud's day, however, the dreams of Western man have been captured by the Jews:

[In] the work of Nathaniel West [1903-40] . . . begins . . . the great take-over by Jewish-American writers of the American imagination . . . of the task of dreaming aloud the dreams of the whole American people. How fitting, then, that West's first book -- published in 1931, at the point when the first truly Jewish decade in the history of our cultural life was beginning -- be called *The Dream Life of Balso Snell* and that it turned out to be, in fact, a fractured and dissolving parable of the very process by which the emancipated Jew enters into the world of Western Culture.

Not for the Jewish Dream Peddler, Fiedler says, is the high road of cultural refinement, or the middle way of mystical contemplation, but rather "in any age . . . the 'Acherontic,' Freudian back entrance: the anal-sexual approach." (Does this mean that the AIDS epidemic will hit Jews, too?)

Freud prefaced his classic work, *The Interpretation of Dreams*: "*Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo*" -- or, as Fiedler interprets this, "If I cannot influence the Gods above, I will set the world below in motion -- set Hell in motion . . ." (And yes, the Jewish literati -- many of them -- love their Leslie Fiedler.)

The Sixties were perhaps the ultimate Jewish Decade (so far). According to Fiedler, "It was left to the sixties . . . to celebrate psychosis; and to attempt, for the first time . . . to make a politics of schizophrenia recognized for what it is: a total and irrevocable protest against Things-as-They-Are in the world called real. And behind this movement, too, there is a Jewish dreamer." He meant the shaggy "beat poet" Allen Ginsberg, that "Pharaoh of Misrule" who wrote of "sanity a trick of agreement." But Ginsberg did not sell our good worker-ants "the chemical stuff of dreams directly" -- i.e., drugs (or mind-altering pornography, like

Ralph Ginzburg's). Content to be "the pusher's pusher," he sold instead the *idea* of drugs, of dope for dopes (with plenty of help from his well-placed fellow beetles -- not to mention the Beatles).

A careful reading of Leslie Fiedler's works on "Jewish dream-pedlary" (the preceding quotes are from a 1967 essay in *Partisan Review*) reveals a profound self-recognition of Jewish *marginality* in human affairs. Yet this same critic can write, with equal confidence, of Jewish *centrality* in the new "human ecology" of Western decadence.

The concepts of "nature" and "the natural" help resolve this seeming paradox. In any natural order, Jews must be marginal men, yet they have skillfully superimposed upon this a highly "artificial" order in which they are indeed essential. A thousand dreams peddled to wishful thinkers, plus a thousand "drugs" (in the broad sense of a lulling agent) have together facilitated this extraordinary conquest-from-within.

With each passing year, it becomes more the case that Western man's only *short-range* options are, first, a further entrenchment of the "artificial" moral-political order, with a small Jewish minority at its manipulative center, and, second, *no order whatsoever*. Perceptive Jews delight in this awesome *collective* creation of theirs, this cosmic blackmail: of layer on layer of artifice across every vital area of our race's life.

It is exactly as if the short-winged beetle, which spends its entire life within a colony of *Formica sanguinea*, had developed the sci-fi-like ability to destroy the colony when threatened with eviction. (A lesson in the price paid for taking *sanguinity* too far?) Since ant and beetle rely entirely on instinct, such a tragicomic dénouement can never arise. But in a rational animal facing analogous circumstances, it must ultimately arise.

The Right to Independence

"Every country gets exactly the kind of Jew it deserves," is one of several obliquely terrifying slogans which certain Jews have used to frighten off people who were toying with the idea of anti-Semitism. (So much for Jewish "free will"!)" "God deals with each nation as it deals with its Jews," is the theological version of the same veiled threat. In *The Gulag Archipelago I*, p. 92, Alexander Solzhenitsyn clearly implies that the two threats are really one and the same.

But what if a happy, flourishing white nation should desire not to have Jews in its midst? Wouldn't "the Jews it deserves" then be *no Jews*?

What can be done? Much should be attempted, though only one novel response will be suggested here. The Jews have little censorial leverage in the nonwhite and Communist worlds -- as the votes against Israel in the United Nations keep proving. White Westerners who have recognized certain disturbing parallels in human and insect social life should begin cultivating the acquaintance of thoughtful and influential individuals in places like India, Japan and Eastern Europe.

India, for example, was only recently dominated by a few thousand aliens and the people there well understand how such things are possible. Some Indians are bright enough to make important contributions to higher mathe-

matics and physics; others are surely capable of doing the same for human sociobiology. They won't have to restrict themselves in print to cryptic hints to prevent the "local ADL" from breathing down their necks. We must be patient with these foreigners as we explain the bizarre trap into which our race and civilization have fallen -- but there is good reason for believing that some of their more agile minds will soon grasp its essence.

The world is not yet the one rigid power bloc of Old Testament dreams. Should a long night of censorship fall across the West, should our people, doped up by a tribe of pleasure-peddling dream merchants, refuse to heed the sober warnings of its seers, all will not be lost. In faraway lands, our forbidden wisdom may yet flourish, even as the science of racial anthropology thrives today, against all odds, in Communist Poland. On friendly distant shores, small colonies of beneficent Westerners might endure as self-conscious minorities -- hopefully, never becoming *de facto* Jews in their long exile.

In any case, so long as the tottering First Amendment holds up in America, we undaunted ants, at least among ourselves, can still call a beetle a beetle.

1985 Political Thesaurus

affirmative action: revenge.

Alamo: portentous Hispanic police action.

American Way: the *true intentions* of the Founding Fathers, determined by Norman Lear.

bigot: a white who works for the interests of his race.

Cinco de Mayo: a national holiday in Mexico and large parts of the United States.

community: 1. a folk memory. 2. a bad neighborhood.

compassion: a tax-collector's self-advertised virtue.

conscience: conformity.

conservative: ostrich.

decency: abasement.

history: began January 30, 1933.

insensitivity: a hypocrite's brief though unforgivable lapse into sincerity.

Judeo-Christian ethics: the ethics which modern Christians are permitted to espouse.

minority civil rights: special privileges conferred by America upon its "victims."

morning newspaper: toilet paper for clearing the mind.

non-violence: the prelude to an attack.

normative: Norman Podhoretz, Norman Mailer, Norman Lear.

Republican Party: the party of money over mind.

segregation: 1. a minority civil right. 2. a criminal practice of whites outlawed in the 1960s.

sensitivity: obedience training.

YUPPIES: Young Upwardlymobile Professional Persons Into Everything Safe.

THE BIRTH OF A NATION WITHIN THE CONFINES OF A HOSTILE STATE

Instauration generally steers away from manifestoes, believing that presumptuous rhetoric about racial salvation is a waste of the reader's time. "The Birth of a Nation," however, reveals an emotional intensity and an honesty of expression that cannot be dismissed as idle political posing. The author, Robert Miles, the guiding light of the Mountain Church (Box 331, Cohoctah, MI 48816), enunciates a doctrine which, though now a cloud no bigger than a man's hand on the ideological horizon, may someday represent a consensus of the political attitudes of the Northern European people in America. Sooner or later the United States is going to break up, as all nations which have outlived their nationhood break up. Robert Miles' trumpet call for separation may be ignored or ridiculed today, but it may represent the only way out of the dark tunnel in which we have become completely lost.

When, in the course of events, a political state separates itself from a people originally comprising such state, a hard choice is offered to those of the original people who can no longer follow the course of such political state. History is replete with examples of racial and ethnic nations which have existed, even thrived, within the borders of hostile political states. A political state and a racial nation are not necessarily one and the same, even if being one and the same are ideal conditions.

At this point in time, the white race in America finds itself in a historical crisis. The government of the political state has determined that it shall destroy all racial differences among those who live within its borders. That this is the policy of the government is not news. The trend has been obvious for decades. It is not the racial nation which is seceding from the political state. It is the political state which is seceding from the originally unified state and nation. We have not left America. It has left us!

Consider that we are now becoming a minority in a land which we tore from the vines and tangle of the wilderness. Observe that government laws and favors are now to be bestowed first upon those who only recently came to these shores, or who were slaves and servants when the nation-building was undertaken, or were the very savages against whom our forefathers had to strive in order to forge a civilization out of a nomadic vacuum. Ponder the impact of minority status on your children when you see combinations of hostile peoples, anxious for vengeance and desirous of reducing them to the lowest economic levels, rising to political power. Measure the degree of force which the political state is ever ready to use against our people as compared to that which they quite reluctantly use against foreign forces openly hostile to this country and hypocritically proclaimed by this same political state as being the mortal enemies of our culture and society.

The beginning of peace between peoples lies in the beginning of respect by both toward the other. But as long as we identify ourselves with the political state, we receive only contempt. And as long as we beg like dogs for bones and cringe before the whips of the masters of the political state, we deserve such contempt. If we cannot have respect and peace within such a political state, if our desires to pursue the beliefs and practices of our fathers and our fathers' fathers are to be ignored and disregarded, if we are no longer to have a voice in the affairs of the political state, then the hour has come for us to declare our independence.

When we are challenged that we have the option of expression via the election process, we smile. The ability of any group to be heard in America is dependent upon its economic clout, its ability to intimidate congressmen directly or indirectly, its ability to use force in the streets of cities, or its manipulation of the news and educational media. Without such abilities and privileges, no group has a chance at the election polls. There are no free elections where dominant, special-interest groups control the media, the schools, the churches and the entertainment fields. What a farce is an appeal to voters when those who hold the reins of power pile abuse, distortion, ridicule and hatred upon the heads of those seeking redress. Where is the fairness in such acts? Where can our beliefs be heard and coolly evaluated? Has not "our" present-day democracy become a process to bury us in history?

The media take delight in calling our activists "unemployed," "itinerant workers," or even changing their occupation from insurance executives to "insurance salesmen," as if they were knocking on doors to peddle politics! If we are the modern Neanderthals, then leave us in peace. Let us, our families and our children be free of your materialistic garbage, your cookie-mold laws that compress everyone into a mud-colored nothingness. Let us be considered a separate nation living within the manmade boundaries of a political state. Let us be recognized as a folk with beliefs, values and lifestyles different from those of the "loyal" citizenry. Accept us as an element which is dolefully indigestible.

We know that territorial imperatives ever guide the destinies of groups. Yet we are also aware that groups, historically, have proven that they can exist, maintain and perpetuate their cultures, despite lack of territory or political statehood. Whether such is a desirable condition is not the question. We who are white in skin and white under the skin know that we do not have sufficient numbers at present to occupy and to hold territory. Therefore, we must proceed along the avenues of activity that are available to us.

To continue to mouth phrases about "patriotism" and <

the "Constitution" is to continue to deceive ourselves. All too many Americans would mate with a chimpanzee if federal tax laws gave them a 50% reduction for doing so. The Constitution has been interpreted so many times and in so many ways that even the congenial enemies of self-government have come to love it.

It has been through the manipulation of the Constitution by that new presidium, the U.S. Supreme Court, that discrimination against our people has been advanced. It has been under the guise of "loyalty" that our folk has been neutralized, confused and divided. How can you preach loyalty to a political state out to destroy your race? We cannot even put our books and writings on the shelves of schools. The burning of our books is mild compared to the book removal program which the political state has conducted against our writers.

The hour to separate has come. We must pull away from the corrupt and the unclean in every way possible. We must shake the dust from our shoes and speak only to those who listen. We have had enough of the grandstanding that leads to larger egos but smaller memberships and diminished respect. We must organize a means of existence for our people. Now is the time to begin the building of that structure. Now is the time to produce results from theories. We shall begin the construction of our nation, even as it is enchained within the borders of the political state of our foes.

Is this step illegal? The answer is no. Indian tribes have their own governments. Some rest upon treaties long outdated and confused in terms. Some merely rest upon differences between their culture and the prevailing culture. The Rom, or as they are incorrectly termed, Gypsies, have long existed as a family nation which ignored political states as best it could. We want that which belongs to us and let the devil take the hindmost. *Their* political state is nearing its end. Its hour is already ticking away on history's clock. Let it go its own way. We watch it pulling its canvas to leeward as we sit becalmed behind the doomed armada. It is time to set our own course and set our own sails.

Each of us has a clear-cut duty. In each state and each community, quietly and without publicity, each of us must draw together those who believe as we do and make of each area an invisible island in a visibly hostile sea.

Building the resurrection of our race begins with you. Before any meetings or any gatherings or any pronouncements to press and world, the building of your consciousness of being a part of a separate, a different, a special and a unique nation must begin. It begins with belief and inner discipline. You already have territory. It exists within your home. It lives wherever you and others of our folk gather.

We must pull away from the quagmire in which we find ourselves. We must move on out. It is time for us to understand that we are no longer sovereign citizens of America, whether we like it or not. We are now outlaws beyond the pale, pariahs and heretics in the eyes of the government of the political state. So be it. To us, the political state is a racial heresy, the worst that was ever devised. Let us proclaim the birth of a new nation, *our* nation. Let us prepare once again to build a land in which the temples of our fathers will be honored.

Senseless Wordplay

One of the most striking features of contemporary American journalism and political discourse is the cheapening of communication by depriving words of their specific meanings. Increasingly, pejorative adjectives are coming to be purely emotive utterances on the level of "ugh." Take the words, "cowardly" and "senseless." When the Islamic kamikaze truck driver barreled into the Marine base in Lebanon with his truck of explosives, witnesses said he died with a serene smile upon his face. As an American of Northern European descent, I have no particular fondness for Muslims in general and Levantines in particular. I grieved at the tragic killing of the Marines, whose blood vanished into Lebanese sand like that of the Frankish knights of Outremer. However, as I waited for our "leaders" to react, I asked myself how soon it would be before I heard the predictable epithet, "cowardly," applied to the Islamic warrior.

George Bush (who else?) was the first to condemn "this cowardly act." Cowardly, Mr. Bush? Surely, someone who gives his life for a cause and dies with a smile on his lips is anything but cowardly. Bush, as is his habit, made his statement with his eyes on the all-powerful Zionist machine, which had applauded and practically demanded the dispatch of Marines to Lebanon. To give credit to an enemy in the chivalrous tradition of our ancestors would be unthinkable in these craven times to the likes of our wimpish Vice President. It would also be political suicide, which Bush lacks the courage to commit with or without a smile on his face.

Nowadays, whenever an assassination or terrorist act takes place anywhere in the world, we can anticipate the word, "senseless," to describe it. Sure enough, when Sikh guards shot down Indira Gandhi, Reagan immediately dubbed the assassination "senseless." The murder of Mrs. Gandhi may have been appalling, tragic and criminal, but it was not "senseless." It was an act of calculated revenge for India's and Indira's assault on the Golden Temple at Amritsar, the Sikhs' holy of holies.

In a similar vein, I am weary of hearing right-wingers and Birchers refer to liberal political leaders or proditors as "stupid." If I had \$10,000 for every time I've heard someone denigrate Jimmy the Tooth with that word, I could achieve my goal of retirement and take up the pursuit of demi-vierges on the French Riviera.

"Stupid"? Let's look at the Tooth's resumé: (1) graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy with a major in nuclear physics (this after a skimpy education in a hick high school in the rural South); (2) member of the Sumter County School Board; (3) member of the Georgia State Senate; (4) Governor of Georgia; (5) President of the United States.

Sorry, folks, but that is not the record of a "stupid" man. Some of you may look down on a school board member, state senator or, if any Yankees are reading this, governors of Georgia. If so, let me ask you how many of your friends who are so quick to drop that word "stupid" have ever beaten out any talented group of men or women for any desirable goal? There are hundreds of reasonably well-educated, well-to-do, aggressive, sharp individuals in Sumter County, Georgia, who want to be on the school board or be state senator. There are tens of thousands of such people who want to be governor of Georgia. However, only one person can make it. That Carter was able to elbow aside so many others is testimony to his intelligence. Anyone who climbs so high may be a lot of things, but *ipso facto* he is not "stupid."

Sam Dickson



THE FUTURE OF SOUTH AFRICA

(Last of Four Articles)

South Africa cannot hope to survive and rule except by force. She must always develop and depend upon her own white strength, and it is reassuring to know that she is doing just this with her so-called destabilisation of abutting Marxist states. Destabilisation entails the launching of attacks by conventional military forces into these hostile territories, collaboration with anti-Communist guerrillas operating within them, and the use of economic pressure. The idea is to hammer the enemy militarily and economically until he sues for peace, and then be expansive and fold him into the South African economic web to make him comfortable but dependent. The black Marxist states had to be shown how powerful was the country they were dealing with, since there is nothing the blacks, rather like their Russian allies, respect more than brute strength. In fact, Prime Minister Botha pointed out to them that South Africa, in its successful military actions, had employed only a fraction of its real and potential might. They were also made to realise that no foreign power or combination of powers, not even Russia itself or the UN, would be able to stop South Africa from making its incursions or would come to their assistance.

Everybody knows that the South African armed forces have in recent years been operating in Angola against SWAPO to forestall its raids into South-West Africa, have been supporting Dr. Savimbi's UNITA forces who operate against the MPLA and the Cubans and have raided Mozambique and Lesotho for harbouring ANC terrorists. SWAPO, in spite of its supplies of sophisticated Russian weaponry and its Russian military "advisors," has been deprived of its sanctuaries and extensive underground strongpoints deep in Angola and is suing for peace, while the Angolan government itself is showing strong signs of doing the same because it has lost control of most of the country. It has agreed to prevent SWAPO from raiding across its borders into South-West Africa in return for a South African withdrawal from Angola, though how it intends to cope with the remarkable Dr. Savimbi is another matter. (It should be pointed out that in these incursions into

Angola the South African army has twice clashed with the Cubans -- "the superb Cuban troops," the press called them, even before they had seen action -- and on both occasions routed them, as you would expect, so that they have kept their distance ever since, though this is the very opposite of what the people in the West have been told.)

Mozambique's travails have been even worse than Angola's. President Samora Machel has been forced to sign the Accord of Nkomati with P.W. Botha at Komati-poort on the South African border, whereby Mozambique has pledged to cease harbouring African National Congress terrorists in Maputo, which was their main nest. (It might be added that Swaziland has also expelled its ANC residents, probably refugees from Maputo, after a series of pitched black-on-black battles.) Machel has been struggling with the anti-Communist Mozambique National Resistance Movement ("blood-soaked murderers and desperadoes," the liberal press calls them), which has been operating effectively, no doubt with South African support, right up to the outskirts of Maputo itself (or Kaputo, as German seamen call it) and have cut off all electricity from the Cabora Bassa Dam, the biggest hydroelectric project in Africa, which South Africa helped to build and from which she would be happy to derive some benefit. Moreover, Mozambique is starving, with 10,000 reported to have died from hunger in 1983 and with the UN estimating that 750,000 more are in urgent need of relief. On top of that the country was hit by the same cyclone that hit Natal, causing disastrous floods. That really finished her off and made Machel toe South Africa's line. In return for his submission, South Africa will cease supporting the MNR, will improve the port of Maputo and the railway system, recreate the tourist trade, supply food and fill the empty shops with goods, and generally create a condition of capitalist plenty in a place of Marxist dearth -- or in other words, restore Maputo to something like the old Lourenco Marques, with its Continental atmosphere, its sidewalk cafes, its plush and remarkably inexpensive hotels, its busy streets and shops, its casinos and all the glitter and fun so completely lacking in dreary Communist dumps. Yet no doubt the Mozambique Marxists themselves, aside from their personal lust for power, sincerely believed, like so many indoctrinated school-children, that with their rule Mozambique

would be a far better and happier place than it was under Portuguese colonial rule.

Naturally, South Africa has to put its own interests first, but it is not a laudable deed to abandon one's erstwhile allies such as UNITA and the MNR once they have served their purpose, especially when they are engaged in fighting Communist rule. According to Washington insiders, this has been due to American pressure again. Chester Crocker, the assistant secretary of state for Africa, not only abandoned Angola's "pro-Western, anti-Communist" rebels but prevailed on South Africa to do the same, and forced South Africa to "cut a deal with Mozambique at the expense of the MNR freedom fighters." South Africa agreed to these demands, it was reported, in the face of threats that the Reagan administration would not contest anti-South African legislation pending in the Export Administration Act.

Why would South Africa have fought for so many years to prevent SWAPO incursions into South-West Africa if it had been her intention to get rid of the territory anyway? Why should she plan to hold elections in the territory which the numerically superior Ovambo (the SWAPO tribe) are bound to win, thereby giving it a political victory and a whole vast non-Ovambo country to boot? To be sure, a SWAPO in the dense bush of South-West Africa will be much more easily and cheaply dealt with than in the dense bush of distant Angola, but one would hardly give away a virtual province of South Africa just for that consideration. It is costing South Africa a good half-million dollars a year to run the drought-stricken territory (some parts have had no rain for seven years) and this at a time when South Africa itself is going through a prolonged period of considerable financial strain. But the overriding factor is that the government has suddenly decided to agree with its foreign critics that South-West Africa is not a part of South Africa. This was certainly not Dr. Verwoerd's view, but he has been discredited now, as if he had been some kind of outdated crank. Here one can smell American pressure for miles.

Having seen that there is no possibility of any African power or combination of African powers overrunning and conquering South Africa, we have to look now at foreign powers, and here we need only consider the superpowers, America and Russia, both of whom are hostile. Either could of course easily blot South Africa out of

existence with its nuclear missiles, but for reasons that should be obvious, this can be altogether discounted as a possible happening, especially as South Africa is no kind of threat to them and is not so important anyway. Much the same applies to the possibility of an actual invasion; it would be a vast, unpractical undertaking to quell a comparative nonentity. Consider also the American failure to rescue the hostages in Iran, with its helicopters falling out of the sky (due to Affirmative Action assembly workers and mechanics?). The American Navy might still be as magnificent as it once was against Japan, but you do not conquer countries with navies (you shell Druse villages with them), and the American Army is racially mixed (one-third Negro), drug-ridden and with poor morale, and perhaps only capable of putting down any attempt by the Dispossessed Majority of Occupied America to reassert itself. In any case, America has more pressing matters to attend to, and so does Russia. South Africa is not Russia's top priority, by any means, though she will always push in where she finds no resistance, as in Angola. Russia would not attempt a direct attack against South Africa; she would at best make an indirect attack through Africa, after a long build-up and using surrogates, which without massed divisions of hundreds of thousands of Russian troops would be futile. In fact, the whole idea of foreign attack is simply preposterous, and South Africa has little or nothing to fear from it.

Nor should South Africa be afraid of isolation, as P.W. Botha is. On the contrary, in the present degenerate state of the West, we should welcome it. Let us not forget Spain, which deliberately isolated itself from the rest of Europe, disposed of its hostile minorities by means of the Inquisition and then emerged to become the strongest and richest and in many ways the most cultured nation on earth. Nor need we fear a hostile World Opinion. What good did that fear do Rhodesia? What good has the artificial monster ever done any white nation, or ever will? Nothing can appease South Africa's enemies and critics, so why bother to try? Only our obliteration will satisfy the world, including the West in its present stage of madness, so let us please only ourselves. Let us live as we want, and not as others want. How absurd to suppose the abandonment of Apartheid will appease anyone or do other than make life unpleasant and unendurable for the whites, as in America itself. So why abolish it or dilute it? Have we learned nothing from integrated sport, which was expected to open all the doors? Creeping integration achieves nothing except to incite our enemies to renewed efforts to overthrow an obviously faltering government. Although the West concerns itself only with the real or imagined sufferings of the world's teeming discoloured multitudes, which it would be much better off without, the fact remains

that the white race, the only genuinely threatened race, is fast declining, its cities overrun with blacks and Asians and Hispanics, its national barriers against non-white invasion torn down, its birthrate falling like a barometer before a tempest. In fact, there is no need for a genocide program against whites; we have already stopped breeding.

South Africa's most serious problems, more serious than those we have examined, are the exploding nonwhite population (they breed, we feed), which at its present rate will soon make it next to impossible to maintain decent living standards and contain crime. There is water for no more than 65 million people, and it is reckoned that by the turn of the century, if the black population growth rate is not curbed, the entire population of South Africa will die of thirst! Black political leaders, moreover, have stated emphatically that their people will not reduce their birthrate and that the very suggestion is no more than a white plot. So we can perhaps visualise the situation in fewer than twenty years time, when the white race secures the available water supply for its own use. Sterilisation and abortion are urgently called for among nonwhites, and a good start could be made by sterilising all criminals, though so elementary and sensible a measure would bring the whole world down on us as never before.

Of those matters we have examined, the most difficult to understand, and the most dangerous, is South Africa's present subservience to America, as if she believes she cannot hope to win the struggle for survival without America, when the opposite is so obviously true. Aside from blackmail, why does she accept advice or guidance from a country whose own policies have proved consistently disastrous, both internally and externally, from Vietnam to the latest shameful performance in Lebanon. Does she not realise that these disasters are due to America actually not having any real foreign policy of its own; that what was left of it went out of the window with James Forrestal? Has she learned no lesson at all from Iran, where the Shah was persuaded by the Americans to modernise his country, and quickly deserted by them when it proved to be yet another disaster? How in any case can she allow herself to be swayed by a country that has instituted a national holiday in honour of a trouble-making, Soviet-leaning racist such as Martin Luther King, an honour which he now shares with George Washington himself? America insists on True Democracy, but democracy needs racial homogeneity, if not a population of Northeast European descent. And what is so superior about modern democracy, anyway, with the right to vote of the unqualified many? It is what Oswald Spengler called anarchy become a habit. It is lauded in America, a land where the builders have given way to the manipulators,

because it is so easily subverted, unlike dictatorships or rule by an aristocracy, and has proved to be by far the best system for destroying the American people, for destroying them in the name of their own values by extending these values to all racial groups.

South Africa's completely dependable detestation of communism renders her defenceless against cynical American manipulation, and it is extraordinary that she does not learn from history and play one superpower against the other, for she is in a perfect position to do so. She should study the history of Byzantium, the Eastern Roman Empire that survived for a thousand years, much longer than Rome itself, by playing one power against another in good Roman style, *Divide et Impera*, and the judicious use of gold, not to mention Greek Fire and the unailing use of Germanic mercenaries as warriors and the emperors' Varangian Guard. Is it believed that America is ruled by Christians? Is the Christian religion more important than our survival itself, on which it so entirely depends? South Africa has signed a treaty with black Marxist Mozambique, so why not with white Communist Russia? Think how the West would jump out of its pink liberal skin if South Africa were to offer the use of Simon's Town to the Russian Navy! And why should she not? The West refuses to use it and says it has no need of it, though the British sorely regretted the lack of it during the unexpected war in the Falklands so far from home bases, with all those nasty Exocets. Mrs. Thatcher only two days ago admitted the immense strategic importance of South Africa to the West -- the first Western politician ever to do so. The choice is odious but forced. Russian rule offers us nothing but slavery, but is that worse than the degradation and everlasting mongrelisation guaranteed by American rule? As it happens, South African and Russian diplomats are known to be particularly friendly and obliging towards one another, and this is born of mutual respect. Recently, too, for that matter, the Soviet Union defended South Africa at the UN when the envious African states demanded South Africa's expulsion from the Antarctic Treaty. The Russian representatives vigorously rejected the demand while the Western representatives sat dumb.

The future of South Africa? For the reasons already given, and as far as my mind can visualise, white rule in South Africa will last for a long, long time, and there will never be black rule. I also expect, as I did 30 years ago, a form of recolonisation to take place in Black Africa because the inhabitants are incapable of running their lands and are ravaging the surface of our globe. And I hope this recolonisation will be white, though there will have to be a few 180° shifts in our thinking for this to become possible. □



Reckless Rhetoric

Allegations of racism have given liberals and minorities so much political mileage over the years that it's to be expected that some conservatives would climb on the bandwagon. Recently, some of the "pro-lifers" have begun charging that abortion on demand is "racist" because it terminates proportionately twice as many black as white pregnancies.

Thomas Monaghan, the general counsel for the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights, contends, "There is obvious discrimination in financing a program the net impact of which is the elimination of a minority." By that reasoning, opponents of a proposal for a 65-mile-per-hour speed limit could call it a minority racist plot if its implementation would kill proportionately twice as many whites as blacks.

Sensible "pro-lifers" should stick to calling abortion "evil" if that is what they think it is, because otherwise every law enacted must be "racist" since it will affect differentially the survival rates of various races.

The reason why blacks more often use abortion for birth control is not that they like it better but that far more of them lack the foresight and self-control to use contraceptives. Banning abortion for blacks would thus be very "racist" indeed toward whites, because it would permit black numbers to overtake white numbers. Apart from illegal abortions, natural selection via starvation would then be the last way to keep the black population reasonably in line, and starvation is certainly an evil. Consequently, basic white (and black) self-interest demands low-IQ black abortions. Let those "pro-lifers" who feel differently suffer the long-term consequences -- but not force others to share their fate.

Jews in Education

Jews comprised 16.3% of the freshmen in 1974 in "highly selected" public universities; 29.2% of the freshmen in "highly selected" private universities. These figures should be raised by one or two percentage points because some students whose parents are Jewish do not list themselves as Jews or are not listed as Jews by college head counters.

In 1971 Jews comprised 19% of the faculties of America's "elite colleges and universities."

About 80% of college-age Jews are enrolled in higher education, compared to 40% of the population at large.

For the immediate future, Jewish enrollment in college and the number of Jewish professors will probably increase because Jews, being the most affluent U.S. popula-

tion group, can more easily afford a higher education than non-Jews, particularly at a time when federal student aid is being cut back. Also, the fact that Jews now comprise a significant segment of the college alumni population means that their offspring will qualify for more and more "legacy" admissions, the quotas reserved for sons and daughters of graduates.

The figures given above were taken from an article by Fred Hargadon, Dean of Admissions, Stanford University, in On One Foot, (April 1975), a Stanford Jewish publication. Whether Dean Hargadon is still at his post and whether On One Foot is still in business is unknown to Instauration at this time.

Jim Crow Crash

Injun Dan and the rest of the TV mafia had no end of fun running and rerunning the film of the Boeing 720 that burst into flames after it had crash landed, despite a fuel additive that was supposed to prevent the jet fuel from misting and exploding on impact.

The CBS oracle neglected to tell his captive viewers an interesting little tale about the 75 life-size dummies on the plane. They had been shipped to NASA in two batches -- first the white batch and then the black. Since the white dummies had arrived first, they were installed in the airliner's seats from front to back. When the black dummies arrived, they were placed in the back seats and moved progressively toward the front.

During a routine check NASA officials saw with amazed perplexity what had happened. It looked as if Jim Crow himself had taken charge of the doomed plane. By the time the pilotless jetliner was airborne, however, all the dummies had been carefully rearranged and scrambled. When they went up in flames, they went up in integrated flames.

Nothing New

Contrary to popular opinion, "break-dancing" and similar manifestations of black culture were common to the New World long before the advent of Michael Jackson. When the Spanish brought African slaves to Mexico and South America, Negroes wasted no time in "talkin' their talk and walkin' their walk."

In Mexico, blacks "taught" music and dancing and directed "Oratorios," which were actually more akin to minstrel shows than to any works of Bach or Handel. In Mexico City, blacks staged "Oratorios" of such emotional intensity that they metamorphized into drunken orgies. Eventually, the Spanish authorities had to ban the bash-

es in civilized areas, though they continued to be performed for the "benefit" of the Indian population.

From the first moment the Indios heard the blacks "lay down that jungle beat" they were so enthralled they believed the early-day breakdancers were divinely inspired. One slave, Lucas Olola, wore an Indian costume, put on an act of being enraptured, fell on the ground as dead, rose frothing at the mouth, and pretended to be seven gods, able to pass through walls. The terrified Indians curried his favor by leaving their women alone with him.

In Peru a Spanish priest noted in 1791, 'a Negro named Galindo, who although unable to read or write, made up verses to sing' and no learned cleric could match him in improvising rhymes. To this day, Andean Indians dress up as black slaves in their elaborate fiestas. Only when so attired (complete with ornamental chains) do the Indios shuffle in their dances. For over 400 years of American history, blacks (in the words of *Soul Train* host Don Cornelius) have had "the groove so smooth, it's got to make you move!"

Black Sweetheart

We have mixed feelings about Ben Hart, the Dartmouth grad who was bitten by a Negro alumni fund director when he was distributing copies of the *Dartmouth Review* on campus. Crowded among its vituperous salvos against queers, feminists, nuclear freezers and racial quotamongers, the *Review* carried an anti-welfare article in the dialect favored by *Instauration's* Willie.

The black chomper, Samuel Smith, 55, was fined, put on probation, suspended from work for a week, and had to buy three false teeth. The *Review* was formally censored by the faculty. Hart, the son of *National Review* pundit and Dartmouth English professor, Jeffrey Hart, was given a tetanus shot.

Young Hart has now written a book, *Poisoned Ivy* (Stein & Day), that tells all about the incident, while lambasting the Dartmouth administration for running a thoughtless liberal think tank instead of an educational institution. But Hart's book has a minor theme designed to prove the author's goodness of heart. The author tells of his affair with April Cooper, his black college sweetheart:

A lot of people thought the reason we were going out was that I was trying to refute charges of racism . . . Absolutely not true. We were actually in love with each other . . .

That explanation does not satisfy Instaurationists. All it explains is the blatant racial renegadism of those contemporary ideologues who have chosen to call themselves conservatives or neo-conservatives.

Horny Herzfeld

Run-of-the-mill believing Christians simply cannot imagine the depths to which their clergy have fallen. From the fundamentalists on the ultraviolet right with their support of racial Zionism -- kill, kill, kill the Palestinians in the name of Christ and Yahweh -- to the High Church bootlickers of black terrorists on the infrared left -- kill, kill, kill white South Africans -- the entire spectrum of Christianity has become muddied over with hypocrisy, Machiavellianism, moral turpitude and Mammon-worship. Boccaccio, Chaucer, Molière and Sinclair Lewis couldn't resist taking a few potshots at the immoral divines of their time. They would have a field day with the likes of Jerry Falwell, William Sloane Coffin Jr., Bishop Tutu and Bishop Herzfeld.

Bishop Herzfeld? He is the new head of the Association of Evangelical Lutheran Churches, a left-skewed, integrated congregation that has pulled out of the Lutheran Church Missouri Synod. Here is how the good bishop regaled his flock at the AELC convention in Chicago last September (as reported in the AELC Forum Letter, Oct. 26, 1984).

Announcing that he was "a bishop for people of color," Herzfeld, the first black head of any Lutheran body, told

the convention how, when he was engaged with some companionable strangers in nude bathing at Esalen and a game of what is rather inelegantly called "grab-ass" got underway, he definitely detected the reluctance of white folks to mix it up with blacks, which goes to show how deeply racism is rooted in our culture. And there were other colorful stories of this sort which elicited appreciative laughter from those who enjoyed seeing whiteness' stage being taken over to expose his honky hypocrisies.

Wonder what Jesus would have to say about Bishop Herzfeld and his co-religionists? In Dostoyevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*, the Grand Inquisitor tells the returning Jesus to get lost, that the Church is in good hands and that the presence of God's Son at this late date would simply be a disruptive influence on Christianity. If Jesus should ever happen to drop in on Bishop Herzfeld, he would probably be invited to attend a touchy-feely session in a San Francisco bathhouse.

To warp up our argument against the Herzfelds and other members of the degenerate club of holy fakes, we hasten to report that Father Ian Robson, a 31-year-old priest in the Church of England, died in London a few months ago -- of AIDS!

Platform Smashers

Who is president of the College Democrats, which claims 350-500 chapters on

campuses nationwide? Stephen Girsky. Who is president of the College Republicans, which claims chapters on 1,100 campuses? Jack Abramoff. "On Jewish issues and specifically Israel issues, both platforms [of the two college groups] are extremely supportive of Israel," writes *Israel Today* (Oct. 29, 1984). The College Republicans' platform called for the retention of the iron Zionist grip on the West Bank, the recognition of Jerusalem as the capital of Israel, and the transplantation of the U.S. Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. More bellicose pro-Israel than their Democratic counterparts, the College Republicans scorned the platform of their national leaders in these matters and paid no mind at all to the Middle Eastern policy of their President.

A Star Is Born

The nation is now being enlightened by a fireball of high culture known as Whoopi Goldberg, who puts on a one-woman, non-musical traveling minstrel show that has been given rave notices by such culture enrichers as Dustin Hoffman, Bette Midler and Mike Nichols, the last-named being Whoopi's producer.

The *Village Voice* has called the black bombshell "one of the great actors of her generation." The *New York Times* wrote, "Miss Goldberg is a warm, almost childlike performer with a sweet clown's face, an elastic body, a sensitive social conscience and a joyous stage name." The *Times* critic then went on to compliment her for being able to "instantly transfer herself from a jiving, feral black male drug addict to a whiter-than-white 12-year-old Los Angeles Valley Girl."



Whoopi Goldberg

One of Whoopi's skits that went over particularly well with the New York audience involves a Harlem mugger who gives up his evil ways after a visit to the Anne Frank Museum in Amsterdam. Another Goldberg vignette concerns a young Jamaican woman who inherits a \$62 million fortune from an 85-year-old white lecher who expires on her backside in the

midst of some hard-breathing dorsal sex.

Whoopi, a Zoo City native who developed her routines on the West Coast, says it's "nobody's business what her real name is. There's a name from [my family's] past that is Goldberg. How much a part, I am not going to say."

Fertile Desert

Over the years the media's anti-Nazi smearcaust has convinced most Americans that the Third Reich was a cultural desert. Only now are curious minds penetrating the fog of hate propaganda and discovering the wealth of artistic endeavor, particularly musical performances, that took place in Germany in the taboo years of 1933-45. William Morris, the music critic of the *Buffalo News*, devoted an entire article to the subject (July 6, 1984). A few excerpts:

Here is an album *Wagner on Record 1926-1942* (Seraphim IG-6130) that will show you . . . the golden age of Wagnerian performance. Anyone interested in classical music and Western culture should own this album . . .

I have heard records made in Germany during the war and there are wonderful things on them . . .

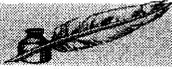
Another gem from this era [is] Mozart's *Magic Flute* conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham . . . (Seraphim IC-6129) . . . It sounds almost like modern recording, though it was done in Berlin in 1937. There is nothing like this going on today.

Honor the Killer, Forget the Killed

When a sniper shot down one athlete and wounded another outside the University of Oregon football stadium last year, there were the usual split-second TV abstracts and a garbled page 6 paragraph in the press. The viewer or reader was able to glean next to nothing about the killer or his victims.

A memorial service -- not for the murdered athlete, but for the murderer -- held recently in Eugene, Oregon, finally filled in some of the missing details. The sniper, who committed suicide after the murder, was Michael E. Feher, 19. That some cocaine had been found in his possession was considered an extenuating circumstance by the 20 members of his fraternity and by Rabbi Richard Rosenthal, who presided over the ceremony. It wasn't the fault of Feher; it was the fault of the drug. "We need to remember him as a person who shared his love," intoned the rabbi.

There was, of course, no wire service report of any ceremony for the man who shared Feher's love by dying from his bullets. In fact, most people, including those of us at *Instauration*, were never able to learn his name.



Culture Mulchers

Susan Horowitz, the wife of a richissimo Zoo City cable TV magnate, is quite something. She practically went bonkers over Nora Astorga, the Sandinista hitwoman who pulled the old Judith trick on a Somoza general by luring him into her bedroom, where he was ambushed and killed by her Sandinista cronies. Astorga, now Nicaragua's deputy foreign minister, recently attended a reception for the Sandinistas at the New York Athletic Club, which a few decades ago wouldn't have allowed Astorga or Horowitz in the front door. "Oh, God," gushed Susan, "To try to get the guy to bed, and then kill him. Fantastic! It's like a Western. That's my dream, to do that to Reagan, George Bush and right down the line."

Generally speaking, people making threats against a president's life are put behind bars, but not, apparently, if the femme fatale is a big muckety-muck woman liber, who sits with her husband on the Board for the Center for Defense Information, an organization dedicated to weakening our national defense. She also, it is rumored, holds a high-paying job with a New York bank.

Horowitz reminds us of another walky-talky Jewess, Bernardine Dohrn, who exulted over the Charles Manson gang's helter-skelter killing of Sharon Tate and friends. Hearing of it, the Weatherharp exclaimed, "Dig it; first they kill the pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, then they even shoved a fork into a victim's stomach! Wild!"

The stomach Dohrn was referring to was Sharon Tate's, who was 8 months pregnant when she was murdered.

Times Best-Seller List Is Rigged

Any book which gets on the *New York Times* best-seller list reaps mucho dinero for the author, not only from the hardcover sales, but from the paperback edition and movie contracts.

The trouble is that the best-seller list, like so much else that appears in the *Times*, is phony. For example, *Legion*, by William Peter Blatty, the author of *The Exorcist*, sold 75,000 copies in its first week of publication, but it didn't make the "magic 15," though it did get on the lists of *Time* and the *Los Angeles Times*.

As a result, Blatty asked \$1 million in compensatory and \$5 million in punitive damages from the *Times* for "negligent and intentional interference with prospective advantage from a book." The court, as expected, threw out the case. You don't win a lawsuit against the *New York Times*.

The *Times* claims it makes up its list by a weekly check of 2,000 bookstores, for sales of their 36 top-selling books in each of four categories. It then weighs the figures according to the size and location of the store "with the help of a computer." Some books have appeared on the *Times* list almost before they reach the stores. Other books, mostly religious, have never appeared at all, even though they have been among the top-sellers for weeks. One such was *Joni* by paraplegic Joni Erickson, which has sold over a million copies.

Tarred Yankee

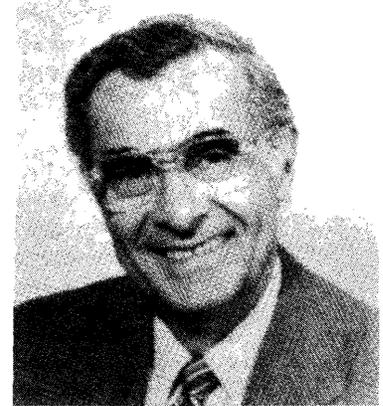
Candidate Ferraro said during the '84 campaign that she and her husband Zaccaro were suffering uncommon scrutiny because of their southern Italian ancestry. The complaint brought them sympathy from some quarters.

Candidate Elliot Richardson was under special pressure in his Massachusetts primary race for the Senate because of his British ancestry, but had enough political sense to keep quiet about it. He lost by 62 to 38% to Ray Shamie, a self-made millionaire of working-class French and Arab origin, who had fanned an anti-WASP resentment in the Bay State to come from far behind.

At one point, Shamie sent a letter to 5,000 Republicans statewide, which stated, "We reject the stereotype that . . . the Massachusetts Republican Party is merely a social club for the elite and well-born, closed to those who are not white or Protestant." The media found this blunt tactic acceptable, though it is hard to see how it differs from that used in 1981 by Michael Hansen, a mayoral candidate in Glen Cove, Long Island. Noting that Jews and citizens of Mediterranean descent were overrepresented in local politics, while Nordics and Slavs were virtually shut out, Hansen asked registered Republicans in a newsletter poll, "Do you believe that the priorities of Nordics are different from those of Mediterraneans?" This produced synchronized screeches of "bigotry," but, as *Instauration* asked at the time: "If other groups' priorities differ from ours, as we're always told, mustn't ours necessarily differ from theirs?"

While posing such questions is unparadonable on Long Island (Hansen was forced out of the state Republican Party in 1984), WASP-baiting is quite the thing in Massachusetts and points beyond. Many articles on Richardson in the national media described him in stereotypical terms like "Yankee elitist," "stiff," "Brooks Brothers," "clenched jaw" and "Brahmin." According to the *Washington Post*, "this flint-faced blue-blood, mocked by

Shamie as a Clark Kent lookalike, hampered by a dull speaking style that wanders off on esoteric tangents, has had to work hard to brighten his image." Unfortunately, "Muggsy" -- the new "Irish" nickname which Richardson shamelessly appropriated for himself -- could not safely poke fun at Shamie's appearance.



Ray Shamie

Meanwhile, in the state's Democratic race for the same Senate seat, 100% Irishman James M. Shannon was chiding 99% Irishman John F. Kerry over the radio for having the middle name of "Forbes." This sharp ethnic gibe was described by the *Washington Post* as "getting personal." Kerry, a left-winger, is now the junior Senator from Massachusetts.

Though *Instauration* is not too appreciative of the minority racism that did Richardson in, we are shedding few tears. The Republican also-ran is a wimp of the first order and was one of the first to desert Nixon in his time of troubles. We are all for WASP politicians who run as WASPs, if there are such creatures anymore, but the Richardson-type pols who try to hide their ethnic credentials by pretending to be a raceless, bloodless "American" of indeterminate origin, leave us -- and the average Majority voter -- cold.

Holocaust Payola

Felicia Grunfelder says that after the Germans had murdered her father, her mother smuggled her out of the Warsaw ghetto in a wooden coffin. Somehow a Polish Christian couple took the infant in, but for their pains they and Felicia were arrested and sent to a German concentration camp. How Felicia, then only four, managed to survive has not been explained, but survive she did. She was not one of the Six Million. When World War II ended, mother and daughter found each other again and took off for the U.S.

Felicia grew up in Los Angeles and when she reached the proper age worked briefly as a model. But then she became "psychologically impaired" and started visiting

shrinks, who certified she suffered from paranoia and schizophrenia brought on by her wartime experiences. For a while, she collected \$119 a month in Supplementary Social Security benefits in addition to her \$200-a-month regular Social Security stipend and another \$200 a month from German war reparations.

In 1980, however, the welfarists in Washington decided she was not entitled to the extra Social Security benefits because of her income from West Germany. So Felicia filed a suit against the U.S. government, which was found to have no merit by a federal judge. After all, the law was the law. But there are always special laws for special categories of people, particularly when the media enter the case and the Holocaust can be factored into the picture. Eventually a federal appeals court by a vote of 7 to 4 reversed the lower court's ruling. Although other Americans cannot receive Supplemental Social Security benefits if they have Grunfelder's outside income, she can. According to her exultant lawyer, Terry Friedman, the appeals court's decision will represent a windfall for some 5,000 of the 50,000 Holocaust survivors who, he says, now live in the U.S.

Racial Causes of Singapore's Fall

That the 25th Japanese Army won an astounding victory in its 70-day campaign (1941-42) in Malaya and Singapore cannot be denied. That it was a victory of 60,000 Asians over 120,000 British, as Japanese and many Western historians like to claim, can be denied and easily refuted.

The British garrison in Malaya consisted of the 8th Australian Division with two brigades, three brigades of the 18th British Division, two brigades each of the 9th Indian and the 11th Indian Divisions, the 12th, 28th, 44th and 45th Indian Brigades and two Singapore fortress brigades of the Malayan Volunteers. Recapitulating, the British forces in Malaya were composed of five brigades of white Anglo-Saxons and 12 brigades of Asiatics. Yet the blame for the defeat is put squarely on those five white Anglo-Saxon brigades.

Did that disproportionate racial ratio have any influence on the campaign? Japanese officers reported violent battles whenever they engaged white formations. The Australians in particular never failed to put up a good fight. Narrative accounts of the campaign by Masanobu Tsuji, the Chief of Operations and Planning of the 25th Army, reveal the Japanese seldom had any difficulty dispersing or forcing the withdrawal of major Indian units, some of which panicked and ran. Whenever large numbers of prisoners were taken, they were described as being mainly Indian with only

a handful of whites. With each successive defensive line compromised by the failure of the Indians, British soldiers had no choice but to retreat after desperate battles. Nevertheless, most of their units arrived intact for the ultimate surrender at Singapore.

The Japanese, for propaganda purposes, proclaimed throughout Asia that they had broken the control of the white Anglo-Saxon, though the message had little effect in mobilizing the support of the population of the lands they occupied. Among all the explanations for the defeat, all the chronicles of stupidity and error, the one that has never surfaced is that, though the white formations fought well, they failed to inspire the nonwhites under their command to do likewise. Another lesson that could be learned from the Singapore experience is that heterogeneous armies don't stand up too well against homogeneous armies.

For more on the Malaysia campaign, see Singapore, the Japanese Version by Masanobu Tsuji (St. Martin's Press, NY, 1961).

The Wholly Holy Bhagwan

"They promised us free lovin' and there weren't none," grumbled Bubba Jones, a 250-pound black tramp who was stranded at a bus depot in the middle of Oregon. "Yeh, we'd all heard how these white girls were givin' it away."

Anyone who wondered how 4,000 of America's street people had been persuaded to move to Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh's Oregon ranch right before the November elections might have reflected on that old joke which got Earl Butz fired as Secretary of Agriculture. Alas for the political ambitions of the leading Rajneeshes, the commune's women would not countenance sex with the lice-ridden hobos, even following a week of quarantine and showers. The disappointed drifters soon began "voting with their feet" and drifting right out of Oregon. The Rajneeshes ended up boycotting the local election instead of packing it with followers, as originally planned.

The Bhagwan (Blessed One) has long had a reputation as "the swami of sex." Before his outraged Hindu neighbors boot-ed him out of Poona, India, in 1981, he was luring more than 50,000 European and American visitors a year to his expensive free-love therapy sessions. "It was wild," recalls an alumnus. Ironically, the AIDS epidemic has forced a very recent flip-flop in the commune's sexual thinking. Rajneesh now believes that two-thirds of the world's people will die from AIDS, so he has advised disciples to stick to one partner, stop kissing, and use rubber gloves and rubber accessories during intercourse.

How many of the 6,000 devotees will still want to hang around remains to be seen.

Win McCormick, the editor of *Oregon Magazine*, has investigated the Bhagwan's commune and believes it has a larger stockpile of weapons than all of the state's police departments combined. Ma Anand Sheela, the little shrew who boasts about her Jewish origins and her Jewish ex-husband and speaks for the guru, has promised to "paint the bulldozers with my blood" if the state tries to tear down a part of the commune. On national television, she has warned that all of Oregon will someday be Rajneesh, but later she tried to pass off this and various other threats as a joke.

With the election over, the middle-class cultists soon began driving their exploited street people back to local bus stations and dumping them there, with or without tickets. They said this was necessary because the tramps had begun to steal.

Jack and Bobby Shared Marilyn

Who knows if anything that is written about a movie star is factual? To believe even a fraction of the many rumors floated about Marilyn Monroe, the blonde film goddess who was really a sad, mentally disturbed brunette with a bosom much bigger than her brain, is to become a hopeless mythomaniac. Yet there are one or two items in *Legend: The Life and Death of Marilyn Monroe* (Stein & Day) by Marilyn's latest biographer, Fred Lawrence Guiles, that deserve more than passing notice because they throw a little more light on the dark behavior of America's foremost political dynasty. Author Guiles writes that both John and Bobby Kennedy enjoyed Marilyn's favors. What's more, she had an abortion at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital on July 20, 1961, three months after her last bedroom encounter with the President.

We are also informed that Marilyn spent some time under lock and key in New York's Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic, where she once tore off her clothes "so her guards could really have something to stare at." Some months before her suicide she had her gall bladder and part of her pancreas removed.

Marilyn died, writes Guiles, to the music of Frank Sinatra, one of her few close friends. The record player was still going when the body was discovered. Had she ever read Eliot? It is most doubtful. But there is something about the last moments of the totally bemused, totally Hollywoodized plaything of the reptilian set that recall four lines in *The Wasteland*:

When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about her room again, alone
She smooths her hair with automatic
hand
And puts a record on the gramophone.



Cholly Bilderberger



Our Man in Washington reports a good deal of insider concern about Secretary of State George Shultz's current preoccupation with terrorism. "It has turned into monomania," says one cabinet member in confidence. "He eats, drinks and sleeps terrorism. Can't think of anything else. As we all know, 'terrorism' is a code word for intense pro-Jewish and pro-Israel feelings. Jews everywhere use 'terrorism' as applying to any sort of resistance to total Israeli hegemony. If you're against Israel, you're a terrorist. The PLO are, naturally, the worst terrorists, with Libyans, Syrians and Iranians close behind. In setting up their propaganda campaign, the Israelis say they are following what they call 'masterly British work' during World War I on the Germans. The latter became 'Huns,' 'barbarians' and 'enemies of civilization.' Resistance to Germany was emphasized as resistance to a general evil threatening all mankind — Satan in a spiked helmet — rather than simply resistance to another country in wartime. This shift in emphasis was effective in Britain, but a positive stroke of genius in America. An American in 1916 might be for Germany and defend his position, but he couldn't be for barbarism. The Israelis feel they must make 'Arab' and 'terrorist' as interchangeable in the American mind as 'German' and 'barbarian' were in the two World Wars. And they have been successful, bless them. But at the highest levels of government, one is supposed to understand these games. This doesn't mean that one is cynical about Israel itself — that would be unthinkable! — but that one can understand the necessity of clever propaganda without believing it — believing is the function — the duty — of the people. After all, when we here in Washington propagandize Americans, we expect them to believe what we smile at, and we should feel the same way about Israeli propaganda. But George, the poor old booby, has ended up 'believing.' He's as credulous as any Arkansas yokel. He goes on national television and natters about beating up on terrorists even before they terrorize. He trots up to Yeshiva University for an honorary degree, and shakes his great silly head in dismay over 'terrorism' and promises thunderbolts We do intend to keep on backing Israel in a British-type divide-and-rule policy in the Middle East, a policy based on 'controlling terrorism', and so the American people must be educated to the dangers of terrorism. In that sense, George is performing a service. But what worries the Israelis as well as our own planners is that George is no longer safe. When one begins to believe one's country's propaganda — one's own lies, to be perfectly frank — how can one's associates know what one is going to do next? Another point, made by the Israelis: propaganda is best handed out by those who don't believe in it; the cynical professional actor is always more convincing than the believing amateur. Out in the sticks, George may be mak-

ing people uncomfortable because his stupidity is showing Cap Weinberger, only one-quarter Jewish, tried to moderate him. No luck. No one can control him, not even the President. He can't be sacked because that would seem to be criticizing his anti-terrorism, an unthinkable position for the administration, particularly as . . . events unfold. At the moment, we can do nothing but Valley Forge George's condition and hope the snow melts and spring comes — in his case meaning he comes down from the clouds. As the Israeli disinformation people say, 'We like to think we're good, but we don't want to be that good!' Meaning they don't want to hypnotize colleagues at the highest level. We at the top are of much more use to them awake."

From Morganatic, West Virginia, where Julia Jones, the Vassar-trained molecular biologist, is having such success in feeding her gorilla group Rapid Raiser IQ pills, comes word of another breakthrough. One of the gorillas — a female named Vita Sackville-West — may become the first ape to receive a human heart. "Vita has severe heart problems," says Julia, "and we had no hope of a donor heart, either animal or human. But now, Jim Strickland, one of our maintenance crew, has offered his heart. Jim recently discovered that he has inoperable cancer, and is only given a few months to live. He is very fond of Vita, and wishes her to have his heart. The operation will be performed by Pettigrew Mosley, our gifted senior veterinarian. Jim's heart will be removed from his body the moment he is pronounced dead at the local hospital, and rushed to our animal infirmary, where Pettigrew and his staff will be waiting. If all goes well, one of the gentlest, kindest and most decent gorillas I know will be allowed to continue a life in which she has always been growing, always expanding her horizons, always dedicated not to what she can wrest from her surroundings but to what she can do for others. Of course, from Pettigrew's standpoint, it will be a scientific triumph as well. Scientific publications worldwide are besieging him for the right to publish his account of the operation. He is one of the first black veterinarians in this part of the country, and is highly regarded by his peers. He says humorously that he hopes he 'doesn't forget what gets hooked up to what.' We are sure that Vita is aware of what is going to happen. She often points to Pettigrew and then to her own chest, making mock sounds of wailing and facetious gestures of fear. Actually, her behavior is so normal that it indicates complete confidence in her doctor."

Potter Bostwick, the alcoholic racist, saying, at The Tuscan: "At least we know about Jews since they've been let

loose." To which a man at the next table, bearing a remarkable resemblance to Don Rickles, replied with quick wit: "And we know about whites since they've been locked up." "I couldn't agree more," Potter said, but his words were lost in the general burst of laughter directed at him.

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Danny (Common-law Partridge) Beaverlips, the Indian sociologist and writer, and author of *The Eagle and the Six-pack*, is working on a sequel. The story goes on from the marriage of Spotted Blanket, a gorgeous Sioux matron, to Thor Lundquist, an oil drilling foreman. Thor, all man and all Nordic, adopted all six of Spotted Blanket's children. (One or more by Running Battery Cable; other fathers uncertain.) The children — Plastic Antelope, Blowing Gum Wrapper, Broken Steering Column, Catatonic Porcupine, Buffalo Diet Cola and Shopping Mall Coyote — are all five years older now, and quite disillusioned. As Blowing Gum Wrapper puts it on page 3, "We thought Thor was richer than he turned out to be. He promised us more than he could deliver." Thor is working three jobs, but still can't keep up. "The kids deserve a wonderful Christmas," he says, "and they'll get it." When everything is added up, the Yuletide tab comes to \$63,198. Thor goes to the top of Mt. Elbert (not far from Aspen, Colorado, where they live) to be alone with Nature and his gods. "I cannot meet my obligations to my family," he cries into the teeth of a blizzard. "What shall I do?" The wind seems to howl back an answer, "Become a criminal!" This is difficult advice for Thor to follow, because he has always been a model of probity. But the kids must be served, and he becomes a bank robber in the Denver area. He makes the \$63,198 just in time for Christmas, and speeds to Aspen with all his gifts on Christmas Eve. But never arrives. Hit by a car driven by Dawn Pellowski, the gymnast, Thor receives fatal injuries, and expires at the scene of the accident. But not before he is able to pull himself erect and give the White Man's Death Song, written by George Bernard Clouded Calculus, Spotted Blanket's personal medicine man. "I am going!" he cries. "Leaving the supermarkets behind, I am breaking through the macadam in which I have wrapped myself! I am going to join Thomas Edison, Henry Ford and others in the great banquet hall of the industrial gods! I shall be free!" Paul (Shorty) Mazar, Danny Beaverlips's agent, says that the book has "bestseller written all over it. Bob Redford is interested in it, in a deal in which he would direct, with Dustin Hoffman as Thor and Meryl Streep as Spotted Blanket. Or, if we go for the deal 20th is hinting at, we'd have Dudley Moore as Thor and Jane Fonda as Spotted Blanket. With cameo appearances by Johnny Gielgud as G.B. Clouded Calculus and Larry Olivier as Spotted Blanket's boyfriend (after Thor dies), Rusted Rocker Arms. He is very important in the final scene, when the family is told that Thor is dead and that all the gifts were incinerated in the crash. There's a lot of disappointment on the part of the kids, naturally, but Rusted Rocker Arms tells them that there will be another Christmas next year."

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Skating at Rockefeller Plaza: Pablo (Mucho Macho) Gonzalez, the sociologist, and Patricia Astor. Shopping at Berg-

dorf: Ariel Yuggoberbanque, the producer, and Moshe Glickstein, the critic. Leaving for Barbados: Barbara Hellmann and Harvey Denton, the popular paraplegic singer (and also the recipient of a cast-iron and post-stressed nylon pituitary gland to replace his own, badly damaged by fire in his apartment at The Dakota). Barbara's luggage is striped with Israel's colors (blue and white), and she never travels without catered kosher meals — carried by her maid in under-the-seat-size picnic baskets. Barbara denied that she was traveling with Harry, but did add enigmatically, "There's a lot to be said for a man with no arms and legs."

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Ecstatic: *Tout New York* over the impending collapse of the white regime in South Africa. "It will complete the Africanization of all Africa south of the Sahara," Jenny Burden claimed at the Anti-Apartheid bash at the Propho's penthouse in the Brandywine Towers. "Did you see the 60 Minutes segment on Lagos — capital of Nigeria, in case you didn't know — some months ago? Fabulous look at what happens to blacks left on their own. Total breakdown of all services, mountains of garbage rotting in the tropical sun, with good old Harry Reasoner trudging through all of it and 'wondering' how it could happen. Amazing that CBS would put it on. Anyhow, that's what we want for Cape Town, Durban and Pretoria. We've waited a long time, but now it seems that our patience is being rewarded." Maizee Hamilton, at *Le Lavandou*, echoing that feeling: "Western Europe really can't do what it wants to do — let go, I mean, and give up — until South Africa goes. All the white colonial enclaves outside Europe have to go before Europe can go." "But aren't we a 'white colonial enclave'?" Sonia Berringer-Floss asked. "We were colonial, yes," Maizee said, "but we were never an enclave because we were never outnumbered by dark people." "What about now?" Sonia asked. "Close, but not quite," Maizee said, smiling sweetly, and returned to her argument: "Europe became great with its enclaves — the British in India and the Caribbean and Africa, the Dutch in the Orient, the Portuguese in . . . wherever they were — but now all those enclaves are gone. Only the whites in South Africa are left to hold out. And they won't last long. I think it's exciting." The note of excitement is picked up by high members of the Reagan administration, one of them saying privately, "Excitement is what it's all about. Nothing can stand still, and change is the name of the game. Of course, South Africa is going to become black-run. But is that so bad? We see great opportunities for increased economic participation by American interests working with a black South African leadership. Even if they end up like Nigeria, and they probably will, there are excellent pickings as they disintegrate, and more when they hit bottom."

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Overheard at Lutece: ". . . like Crispus Attucks, you know, the black who won the Battle of Saratoga."



Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

I have begun going to the cinema once every fortnight or so, especially when I get the chance to see one of the better oldies, either on video or at a film society. That's what I like about video -- you can choose what you want to see. Anyway, I saw *Sergeant York*, which was produced three months before America's entry into WWII, and so helped to prepare the public for that event. (Perhaps I am just the victim of right-wing paranoia, but I can't help regarding coincidences like these as straws in the wind.) Howard Hawks directed the film, which tells the story of the American sergeant who on October 8, 1918, knocked out 25 German machine-gun nests and took 132 prisoners single-handed. Since he really did perform this heroic action, it is a little strange to think that it took 23 years for Hollywood cineasts to honour him. Perhaps they just forgot. One can only speculate.

Since *Sergeant York* was from Tennessee, the idea is to show how this hick from the sticks was originally recalcitrant at the idea of going to war (like the American public in 1941) but was eventually convinced that he just had to fight the Kaiser. The boondocks background is overdone, but fairly convincing all the same, with the York family farming the poor topsoil of the hills and the hero's girlfriend's family farming the good silt of the valley bottom. The fights and whiskey-drinking are just average, but the church services, conducted brilliantly by the actor Walter Brennan as preacher and storekeeper, are extremely well done. When the hero is "saved" the whole congregation bursts into the hymn, "Give Me That Old-Time Religion." I know it well, so when they got to the part where they sing, "It was good for Paul and Silas," I was all set to join in the next verse:

It was good for the Hebrew children,
It was good for the Hebrew children,
It was good for the Hebrew children,
It's good enough for me.

Now there, if you come to think of it, is the whole of Jerry Falwell's teaching in a nutshell. But curiously enough they left out that verse.

Howard Hawks's direction is, as always, superb, there being an especially good scene where lightning strikes York's rifle as he is riding off in a storm to take revenge on the man who has cheated him. There is also a lot of humour in the shooting scenes, where York outdoes all the opposition. (It seems that rednecks can still shoot, to judge by the Greensboro incident.) But a certain Abem Finkel was among the script writers, so there just has to be a fat Jewish comedian from New York among the sergeant's fellow soldiers. (Presumably he didn't think of

taking refuge down on the farm, like the Marx Brothers at that time.) This unhistorical character is later killed by another unhistorical character, a wicked, treacherous German who has surrendered but nevertheless throws a grenade. Yet I'll bet my bottom dollar most of the people who saw the film thought those characters were as real as *Sergeant York* himself.

After receiving the *Médaille militaire* from Marshal Foch and the Congressional Medal of Honor from General Pershing, York returns to a ticker-tape parade in New York and \$250,000 worth of advertising and showbiz offers (including one from Ziegfeld). He politely declines them all and is content with a subway ride into the Bronx, in memory of his Jewish comrade-in-arms. (Please take out your handkerchiefs, everybody.) In the end, York returns to Tennessee, where he finds his bride-to-be, a piece of bottom land and a house built for him by the state.

The point of all this is that when next you are faced with yet another TV extravaganza in which Southern mountain boys are represented as wicked, treacherous (see the German above), murderous and perverted (by comparison with Burt Reynolds, for example), don't let it bother you. It's only when a film comes out in praise of them that you should start to worry. It probably means another world war.

For me, there is just one poignant little footnote to the film. When Gary Cooper, playing the hero, is asked about the funny kind of English spoken down his way, he replies that there ain't any English people down there -- just Americans. I'll bet there's a lot more English blood up there in them hollers than there is in the New Britain.

* * *

Even fascism's most devoted adherents will hardly deny that it had a certain nationalistic element which was used to bring good men into conflict when their national interests appeared to be incompatible. I do not mean that the war in 1939 between England and Germany was caused by conflicting national interests. There was no such conflict. Germany's main concern was with the East, and Hitler twice offered peace after his victory in 1940 because he regarded the preservation of the British Empire as necessary to world order. What I mean is that, once the war had begun, nationalism made it inevitable for many Englishmen who were sympathetic, or at least not unsympathetic, towards Germany to close ranks against her simply because any other behaviour would have looked like treachery. Even so, Hitler might have won the war, even against the tremendous productive power of the United States, if his attitude towards the suppressed



Russian nationalities had been more sympathetic. Even as it was, the belated pan-Europeanism of the last two Nazi years led to large numbers of non-Germans giving their lives for the German, or at least the anti-Communist, cause.

The second thing I have against fascism is that it forced one to regard as blood brothers all minorities within our borders. Mosley reacted against such a concept after the war when he wrote that the English have much more in common with the Germans than with the Welsh, whom his ancestors had chased into the hills. Does not a graceful willowy woman from Flensburg have more in common with her counterparts in Scandinavia or among the English upper classes than with the squat Alpines of Slavic origin who inhabit Berlin's Pankow district? Is not nationalism built on a common language a snare and a delusion? The solidarity of the future should be built on temperamental and physical affinity -- that is to say, upon racial compatibility -- not upon a common language or the accident of having been born within the same frontiers.

I am of course fully familiar with the objections raised by nationalists to racial internationalism. They say, for example, that the proportion of Nordics is dropping to such an extent that they cannot possibly go it alone. I agree with that assessment, though it should in no way conflict with our determination to preserve a Nordic breeding group with the capacity for expansion in the future. In any case, there is no reason why the subgroups of European origin should not be progressively Nordicised, on a voluntary basis, through sperm banks and womb rental systems. Given the choice, most people prefer Nordic-looking children.

The fact is that improved communications have made some sort of internationalism inevitable. Throughout history, improvement in means of transportation and weaponry has resulted in the expansion of the peoples who controlled the technology -- yet every civilisation in its turn has declined because of the progressive miscegenation of those who constructed the system. The difference today is that modern techniques make it possible to do without the hewers of wood and drawers of water. All we need is an ideology which will justify separation. That ideology is apartheid as envisaged by Pirow and Mosley, not apartheid as practised in South Africa today. Even so, apartheid is not coming apart because it has failed -- it is coming apart because all the resources of liberal internationalism have long been devoted to undermining it, because the Christian faith of its defenders contains elements which can be used to force them into a no-win, yes-but position, and because the blacks working in the factories are in a position to sabotage the economy. The basis of a workable system should not have been cheap labour but better technology, the results of which could also have been made available to the blacks, on condition they limited their numbers. The principle should be the same as with computers. Those capable of making the hardware guard the technical secrets carefully, while encouraging software companies to develop programs and applications.

Nor is the computer image fortuitous. It is precisely in the field of microtechnology that our enemies see so much danger. I have recently come across several liberals who

are "very concerned" at the way microchips enable the skilled (read, the Dispossessed Majority) to opt out of "society" (read, multiracial society). They are appalled by the idea that some people are manipulating the New York stock market from a distance without participating in the "availabilities" (rape? murder? mugging? theft? insult?) of the great city. They are horrified by the idea that we might again be able to choose our own associates, who in a free society will be overwhelmingly of our own racial group. We just don't need the masses any more.

At the same time, I hope we can develop an ideological weapon which will enable us to go on the offensive within one generation: elitist, ethnic-oriented, internationalism. I mean by this that we accept the variety of the world, defending the right of every group to create an environment suitable to its own kind, and insisting that no group has any reason to fear such an arrangement except those who are incapable of creating a viable system for themselves. In other words, only the parasites need fear such an arrangement. J's and N's, please take note.

But far from questioning the bona fides of white people I meet, if they look right I immediately accept them on a provisional basis as members of my very own outer circle. Only after very strict vetting do they penetrate further. If they disgrace themselves I just blackball them without making any fuss. If we all apply such rules to our circle of acquaintance, it won't take long to build up effective survival groups. You will find that the power of example, coupled with a readiness to serve, will act as a magnet on most people -- who are only looking for a lead.

In particular, we English should be reaching out to people who may literally be our cousins, in the dominions or the United States. I never meet one of my own overseas relations without saying to myself, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." Nor should we forget that the Continentals are Europeans too.

Once the inner and outer network principle is accepted, and we have our priorities right where social contacts are concerned, we don't have to envisage situations in which we might act -- i.e. some time later when we are no longer the majority and are driven into our last laager. We are already in a position to weed out the racial oddities from our ranks and take defensive action against our supplanters. Obvious pressure points are our elected representatives, whose duty it is to vote for our interests on every major issue; the local government official, who should see to it that our own people (who pay most of the taxes) get their benefits first, not last; the immigration official who should rigidly apply the letter of the law in cases of coloured immigration and allow in those whites who have something to offer. (The criterion here should be the former criterion of the Australian consular service: Will this person be acceptable to his new neighbours?) Then there is the policeman who should do his duty in protecting us, in so far as he is allowed to, and fail to protect those liberals who constantly plead for permissiveness. There is the doctor, whose bounden duty it is to suggest and supply contraceptives in the case of coloureds just as if he were a minority physician recommending them to white girls. There is the teacher who should try as far as possible to ensure that an

objective marking system operates, as opposed to quota systems. (This is not too difficult; he can hold a fair exam and then think out reasons why the successful pupils belong to a particular quota, being disadvantaged in some way, handicapped, women or whatever.) However, since Jews like to be considered as whites, quotas should be applied rigidly in their case. If anyone says you are discriminating against Jews, just ask how one identifies them. Surely it would be racist to identify them by their looks, or even by their names?

Nor is it only the professionals who can learn to discriminate. Anyone who is appointed to look after people has the chance to ensure that our own people are not disadvantaged. Take the sailor who shows people round a famous public monument in England. "Come along," he says, "you can sit closer together. You're all the same race." And indeed the minorities have little interest in our history. Or there is the cinema attendant who ensures that the pushing Jewish woman who jumps the queue waits her turn, or the barman who does the same with overbearing minority members in a pub. We must get it firmly into our heads that we live in an increasingly occupied country, in which our

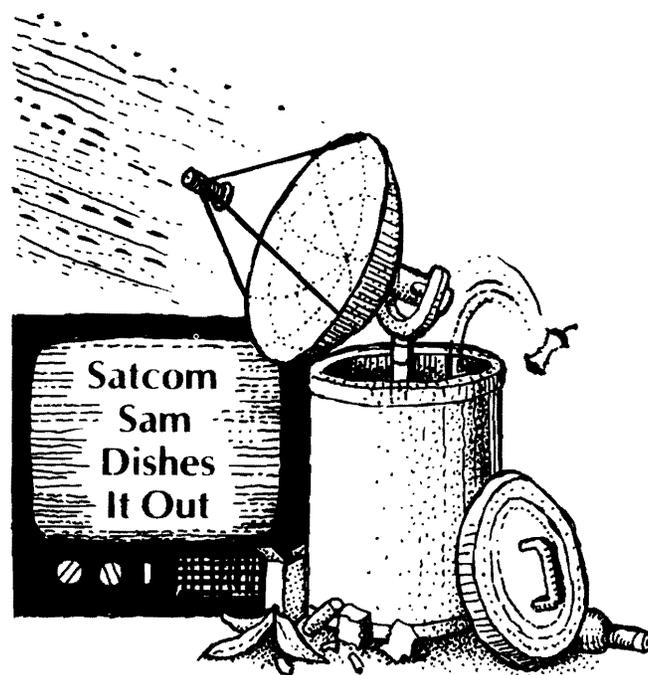
people are rapidly being displaced. Under such circumstances, the social niceties must either go by the board or else be meticulously insisted upon.

Most important of all are those hardy souls who speak out openly in our cause. No matter if they are what I would regard as narrow-minded nationalists! Let us support them up to the hilt on the immigration issue. Look how Le Pen has frightened the French authorities into actually doing something about the illegals. What if he is sometimes a bit brash? That is just what we need nowadays. Even when such outspoken people are less successful than Le Pen, we still owe them a debt of gratitude. They help slow down the time-table of our destruction.

Just think what a multiplicity of interlocking systems we can already build with the help of the microchip: anti-crime activities, political monitoring, mutual aid of all kinds, information available on a scale undreamt of before, espionage into liberal and left-wing activities. Let the naysayers and the despairing fester in their own sty. Only the will, as Nietzsche so rightly and eloquently proclaimed, can overcome all opposition and circumvent all obstacles.

There is precious little time for us denizens of a severely threatened and possibly dying culture to hang on to, precious little of our artistic present to remind us of our artistic past. How much of the video "entertainment" with which we are inundated appeals to our deeper instincts and not to the deeper instincts of others? Doesn't television prove to us every minute of the day and night that we are foreigners in our own country? We are still masters of our bodies and we may still keep our personal possessions -- provided we are lucky enough to ward off murderers, rapists, robbers and muggers -- but we are no longer permitted to let our minds roam freely over an artistic landscape that was once uniquely our own.

One of the few breaks in our forced cultural diet has come on Sunday nights at 9:00 P.M. on the PBS transponder (channel) on Westar 4 (repeated on two other W4 transponders at 10:00 and 11:00 P.M.), when the Mobil Corporation brings us, sans commercials, *Masterpiece Theater* with its British-made miniseries, all too many of which, unfortunately, bend the knee to the prevailing isms. But once in a blue moon, for 4, 6, 10 or 13 weeks as the case may be, we suddenly find ourselves in the presence of high art, *our* art. At these rare times we are no longer strangers in a strange land, but at home hearing voices that we recognize and words that we understand, spoken in tones and cadences to which we automatically resonate -- such dramatic windfalls as the *Forsythe Saga*, the first great British TV series, *Upstairs, Downstairs*, and more recently, *Brideshead Revisited*. Last fall came perhaps the greatest production of all -- six Sundays of exquisite perfection based on the first two volumes of Anthony Trollope's *Barchester Chronicles*. What a joy to behold! What a tonic for famished minds! Never has any actor given a more convincing performance than Donald Pleasance in the role of Mr. Harding, an authentic Christian if there ever was one, who



gives up his comfortable sinecure as warden of an old folks' home rather than take the heat of being associated with the sumptuous lifestyles of his clerical associates. Here is a man of principle willing to give up his livelihood for the sake of principle. How often is there a similar story line on, let's say, *The A-Team*?

Nigel Hawthorne in the part of the irascible archdeacon almost matched Pleasance's performance. Hawthorne is the incredibly accomplished performer who plays an antipodal role in the ongoing British series, *Yes, Minister*, the side-splitting take-off on Whitehall politics presented every Friday at 8:00 P.M. on the F1 transponder on Satcom 3. Hawthorne is that rarest of all actors -- the one you have

great difficulty recognizing, since he immerses himself so totally in each new role. Imagine watching Woody Allen in one of his cinematic obscenities for ten minutes and still not being quite sure whom you are seeing!

Two of the most comical characters in English literature, the henpecked Bishop and the henpecking Mrs. Proudie, were played to perfection in *Barchester* by an actor and actress whose names we didn't catch, but whose talents are infinitely greater than those of any of the TV starlets and comedians, male and female, who have become household divinities in the American video void.

Trollope is the easiest and most entertaining "read" of the wondrous constellation of 18th- and 19th-century British novelists, George Eliot being a little too serious, Richardson a little too coy, Fielding, Dickens and Thackeray a little too souped-up, Jane Austen a little too pat and repetitious, and Hardy a little too depressing. The *Barchester* director did right by Trollope. The author's complete control, character development and seemingly effortless writing came across as superbly on the screen as on the printed page. The sets may have been sets, but the setting was a cathedral town in England, typical of areas where a great many of our genes nested three or four centuries ago. As the various plots and subplots unfolded, as the prim young ladies and not so prim gentlemen of the cloth went about their ways, sympathetic vibrations seemed to well up from the very core of our being.

No forced gutter language, no obligatory nudity, no one-liners, no rat-a-tat-tat Uzis, no masses of emaciated bodies being shoveled into pits. Just six hours of pure dramatic delight that purged you of the rest-of-the-week TV tawdriness and left you feeling an inch or two off the ground when the time came to walk over and push the off switch.

My wild burst of enthusiasm, however, is not meant to signify that all British television is on a Sophoclean or Shakespearean level. The present 14-part series on *Masterpiece Theater*, *The Jewel in the Crown*, is another dish of tea. The acting and production are A-1, as we have come to expect from prime-time British television, and the panorama of the last days of the British raj is immemorably sweeping. We are both physically and emotionally transported to the kaleidoscopic subcontinent that was lost when the empire was lost.

Today Britain has been reduced to an acreage not much larger than the one presided over by the Tudors. At one time in the Middle Ages, England ruled France; then after being chased off the continent, the Sceptred Isle bounced back and ruled much of the world. Is England once again in the shrinking mode, at another low point in another of its cycles? Is it merely recoiling to regroup and spring back in another surge of conquest and expansion? Or is the cycle over and Britain finished for all time, as evidenced by its declining birthrate, its gene-diluting immigration policy, and its failing economy? Will it deflate into another Ireland or Iceland? Whatever its fate, the cultural sheen of some British TV productions is a dazzling reminder of Britain's golden days and a massive dose of dramatic vitamins for the art-starved people of British and Northern European descent holed up in various parts of North America, South

Africa and Australasia.

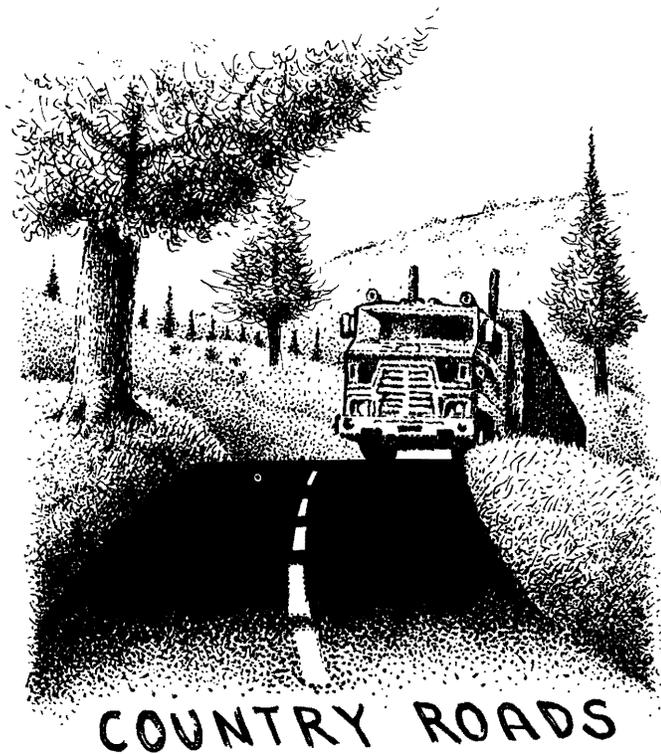
The Jewel in the Crown is a pearl for the eyes, but fool's gold for the mind, as the contemporary religion is preached in loud decibels with more than a few garbled echoes of the NBC-Jewish agitprop extravaganza, *Holocaust*. On the menu is rape, miscegenation, the blond British villain, the heroic, misunderstood and mistreated Hindu, and a couple of white heroines with hearts of gold and melanin-prone gonads.

The Jewel, I am both happy and sad to relate, is still much more nutritious than most other satellite fare. So instead of waxing too critical, I will be thankful for past British TV favors received, grit my teeth and settle for the proverbial half a loaf. And I will pray to that great Cathode God in the sky that sooner or later He will grant us another *Barchester*.

How to Talk Down the Enemy

Although the readers of Commentary are the last persons to need such advice, a recent issue of the American Jewish Committee's monthly catechism for insiders and for the Great Unwashed had an article entitled, "A Primer for Polemicists." Majority activists, who do need a great deal of education on this subject, should pay heed. We list below 12 rules laid down by Owen Harries, the author, who was formerly head of foreign policy planning in Australia's Department of Foreign Affairs.

- Rule 1. Don't try to convert your opponent. Polemics are not designed for serious persuasion.
- Rule 2. Try to fix the agenda of the debate. Don't let your opponent set the parameters, thus forcing you to restrict your arguments to the areas most favorable to the opposition.
- Rule 3. Preach to the converted. It strengthens their beliefs and your presentation.
- Rule 4. Always keep in mind the uncommitted, who represent the vast majority of your audience. They can be caught in your net more easily by reason, kindness and fairness than by insults, rhetoric and tricks of pugnacity.
- Rule 5. Know your audience. A broad appeal demands a different style and content than a speech targeted to a narrow audience.
- Rule 6. Don't be afraid of repetition, particularly when you have an important and convincing point to make.
- Rule 7. Don't defend the irrelevant. Give away, if necessary, unimportant points. Don't waste your time trying to prove that Stalin once robbed banks.
- Rule 8. Watch out for loose historical analogies. You can prove almost anything by appealing to history. So can your opponent.
- Rule 9. Don't quote or cite someone who is known to be on your side. Derive your citations from omniscient neutrals and universal geniuses.
- Rule 10. Attack your opponent's arguments, not his motives. Most audiences can see through this ploy and you yourself will never be too proud of it.
- Rule 11. Know your subject and be prepared to call upon your thorough knowledge of it whenever the need arises, particularly when it arises unexpectedly. Don't be caught off balance. Having all the facts at one's fingertips is always impressive, even to a hostile audience.
- Rule 12. Know your opponent's case as well as your own. Be able to refute his strongest, not his weakest, points.



COUNTRY ROADS

I enjoy being a gypsy -- an independent owner-operator. Wilhelmina and I can go some places and do some things which we couldn't if we were on a company payroll. The hitch is we don't get paid vacations and holidays.

On Labor Day weekend we were bobtailing southbound from Philadelphia on U.S. 1. We'd just delivered a shipment of corrugated paper cartons to the old Purex plant, and I figured we could find a trailerload of applesauce in Winchester. I didn't need a trip-lease to carry applesauce anymore; I had an ICC certificate and Wilhelmina had a MC number stenciled under her name on the door.

I sure was glad to leave North Philly and cruise down into the rolling countryside of southern Pennsylvania. There's not much highway traffic on Labor Day weekend after Friday night. By Saturday morning the highways are practically deserted. So I was beginning to feel like that road belonged to me; that I owned U.S. 1.

Then the dark red Volvo pulled out in front of us. Even though we were riding bareback I had to double-clutch and split-shift down into the corner to avoid a collision. I thought I saw two men and two women in the car. One woman looked back at me with a silly smirk on her face. We were so close I could practically read her lips. You know the type -- late thirties -- good job -- childless -- swimsuit tan -- nice clothes -- personalized license plate that said "THX - DAD" -- and an anti-gun sticker on the rear bumper. The TV newsmen call the occupants of the car Yuppies. I called them something else.

The Volvo sped away. "That's STRIKE ONE," I said.

A couple of miles down U.S. 1 is Brandywine Battlefield National Park. It had been four years since we last stopped there, so I decided to pull in. I slipped Wilhelmina into gear and drove up the hill to the parking lot. Ol' Wilhelmina

took up four parking spaces. You should have seen the tourists stare. The red Volvo was in the lot.

I walked across the blacktop and out toward the battery of smoothbore cannons that marked the American position above the river. Then I heard a woman's voice behind me yell, "Hey, Cowboy, if you're looking for the restroom, it's over in the Visitors' Center." They had a little laugh at my expense.

"That's STRIKE TWO," I said.

This was the first good look I'd had at the other three Yuppies. There was something foreign about the two men . . . black, greasy hair and beards, dark, wide-set eyes, and buttery complexions.

"Let's go, Susan," one of them said. "Some of these crazy rednecks carry guns."

My ancestor, Pvt. George Hayden, carried a gun that September day at Brandywine, more than 200 years ago. It was a Pennsylvania long rifle, a flintlock. Now it hangs on pegs above my fireplace.

The Redcoats turned the Continentals' right flank that day and gave our boys a good thrashing. Not long after, General Washington put them into winter quarters at Valley Forge. The winter of 1777-1778 was bitter cold -- Long Island Sound froze over, so did the Chesapeake Bay and the Ohio and Cumberland Rivers. The poplars in the hills froze to the core, until they burst open with a sharp crack. And the boys at Valley Forge froze, too, and starved. Today their names are listed on bronze plaques in front of the reconstructed log huts. George Hayden's name is there. The following spring, General Washington marched our boys out of Valley Forge and caught Clinton's army at Monmouth. The Continentals taught the Redcoats a hard lesson that day. George was there, too. And he carried a Pennsylvania long rifle, the flintlock that hangs above my fireplace.

My fist crashed into that greasy, black beard. I didn't plan it -- it just happened. "STRIKE THREE," I said. "You're out." I walked back to the parking lot and climbed into the cab, turned Wilhelmina around and slid her down the hill and out onto U.S. 1. More than ever, I felt like that road belonged to me.

222

Ponderable Quote

By 2080 or soon thereafter, therefore, the U.S. will undergo a process of geopolitical dissolution in which political divisions, manifestations of the conflicting interests among several ethnic groups having as many territorial strongholds, will be translated into geographical divisions. The United States will certainly endure as an Anglophone remnant, but, having been moved by a resurgent Mexico from the center to the periphery of the North American continent, it will be but one among several contending powers in the Western Hemisphere.

B.A. Nelson, Ph.D.,
*The Coming Triumph of
Mexican Irredentism*

Talking Numbers

Local 38 of the Plumbers Union was fined \$220,136 by a federal judge in San Francisco for not placing minority members in at least half of its apprentice positions in the period 1977-79. The Local took on only 59 blacks, Asians and Hispanics, after it had been ordered to admit at least 82. \$169,680 of the fine will go to the minority members who should have been apprenticed.

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The Census Bureau counts 134 single males in the Farm Belt for every 100 single females. In rural Minnesota, in the 20-34 age bracket, it's 244 single men for 100 single women.

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Since 1950 the Ford Foundation (current assets \$3.4 billion) has distributed more than \$5 billion to foreign organizations and individuals in 100 countries.

#

57 out of 117 nations studied by the U.N. Food and Agricultural Organization will not have enough land resources to feed their populations in the year 2000 at the present level of farming technology. 27 of these countries are in Africa, where only one-fifth of the potential cropland is being cultivated.

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Any Singapore woman, not a high-school graduate, whose husband is not a high-school graduate, and whose joint income with her husband is less than \$715 a month, will get \$5,000 from the government if she agrees to be sterilized after her first or second child. This is the negative eugenics side of Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew's much-to-be-complimented program to raise the IQ of Singaporeans. The positive side consists of tax incentives and economic rewards to encourage educated and professional women to have more epicurean toddlers.

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238 American blacks proudly belong to MENSA, the international IQ camorra, which in the U.S. has some 45,000 non-black members. Black percentage of U.S. population, 12. Black percent of U.S. MENSA membership, 0.5.

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A year ago the dollar was worth 87 Israeli shekels. Two months ago it could be exchanged for 545 shekels. These are not the black market figures, although New York East is one vast black market.

According to France's General Secretariat of National Defense, the U.S. has 9,792 nuclear warheads that can be delivered on a variety of missiles and bombers; Russia 8,671; China 580; France 132; Britain 64. Israel's fast-growing nuclear arsenal was not mentioned.

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Chicago confidence men have bilked 180 Asian Americans out of \$100,000 by promising them a passing grade in nursing exams in return for payola in amounts of up to \$2,500.

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Two companies owned by fugitive-from-justice Marc Rich, the erstwhile partner of Marvin Davis, the Gary Hart booster, have paid \$200 million in back taxes and fines to the U.S. Treasury. Rich, who has now renounced his U.S. citizenship and "bought" a Spanish passport, is still being sought on criminal charges. America's biggest tax dodger to date got some of the wherewithal to pay his huge fines by selling his 50% share of 20th-Century Fox to Davis for an estimated \$200 million.

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Minorities (excluding Jews) comprise 96% of the populace of East Los Angeles, 81% of Miami's, 78% of Newark's.

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In 1951, 201,382 Catholics lived in the Toronto (Canada) Metro area; in 1981, 786,175. Today the number exceeds 800,000.

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Blacks in 1975-76 had a 42% chance of being admitted into U.S. medical schools, compared to whites' chances of 34%. In 1982-83, blacks' chances dropped to 39%, whites' climbed to 48%. (*USA Today*, 10/31/84)

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Legal immigrants accounted for an estimated 25% of U.S. population growth in 1983.

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Oak Park, Illinois, will pay \$400,000 in subsidies and grants over a 5-year period to building owners who allow the city to move blacks into their all-white housing and whites into their all-black housing.

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\$69 billion was spent in the U.S. on mergers and acquisitions in 1983; only \$1 billion on new ventures.

In 1970-79, 220 Israeli government representatives in the U.S. chose not to return to the Jewish homeland.

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Isser Harel, the 67-year-old founding father of Israel's SMERSH-like Mossad, stands 4'6" tall.

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The Coors people have agreed (or have they been forced by racial blackmail?) to invest \$325 million in black populated areas in the next 5 years. At the same time they have signed (who held the pen?) a "cooperation plan" with Hispanics that may cost the brewing company as much as \$300 million.

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Adrian Ledesma, then 12, climbed up an unfenced transmission tower in Texas and touched a high voltage line. The jolt was severe enough to cause the amputation of both his arms above the elbow. The Houston Lighting and Power Company has been ordered by a jury to give Ledesma \$5 million for what was the result of his own stupidity and, quite possibly, parental neglect.

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The network coverage of Reagan and Bush was rated by Professor Michael Robinson of George Washington University at a negative 60% in the last week of October. Fritz and Mrs. Mafia got a positive rating of 17%, 77 points higher than the Republican presidential ticket.

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The earth's topsoil averages 7 inches thick. For each lost inch crop yields are reduced by about 6%. At present the topsoil is disappearing at the rate of 25 billion tons a year.

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The Chicago Police Department's 1983 crime summary counted 861 cases of murder and negligent manslaughter. 635 of the arrested suspects were blacks, 154 Hispanics and 2 Asian or Pacific Islanders. That left 70 arrestees who were white, but who were not necessarily Majority members. The forcible rape statistics were just as preponderantly nonwhite: 697 cases, for which 569 blacks, 71 Hispanics, 3 Indians or Alaskan natives and 1 Asian or Pacific Islander were arrested. That left 53 whites. No doubt whites figured much more prominently in the count of rape victims, whose race was not specified.

#

Israel's population now comprises 455,000 Moroccan-born Jews and 300,000 Jews born in Russia or whose families came from Russia.

Talking Numbers

0 1 47 11 5 9 7 2

On November 1 last, a federal court jury awarded NBC-TV \$3.2 million in its countersuit against quirky ex-Trotskyite Lyndon LaRouche Jr. A day earlier a U.S. District Court had thrown out LaRouche's libel suit against the Peacock.

#

New AIDS cases were being reported at the rate of 38 a week in June 1983, epidemically increasing to 101 a week by early November 1984. More than 3,100 Americans have already died from the homos' occupational disease.

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4 out of every 5 respondents to a University of North Carolina telephone poll of 599 adults would like to have a law on the books requiring newspapers to give "equal weight" to opposing sides of important public issues.

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The defense percentage of the federal budget was 26.7 in 1975; 23.7 in 1979; 26.2 in 1984.

#

To boost the minority student population, Pennsylvania State universities will waive tuition fees for 1% of their students.

In October 1982, 57.9 million Americans (8.26 million of them blacks, 4.5 million Hispanics), aged 3 to 34, were enrolled in some educational institution -- nursery schools included. 10,919,000 of the students were in college, 36% of them older than 25.

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Black muggers are responsible for 60% of the violent street crime in London. (The Sun, Vancouver, Canada, Sept. 27, 1984)

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In 1945, 27.1% of Tory MPs in Britain were Etonians; in 1983, 6%.

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More than 100 U.S. government publications are available in Spanish.

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The District of Columbia has 300,000 registered Democrats and 14,000 registered Republicans.

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Enrollment in Jewish schools has fallen from a high of 553,600 in 1958 to 370,000 today. But the number of Jewish day school students has doubled in the same time period -- to 103,000.

The U.S. is now the permanent address of foreign-born folk from 155 countries, including 425 immigrants from Papua and 849,384 from Germany. This latter figure may have some connection with the Holocaust, since the Census Bureau claims that the vast majority of foreign-born Germans arrived more than 25 years ago.

#

Israel's Ministry of Labor reports that the average Israeli worker produces 50% less than the average European, American and Japanese worker. One-fifth of Israel's work force is busy in the manufacture of armaments; one-third is employed in the "public sector," which means that no other government in the world has a higher percentage of bureaucrats.

#

The city of Miami has agreed to pay \$1.1 million to the parents of Nevel Johnson Jr., the young black drifter whose death at the hands of a policeman in a video game arcade touched off another of those Liberty City riots.

#

As of the end of 1984, 31 criminals have been executed in the U.S. since the Supreme Court relaxed its restrictions on capital punishment in 1976.

Primate Watch



On the ABC News Nightline program (Nov. 9), guest **GEORGE WILL** stated very slowly and deliberately that the Cambodian "holocaust" was "the second worst one of this century." Host **TED KOPPEL** made absolutely no effort to correct this horrendous misstatement, which blithely overlooked the Russian and Chinese bloodbaths, in each of which the number of victims was at least 5 times that of the most pessimistic count of the Holocaust.

☆ ☆ ☆

Even **WALTER MONDALE** would have been preferable to last year's Libertarian party candidate, **DAVID BERGLAND**. The California lawyer proclaimed himself in favor of selling every American national park and forest to whichever shady developer, native or foreign, would put up the money. Calling the American invasion of Grenada "pouring American blood and treasure down [a rathole]," he said that all immigration controls must end because "Human beings have the right to travel and seek opportunity wherever they desire."

On the PTL (Praise the Lord) Club telecast for August 1, **TAMMY BAKKER** (**JIM**'s wife) pleaded with viewers to send every penny they could spare to keep the program afloat: "[Jim and I] have given everything we have. And literally, we have given everything I own because things really don't mean that much when it comes to getting the Gospel of Jesus Christ out." At the time, the Bakkers had acquired a \$450,000 house near Palm Springs, a Rolls-Royce and a \$45,000 Mercedes-Benz.

☆ ☆ ☆

Yes, reported *Parade* gossip columnist "**WALTER SCOTT**," it was true that comedian **RICHARD PRYOR**'s mama and grandmama had worked in a brothel in Peoria, Illinois. But, he continued, "It is a tribute to Pryor's industry and talent that, despite his early environment, he has achieved outstanding success." How so? Pryor's "entertainment" is of the sort found only in brothels until 20 years ago. He never changed; his audience did.

JOHN BUCHANAN is a Baptist minister from Birmingham, Alabama, and a former Republican congressman. That makes him the perfect front man for **NORMAN LEAR**'s highly censorious "anti-censorship" group, **PEOPLE FOR THE AMERICAN WAY**.

☆ ☆ ☆

Boston Mayor **RAYMOND L. FLYNN** billed himself as an Irish "populist" in prevailing over his Afro-American opponent, **MELVIN H. KING**. But now he's the unofficial leader of the nationwide campaign for American disinvestment in South Africa.

☆ ☆ ☆

DAVID SONENSCHIN, 43, is not your ordinary publisher. His pamphlets, with titles like "How to Have Sex With Kids" and "Children and Sodomasochism," were printed on weekends with the aid of a word processor belonging to the Austin (Texas) Independent School District. Until recently, Sonenschein was an assistant to the District's supervisor of student records, a job which gave him access to the names, addresses and phone numbers of 56,000 children. His downfall came when he forgot to erase his pedophilic garbage from his floppy disks.

Primate Watch



Bolshevism is alive and thriving in New York City. Three former Polish political prisoners made that discovery in the Labor Day Parade, when a brave little band of **20 or 30 AMERICAN(?) REDS** jumped them without saying a word. Elevator operator Stanislaw Nieminc, who spent 10 months in General Jaruzelski's prisons, was rushed to Bellevue Hospital with a gash over one eye after his sign thanking President Reagan for his "support of Solidarity and the Polish nation" was ripped away from him. The attack was facilitated by **PARADE OFFICIALS**, who forced the Poles to march at the end of the parade because of their praise for Reagan.

☆ ☆ ☆

In September 1983, **VICTOR GERENA JR.**, a mestizo security guard at the Wells Fargo depot in West Hartford, Connecticut, suddenly turned a gun on two fellow employees, tied them up so they would strangle themselves if they struggled, and shot drugs into their arms. He then spent 90 minutes loading a half-ton of cash, some \$7 million worth, into his car, before speeding off into the night. It was the biggest heist ever made by a single robber -- and not one dollar of the loot has yet surfaced.

☆ ☆ ☆

A drawing of two pigs copulating was deemed inappropriate for a student art exhibit at Southern Methodist University last spring, and removed after the opening night. "I'm just amazed," said artist **KATHY GALLOWAY**. "It's not the sort of thing you would expect to happen in a university in the twentieth century." A month later, department store magnate **STANLEY MARCUS** purchased the swinish doodle for \$300 "as a protest in behalf of intellectual freedom." The man whose advertising dollars can make or break any newspaper in the Dallas area, told a *Dallas Morning News* reporter: "It's vital for newspaper and writers and musicians or artists to express themselves without fear of economic sanctions." Marcus added that the pigs might look good on his Christmas cards.

☆ ☆ ☆

India has emerged as a major shipping point for Asian heroin bound for the West. Federal agents seized \$35 million worth of the drug at a Maryland motel last August, and two of those arrested sounded, by their names, like your usual all-American motel owners: **KIRITBHAI PATEL** and **ASHOK-KAMUT PATEL**. The third arrestee, **KRISHA MANN JOSHI**, bore a curious middle (or maiden) name and a hippie-fashionable address in Nepal.

Last April 30, the *Los Angeles Times* had a fascinating article on **JAY PAUL** of the L.A. Police Department's PDID or Public Disorder Intelligence Division (which has been disbanded for "overzealousness"). Paul, identified as a Jew whose disposition was molded in part by his being the butt of "anti-Semitic" remarks at school, revealed, during internal proceedings against him, that (in the words of the *Times*), "On any given day . . . he might drop by the federal building for a chat with the CIA, grab lunch with a lawyer from the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League, and then stop by the Rand Corporation, before dinner with a friend from the John Birch Society." Paul is just one of many good reasons why the Israeli government now says that it likes the Birchers as much as any American political group.

☆ ☆ ☆

IRWIN JACOBS finally threw in the towel in his bid to take over Walt Disney Productions, which had barely escaped the clutches of another corporate raider, Saul Steinberg, only a few months ago. It cost Disney \$325 million to buy out Steinberg, whose profit from the deal was \$32 million. Jacobs and his associates sold their Disney holdings to the Bass family of Fort Worth, Texas, for \$158 million (making \$20 million on the deal). Meanwhile, Michael Eisner took over the job as chairman of Walt Disney Productions, until then the one large film company that had never been controlled by Jews. As Disney was plagued by a strike of 1,800 employees, Eisner brought in his pal, Jeffrey Katzenberg, to head up the firm's motion picture production unit. P.S.: Jacobs is now preparing to raid Tidewater, Inc., the New Orleans energy company.

☆ ☆ ☆

Who was the best candidate for president, second only to Ronald Reagan? Rev. Jesse Jackson, that's who, said **JAMES WATT**, the rock-ribbed conservative who quit as Secretary of the Interior after sounding off about the mixed bag of minority characters on one of his committees. Watt explained his choice to newsmen: "I said it early in the campaign that if I were a liberal, I would vote for Jackson."

☆ ☆ ☆

The judge said he sympathized with **ALEX LIEBERMAN's** "problems as a Jew in Nazi Germany," but he couldn't grasp the defense's argument that that experience somehow mitigated the seriousness of his extortion of \$1.5 million from landlords seeking to rent space to the New York City bureaucracy.

MARY EMMA HIXSON, 34, formerly deputy director of the Missouri Human Rights Commission, was confirmed last July as the new director of the Minneapolis Civil Rights Department by a 10-3 city council vote -- over the loud protests of 100 minority demonstrators camped in the council's chambers. After the vote, angry cries of "Jim Crow lives!" and the singing of "We Shall Overcome" could be heard. All this bitterness, which had been building for weeks, had absolutely nothing to do with Hixson's views (which are very liberal and, arguably, anti-white). The protesters were enraged solely because a white person would be directing civil rights in this 88% white city. Hixson's appointment might never have been confirmed if Mayor Don Fraser had not promised to resign if she had been rejected because of her race. Just when the whole controversy had finally subsided, a local gay paper revealed that Hixson is a lesbian. A queer member of the city council then admitted that Hixson's sexual proclivities had been openly discussed, but dismissed as irrelevant.

☆ ☆ ☆

Although on the run from the Belgian police and with a record of 13 assaults, a child-beating and a manslaughter charge, two stints in a mental hospital for alcoholism, and two jail terms, **ABDELKRIM BELECHEB**, a Moroccan, was given a temporary visa in April 1981 to visit the land of the free and the home of the brave. The visa expired in November of 1981, but Belecheb stayed on and on. In January 1984, the illegal alien was granted permanent alien status after his marriage to a U.S. citizen. Last June, Belecheb shot and killed six people in a Dallas restaurant.

☆ ☆ ☆

One would think that, having cheated people, mostly West Germans, out of hundreds of millions of dollars with his defunct Investors Overseas Service, which went bankrupt to the tune of \$2 billion, **BERNIE CORNFELD** would have woven himself into a cocoon of contriteness and kept out of sight, if not out of the public mind, in his remaining years. Not Bernie. He is now one of the leading social lights in Beverly Hills, where he holds forth in a 35-room mansion that once belonged to Douglas Fairbanks Sr., whose mother was a remote racial cousin. One of the biggest crooks in history, Bernie now plans to con the masses with product lines of "high potency" vitamins, stop-smoking capsules and pills that "enhance the quality of sleep." Although Cornfeld slithered away from his bankrupt company with about \$20 million of other people's money, he is counting on his next ripoff to foot the huge bills incurred in the upkeep of his London and Paris townhouses and a French chateau.



Scotland. From an *Instaurationist* who dropped in on the lares and penates of his ancestors. Last summer I took my parents and an elderly aunt to Scotland and Northern Ireland to visit our distant relatives and revisit the ancestral shrines. On our way through the auld motherland, we stopped for an afternoon at Culloden, which to my mind rang down the curtain on feudal ties, the clans and the Erse language. Culloden also symbolizes the final triumph of Whiggery. Since the seeds of the poisonous vine of contemporary America are to be found in Whig politics, Culloden was not a refreshing sight for my sore eyes.

The Whig view of history is one of freedom constantly expanding from precedent to precedent, with the forces of democracy winning victory after victory over the forces of despotism.

Part of the baggage of Whiggery is that historic personages who opposed it must be defined as "tyrants" and "oppressors." Every minor act of Charles I, Charles II, James II or their agents and ministers which has the slightest use in painting the picture of firm Stuart absolutism is seized upon, shouted to the sky and emblazoned by Whig historians as proof of unrelieved, blackhearted wickedness.

It is interesting to note the kindness and magnanimity shown by Charles Stuart in the rising of 1745. No acts of cruelty or reprisal were sanctioned. The soldiers of the Hanoverian enemy taken prisoner by the Prince were not molested or killed.

Was this kindness and restraint reciprocated by the forces of progress and democracy? Not on your life. Unfortunately for Whigs, Samuel Johnson immortalized the cruelties and depredations of the Duke of Cumberland by his famous remark, "We have made a desert and called it peace." All has not been lost to Whiggism on that point, however, because of the curious intellectual approach of the Whig historians. Whereas atrocities perpetrated by their enemies are cited to refute the validity of the competing anti-democratic philosophy, atrocities perpetrated in the name of the Whig cause are mere incidental happenstances which have no bearing on the merits of democracy.

A modern example springs readily to mind: The atrocities of the Axis countries are held to have forever discredited National Socialism and Fascism, but the now well-documented atrocities perpetrated by Churchill and Roosevelt are of no weight in discrediting democracy.

It was interesting to discover at Culloden that Whig Democrats were momentarily discomfited by the horrors which followed in the wake of the battle. In order to defuse public opinion on this point, Cumberland

forged an alteration in the order of battle issued by Lord Murray in the name of Bonnie Prince Charlie. The forgery admonished the Jacobites to take no prisoners and to take reprisals on the wounded.

As soon as Lord Murray had fled Scotland, he publicly denounced the forgery, which, unfortunately, was accepted as true until comparatively modern times when historical research substantiated Murray's innocence and proved Cumberland and the Whigs to have been liars.

So the forged newsreels of Hitler's jig after the fall of Paris, the Holocaust hyperbole and the spurious Hitler diaries are nothing new. The tactics of democracy and the use of the lie are the same from age to age. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

I was interested at Culloden to see how agitated and angry my father became at the sight of the clan graves. Charles Stuart was always regarded in our fervent Presbyterian household as a hero without fault or blemish. Although I had read the novels of Sir Walter Scott, I was shocked when I learned in freshman history that our Scottish hero was actually, horror of horrors, a Roman Catholic!

It is a tribute to the power of nationalism that Presbyterian Scots in America have come to view the Prince as one of their most revered Scotsmen. Nationalism, being rooted in the glands and being a mystical, not a rational, force, has the habit of going beyond reason into the realm of dreams and fantasy.

It was perhaps disrespectful of me to ask my father and aunt how they reconciled their veneration of Charles Stuart with his Roman Catholic religion. The annoyance and total lack of comprehension mirrored on their faces was their only answer. And it was a correct answer.

Blessed are they whose faith can transcend the limits of cold reason. Blessed are they who are able to believe with childlike simplicity.

West Germany. The canard that Amerindians learned how to scalp from European settlers surfaced here last summer in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*. Harald Steinert's article in the August 9 issue described the recent unearthing of a brutal ancient scene in the small town of Harting, near Regensburg, Bavaria. The skeletal remains of 30 people were found in the excavated fountains of a Roman country villa, dating from about the end of the third century, B.C. This was at the time of "the migration of the peoples," when various Germanic tribes, pushed from the rear, swept southward and westward across lands formerly occupied by Romans and Celts.

The bodies found at Harting indicate that a rather unpleasant scene transpired there when the sturdy Alemanni invaders met the "small, dainty" defenders, who were "probably Romans or Italic people." But whether the encounter was as cruel as Steinert suggests is not conclusively demonstrated by any evidence he presents.

Without a doubt, the Roman frontiersmen were violently massacred. Most of their skulls were shattered, and their other bones fared little better. Ritual cannibalism, like that alluded to in the *Siegfriedlied*, was also a possibility, though Steinert concedes, "the experts are loathe to commit themselves." This would not be very shocking, as the belief that the consumption of a dead person's heart imparted his virtues to his conqueror was very widespread in ancient times.

It is the third charge against the Germanic warriors which warrants much closer study -- that of torture. Steinert admits that the female victims at Harting were scalped only *after* the death blow, while the Roman men with their short hair were not scalped at all. He writes, "It is certain that these people met a cruel death by torture," yet the only evidence cited is "a series of small cuts on the thigh bones, as if the people had been tortured or skinned." For Steinert, these cuts mean that the claims of the Roman military historian Ammianus Marcellinus (circa A.D. 330-393) -- who alleged torture by the invading Goths in 378 -- have now been "totally confirmed."

The other side of the Germanic torture question was well argued by the American historian Henry Charles Lea, who is most famous for his classic three-volume study of the Catholic Inquisition. From his diligent study of primary sources, Lea concluded that the torture of human beings was rare on the European continent before the introduction of Levantine monotheism. Lea died in 1909, however, so a new comparative study of torture (and its absence) through time and space is certainly called for.

* * *

Was Easter Island, in the southeast Pacific, with its great brooding statues carved in black volcanic rock, colonized by north German seamen? The latest scholar to endorse that theory is the Munich archaeologist Professor Kurt Hoerd. No less perplexing than the statues themselves are the accompanying wooden panels inscribed with a hieroglyphic script. Unique in the Polynesian culture area, these panels contain 790 figure symbols, which probably served as memory aids for a story rather than as letters telling a story.

Professor Hoerd believes that the Easter Island hieroglyphs, which, like the statues, date from about A.D. 1100, are astonishingly similar, in style and manner, to some scripts originating in what is now northern

Schleswig, and dating from about A.D. 400. These latter are inscribed on two golden horns from the so-called "Gallehus-Horn A" dig, which were retrieved in 1639 and 1734 respectively. The Schleswig connection would also explain the facial features of the Easter Island statues, which are sharp and European, and utterly different from those found in Polynesia proper.

* * *

Just how far the Justice Department will take its witch-hunt against former Nazis in the American space community remains to be seen. Shortly after rocketeer Arthur Rudolph's exile (or homecoming) was reported to the media, Washington's former chief Nazi-hunter, Allan A. Ryan Jr., publicly stated his conviction that there are "at least 10,000 Nazi war criminals" still living in the United States! Unnamed "federal sources" have told the *Washington Post* that the Office of Special Investigations (OSI) is now "actively investigating" other men who served on the team of the late Wernher von Braun.

While the American establishment chastizes those Germans who put our boys on the moon first, the West German establishment has been honoring one of the greatest among them, Hermann Oberth, on his ninetieth birthday. It was in 1923 that a Munich publisher took a gamble with a young man's manuscript entitled *Rockets to Planetary Space*. It had previously been rejected by Heidelberg University as a Ph.D. thesis. The book sold poorly -- but it laid the groundwork for modern missile technology. Writing in *Die Welt* on June 23, Adalbert Bärfwolf saluted the Transylvanian German's peerless prescience:

Every man-made object that is now airborne between the Earth and the Moon bears the hallmark of Hermann Oberth in one way or another.

Sixty-one years ago, when Lindbergh was yet to fly across the Atlantic, Oberth foresaw virtually everything that has gone into the technology of rockets from the V-2 and Saturn to the space missile.

From the multi-stage principle to the expendable lunar craft to the communications satellite perched in stationary orbit, and so on, Oberth foresaw it all -- and events 50 or 60 years later almost never proved him wrong. This does not mean, however, that the National Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C. -- a favorite stop for German tourists -- has given Oberth the sort of build-up received by "great black American pilots." Lest we forget (how could we ever?), Oberth worked under von Braun at the notorious Nazi rocket base at Peenemünde before coming to America with hundreds of other top German scientists as part of "Operation Paperclip."

Is Neil Sher, the present Jewish head of the Justice Department's OSI, going to go

over to West Germany and drag Oberth back to the U.S. for a "war crimes" trial? Maybe he'll go after U.S. astronauts next "for collaborating with Germans."



Hermann Oberth

* * *

When it comes to former Nazis, the concept of libel is meaningless to most Jews. That explains how Elizabeth Holtzman, the Brooklyn District Attorney, can refer to the exiled German-American rocket expert Arthur Rudolph as "this bestial killer" in a letter to the *New York Post* (Nov. 7). Meanwhile, *The Nation* (Nov. 17) was running a column that called Rudolph a "practitioner of genocide" and a man "in the death business" who "rose to be overseer of the Dora concentration camp."

The facts are these. Rudolph, the designer of the Saturn V moon rocket (whom Holtzman nevertheless insists "was no scientist"), served his fatherland from September 1943 to April 1945 as the chief operations director for V-2 missile production at the Mittelwerk (Central Works) underground rocket factory. The V-2 missile was believed by many to be Germany's last hope for victory or stalemate in the war. Rudolph's superior at Mittelwerk, director general George Rickhey, was forced to stand trial for war crimes, but was acquitted. Though the Justice Department now maintains that Rudolph was aware of every death at the plant, Rudolph told the U.S. Army that he never saw "anybody" punished or killed there except in cases where strikes and sabotage were planned.

Far from being the overseer at Dora, as alleged by *The Nation*, Rudolph had nothing to do with the camp, even though many of its inmates were assigned to Mittelwerk. The rocket expert Konrad Dannenberg, who worked with Rudolph at Mittel-

werk and NASA, says, "Many people became sick from all kinds of diseases, [but] we were very short of medicine. I do not think Rudolph can be blamed for that." Another colleague, Walter Wiesman, adds, "For 10 years, the Army investigated us as much as it's possible to investigate. From before we left Germany in 1945 until we were granted citizenship, they did as much of a number on us as anyone can. How is it that now this comes up?"

From exile in Hamburg, Rudolph called the new media reports a "pack of lies," adding:

I certainly never committed any crimes, not even a wrongdoing. They never confronted me with any witnesses. They just said if there was a court case, they would produce them.

But there will probably never be a court case because the Center for the Prosecution of Nazi Crimes, founded by the Allies in Ludwigsburg in 1958, has virtually no evidence of any kind against Rudolph among its 1.4 million files.

Many Americans are indignant about Rudolph's deportation. Three angry letters appeared in the *Washington Post* on November 17. The most eloquent belonged to Angelo J. Artuso, who suggested that "the real 'crime' in this case has been committed by the U.S. government."

A branch of our government, cognizant of Mr. Rudolph's activities, offered him asylum. We used his knowledge and talents to develop much of the technology on which our defense rests today. Then, when his knowledge was no longer needed, a second branch of our government reneged on the promise of asylum and persecuted a man who had faithfully fulfilled his end of the bargain. It is the Justice Department that is morally blind, and has failed to live up to its name.

Switzerland. One of the many amazing news stories of 1983 that few Americans ever heard about was the unanimous censure of the U.S. Congress by the European Interparliamentary Conference, meeting in Geneva on August 6. Nearly 200 delegates from a dozen West and North European legislatures adopted the resolution of rebuke after Lord Christopher Mayhew called the American Congress "politically and financially corrupt," saying, "It has in effect been bought by a foreign government -- Israel." Mayhew's assessment brought shouts of agreement from all sides, and then the unanimous vote.

The immediate cause of this universal European denunciation of our Congress was the notorious GAO (General Accounting Office) report on American aid to Israel. The original, unpublished version had been full of criticism for the Jewish state. For example, it had quoted a formerly classified CIA memorandum which, analyzing



Israeli spending of American dollars, concluded: " 'Defense' is a misnomer for Israel's strategy. She is oriented toward expansion, not mere protection of the status quo."

The CIA study had warned of future Israeli attacks against Arab states, but this was all blue-pencilled out by none other than the Israeli Embassy in Washington. Supported by the Israel Firsters in the halls of Congress, the Embassy had been permitted to delete portions of the original GAO draft to its heart's content. In some instances, the Zionist censors not only excised material but rewrote it so as to reverse the original meaning.

Speaking after the vote, Jean-Jacques Olivier, a member of the French delegation to the European Interparliamentary Conference, observed, "The parasitic penetration of America by tiny Israel would be comical if the prognosis were not so grave."

The European censure of Congress was big news almost everywhere except behind America's Bagel Curtain. Here Jewry has apparently done the "impossible" once again: it has achieved sufficient "critical mass" in high places to permit the subjugation of the national mind. In our "open democracy," a large part of the problem is that the self-styled "anti-censorship" whistle-blowers are now nearly all Jews and quasi-Jews. Meanwhile, those who would in turn blow the whistle on the Jews are handily silenced.

Typical of the problem is Project Censored, which is directed by one "Carl Jensen, Ph.D." at Sonoma State U. in Rohnert Park, California. As he has done every year since 1976, Jensen polled a national panel of media "jurors" for what they considered to be "The 10 Best Censored Stories of 1983." Amid the Horowitzes, Weidenfelds and Klotzers on the 1983 media panel, could be spotted such white renegades as Hodding Carter and Jessica Mitford.

That the parliamentarians of Europe unanimously condemned our elected representatives as "corrupt," and that few Americans ever heard boo about it, was *not* among "The 10 Best Censored Stories" -- nor was it one of the "15 Runners-Up." The "Unholy Alliance Between the CIA and the Vatican" was deemed more newsworthy.

Czechoslovakia. To replace the 3 million forcibly evacuated Germans after World War II, Czechs undertook large-scale resettlement measures to fill the void. However, the transplanted Czechs appear to be gradually abandoning their settlements in the Sudetenland and returning to their former homes -- in such numbers that Prague is expressing concern about a spreading non-man's land.

In 1970 the border area had 22 abandoned Czech settlements; by 1980 the number had increased to 38. In assessing the importance of the depopulated areas the Czech economic periodical, *Hospodarske Noviny*, candidly writes:

These border districts are extremely important to us because they form the boundary between two ideologically irreconcilable world power blocks. At stake isn't merely West Bohemia, but all of Czechoslovakia and in a broader sense, all of socialist society. It is essential to fill this western borderland with people who are capable of opposing the increasingly hostile imperialist ideological diversionary maneuvers.

How do Czech historians view the question of Sudetenland? One of them, Mlinarik, who left Czechoslovakia a year ago, has devoted years of study to the Sudeten Germans, although the topic is supposedly a "forbidden area" in Czech history. For criticizing the methods used in driving out the Germans, Mlinarik spent two years in jail. He views the present state of affairs as fulfillment of a curse for expelling millions of people who had lived there for hundreds of years. Official excuses for the new exodus, this time of the Czechs, are the unfavorable "climatic conditions" and the psychological effect of the security precautions consisting of barbed wire, watch towers, attack dogs and similar paraphernalia. However, a major reason appears to be a lack of investment capital. Faced with a shortage of money, the government merely closes down losing ventures. Poor public services, schools and stores, along with reduced bus lines, are everywhere in evidence. In the last few years 458 bus routes and 142 schools have reportedly been shut down. The government appears to be supporting the few strong settlements with meager assistance, but allowing the losing ones to wither.

In view of the undeniable strategic importance of the area to the Soviet bloc and the apparent unwillingness of Czechs to settle there, Mlinarik expresses the concern that the USSR may one day decide to fill the empty space with Great Russians. He notes that filling border areas with "their own" has been a basic Russian policy since the days of the czars (a policy now underway in the occupied Baltic countries).

Black Africa. Since the fall of Idi Amin in 1979, and the return to power of President Milton Obote a year later, Uganda has never stopped experiencing intertribal butchery. Anywhere from 100,000 to 200,000 people, mainly innocents, have died since Obote's return, with the machete the weapon of choice.

The army is described as "utterly out of control," and the local rivalries are fully as complicated as Lebanon's. Obote belongs to the minority Lango tribe, which opposes the majority Baganda tribe. There is also a grave regional rivalry between north and south, an Anglican-Catholic conflict and a Christian-Moslem-animist struggle.

The Reagan administration may be pushing for American ratification of the Genocide Convention, but, as Michael Kilian of the *Chicago Tribune* observes, Ugandans' deaths are "internationally irrelevant." Elliot Abrams, the human rights boss at the State Department, recently denounced Obote's atrocities, which caused the latter to order an American military attaché out of Uganda and cancel an officers' training program. "For this outburst," writes Kilian, "the State Department establishment kicked [Abrams] in the shins and consigned him to Coventry." The "African desk" boys moved in at once to "soothe the ruffled feelings of Obote."

* * *

The Liberian military coup of April 12, 1980, led by Master Sgt. Samuel K. Doe, brutally ended 133 years of domination by the country's 5% minority of Americo-Liberians. Many members of the former elite fled into exile, while others adopted African names to avoid taunts of "Go Back to America!" But "Dr. Doe," as he is now known, has begun to mellow with age. (He's now 34.) His old Army fatigues are out, and three-piece, pin-striped suits are in. The seized property of the Americo-Liberians is being restored to them, and they are being courted for their skills and experience, which are considerable by West African standards.

* * *

The Center for Strategic Investing in Woodbridge, Virginia, has called it "the largest scam of all time," a fraud which has reached half a billion dollars and is still climbing. Everyone who is anyone in the former Portuguese colony of Angola has enjoyed a part of the "take." What has happened is that about 40% of the country's controlled diamond production has been skimmed off recently, and sold in the West for well below the artificial price maintained by the great South African cartel. Part of the "swindle" -- which is actually just a case of relatively free competition -- have been cabinet ministers and other officials in the Cuban-backed regime now in power. UNITA guerrilla leaders who seek to bring the ruling leftists down, Angolan Airlines staff, customs and border police, and even Portuguese ex-colonials.

Behind the massive operation are said to be "certain well-known European and American financiers." Much of UNITA's

war chest has been financed by its role in distributing the hot diamonds in Europe. The Portuguese emigré network has also served the big-money men as distributors.

Trials are now underway in Angola, but since practically everyone involved is taking a "cut" somewhere (and the undercut South Africans are the big losers), it is doubtful that anything more than wrist slaps will be forthcoming.

* * *

By some estimates, President Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaire has siphoned \$8 billion of his nation's wealth into personal foreign deposits. If these estimates are only one-eighth correct, then the Angolan diamond swindle is not in fact "the largest scam of all time," just one of many rival candidates in Africa for the honor.

* * *

Lesla Sanftleben was a 29-year-old native of northern Michigan who believed it was better to go help black children in Africa than to start producing white ones of her own. The joys of motherhood are among those she will never know because some villager in Lesotho recently stabbed her to death.

The Peace Corps volunteer "went over there with the best of intentions and she was murdered," said a friend. "Americans should be interested and try to find out what happened." Sanftleben had written home that it wasn't safe to go out in Lesotho after dark -- but had added that the same was true of the American city where she had attended college. She did not write that the same people made the nights unsafe in both countries.

Japan. Suddenly it's fashionable to find fault with the Japanese again. After hearing about the new super-race for a year or two, Americans are now being shown the feet of clay.

Albert Shanker, the president of the American Federation of Teachers, whose paid commentaries appear weekly in the *New York Times*, recently cited the opinions of John Zeugner, an American who, having taught in both countries, calls Japanese universities, "a charade, a pretense, a joke." According to Zeugner, "the university is a rest period in Japanese life, an interval of freedom and relaxation." Its sole function is that of a sieve, "to keep certain students out. Those that can pass through the sieve fall freely and comfortably to graduation. Indeed, that free fall without obstacle, challenge, or measure is the very reward for having negotiated the tiny spaces of the sieve."

Consequently, warns Shanker, any comparison of Japanese and American student performance made at the end of high school will be misleading, since the Ameri-

cans are just settling down to their most intense learning period. Japanese college students, on the other hand, often show up in class 20 minutes late, when they bother coming at all. Professors are almost as delinquent, writes Zeugner:

[In class] communication is uniformly one way. No dialogue. No faculty office hours. No questions after class . . . large lectures . . . take on the flavor of autistic happenings. The professor free associates for 65 minutes into his microphone while Japanese students sleep, read newspapers, and in the back rows chat quietly among themselves.

Physically, Japanese universities are even worse. Zeugner feels their "seediness" reflects "an even seedier attitude toward university academia." The buildings are "grey concrete agglomerations, unpainted, uncleaned and unheated," a stark contrast to Japan's business buildings. The norm on campuses "is grim, crud, coldness."

As part of the American educational establishment, Albert Shanker clearly has an ax to grind. He's got to be embarrassed when, for example, a recent massive study of student performances in Japan, Taiwan and Minneapolis found only one American fifth-grader among the top 100 scorers on the math section. On the other hand, the Americans (boys particularly) were found spending the most classroom time engaged in "inappropriate" behavior, such as "talking to peers, asking irrelevant [?] questions, wandering around the room, or staring into space." (When Nordic kids stare into space, don't automatically count them out.)

It is undeniable, however, that Japanese children are now learning much more than American ones, and that American parents are nonetheless far more satisfied with the job their schools are doing than are Japanese parents. The Japanese parents also have much higher expectations for their children's performance. Yet many Western observers are now insisting that the "cramming" and "examination hells" of the Japanese are not making them any more creative.

Jeanette Newton has raised Western doubts about another Japanese institution, the corporation. Writing in the *Financial Times* last August, she pointed to the remarkable efficiency she saw in her Tokyo workplace. Mail was swallowed up in a paper jungle and sometimes never regurgitated, while the "long hours" of some employees merely reflected long breaks taken earlier in the day. Finally, there were those who never worked at all:

Recently, the office partitions were removed, to reveal another team of workers who spend their day studying the newspapers and perusing magazines, idly cleaning their ears and clipping their fingernails.

Admittedly, these are not future company presidents, but "mado-giwa-zoku" -- literally, people who sit by the window -- non-starters who've been put out to graze (or window-gaze). Under the lifetime employment system they're guaranteed a job and, like everyone else they are regarded as part of our "family" and entitled to the same treatment as the high-flyers.

Luckily, there is no recession.

Newton quickly added that "many of the perceived 'inefficiencies' are simply cultural differences." Those loafers by the window, for example, would be even more "inefficient" if they were unemployed and mugging people on the streets.

More than a few Americans have been carried away by "Japanese chic." The libertarian-futurist Gary Hudson, addressing something called the Freeland II Conference last year, assured his audience that "the center of the planet, with regard to technological, intellectual and financial vitality, is moving" -- from the North Atlantic to the Pacific Rim. The unlikely center for the new "Pacific collective consciousness" -- which would supposedly unite places as diverse as China and Mexico -- would be tiny, overbuilt Hawaii. Hudson related how he tried persuading corporate headquarters to relocate in Honolulu. The Pacific Rim is where most of the world's brains and wealth will be from now on, he kept assuring his trendy listeners.

Meanwhile, Tokyo's respected *Mainichi Shimbun* was warning its readers that, for the first time in decades, the American industrial infrastructure is actually newer than Japan's. In 1984, America's equipment had an average age of 8.2 years, Japan's 8.35 years. Japanese managers also seem to have a new obsession with short-term profits at the expense of long-range investment, development and planning. Indeed, many signs point to a continued reversal of the economic positions held by America and Japan only three years ago.

Of course, should a really fierce recession or a depression strike the developed world, Japanese social harmony and racial homogeneity will spare its people much of the turmoil which will engulf America.

Papua New Guinea. After 25,000 people angrily protested a series of brutal gang rapes outside his office, Prime Minister Michael Somare assured the public he was a law-and-order man himself. If he had his way, said Somare, there would be public flogging and toe-removal for rapists, and facial tattooing or disfiguring for other criminals. As for gang rape, the P.M. introduced legislation making the death penalty mandatory.

Ethiopia. In early November, Dan Rather devoted many minutes of his precious CBS



Evening News to the starving Ethiopians. He devoted not one second of his scripted spiel to the fact that the state-owned Ethiopian Trading Company had earlier ordered half a million bottles of Scotch whiskey from British distillers. The Marxist military leaders of Ethiopia denied that the booze was to be used to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the country's Marxist revolution. Spokesmen said it was merely an attempt to break the black market in the hard stuff. All this, while tens of thousands of Ethiopians were reported to be dying of starvation each day in just three of the country's northern provinces. Some diplomats say that 10 million may die if the West doesn't come to the rescue in time. The famine was brought on by a combination of drought, inane Communist agricultural programs and corruption in high places.

South Africa. A local surgeon, who loves his adopted country and hates England for its constant attacks upon South Africa, has developed a real loathing for Cambridge University. He had traveled to Cambridge to enter his daughter there. She had all the necessary qualifications, and with his own Cambridge background there should have been no difficulty at all in getting her enrolled. Yet the reception was reserved and frigid. "Tell me, doctor," the head of the faculty asked, "your daughter, is she . . . is she . . . ah . . . white?" "Well, of course, she is white," the offended doctor answered, and the inquisitor frowned. "In that case I'm afraid we cannot accept her," he said. "We refuse to accept white South Africans." "Do you mean to tell me," the astounded doctor exclaimed, "that if I had married a black South African woman and produced a hybrid child, you would have found that entirely acceptable?" "But certainly," came the bland reply. "We could never object to the offspring of mixed marriages. We are not racialists here!"

* * *

Seventeen blacks were burned to death for allegedly practicing sorcery during the first two months of 1984 alone. When, in February, a schoolboy was struck by lightning, a local witch doctor accused three people of having "sold" the lightning responsible. So the threesome was stoned by villagers and then placed in a car which was set afire.

Within sight of Cape Town's skyscrapers, witch doctors still do a flourishing business. They insist they can cure ailments which white medicine can't help -- especially those brought on by other, more malevolent witch doctors. Few offer free treatment, as the white health service normally does. Obviously, a "good" sorcerer and a "bad"

sorcerer could work out a profitable arrangement together.

India. The late Prime Minister Indira Gandhi frequently consulted astrologers before making important decisions. A majority of educated Indians are superstitious. A recent survey found that 37% of the businessmen here consult fortune tellers on a regular basis, in hopes of increasing profits.

Most Indian mythology dates to ancient times, but some reflects the British presence. For a few, Queen Victoria is a goddess. More frequently honored is one John Wedderburn, a British deputy commissioner for the town of Hissar, 50 miles west of New Delhi. Killed in the Sepoy Rebellion of 1857, his burial place is now known to many Hindus and Moslems as the Grave of the British Saint. Pilgrims supplicate him in prayer and leave offerings of Scotch whiskey. Legend has it that about 20 years ago a local woman stopped beside Wedderburn's grave to pray for her son's release from jail, then returned home to find him already there. He insisted that she place a bottle of whiskey on Wedderburn's grave, and many an Indian family with a son in trouble has followed suit.

* * *

Well might the Indian masses worship the pragmatic British as gods, if Calcutta is representative. What was briefly a modern, landscaped city in Victorian times has since fallen into utter ruin. The last big water works were constructed in 1864. The last main sewer was built in 1896. Forty percent of the city's buildings went up before 1910, when the population was many times smaller. And yet 6.5 million more people will likely jam into this rotting heap within 15 years.

The poverty line in Calcutta is reckoned at \$8 a month, and more than 70% of the people live at or below it. A quarter of a million survive by begging alone.

Australia. It was only in 1964 that Asians were permitted to trickle into "the white man's continent." Today Asians are officially 2% of the Australian population, although the figure rises to 10% in some urban areas. Yet a major political backlash has already set in. It is tempting to heave a sigh of relief and say that if even 2% can trigger a major backlash, then imagine what 10% Asians nationwide would do. Unfortunately, past Western experience with alien takeovers suggests that Australia's *only* chance for a relatively painless solution is *right now*.

A study of the recent U.S. House and Senate votes on immigration shows that the

big support for reform is coming mainly from states where the Third World influx is still at roughly the 2% level or below. Conversely, in those electorally powerful states where the new immigrants -- legal and illegal -- are fast taking over, white political heels are dragging. Consequently, we may safely project this racial model for the Australian future:

*Phase 1: Asians 2-3%
Easy Solution; widespread support for reform.*

*Phase 2: Asians 5-15%
Asian political clout rules out reform.*

*Phase 3: Asians 25-35%
Whites desperate; breakdown of democratic system; bloodshed.*

Australia is well within phase 1 right now and, if the wacky (or malicious) leftists can be beaten back, phases 2 and 3 need never occur. Several prominent Australians have recently become very outspoken against Asian immigration. Geoffrey Blainey is one. The dean of the liberal arts college at Melbourne University, he first spoke out at a rural Rotary Club meeting last spring. The cries of "racist" from the media only stiffened his resolve. As head of the Australia-China Council, which arranges cultural exchanges between the two nations, he is anything but a racist in the ordinary sense of the term. But he is a racist insofar as he recognizes the operation of racial dynamics in the world. He says it is natural for whites to wish to live in a white country, and that Australians today are being bullied into silence on the subject by a minuscule minority entrenched in positions of power. With excellent documentation, he accuses the Australian government, under both parties, of having flipped all the way from a "white Australia" policy to the present "surrender Australia" policy. And he has sufficient empathy with his fellow man to recognize that the immediate impact of alien immigration on the white urban working-class couple which is trying to raise a family is far greater than anything felt by jet-setters and cloistered intellectuals. Geoffrey Blainey is a true hero in an age and society which have seen very few.

Conservative elements in the Liberal Party, which is now out of power, are struggling to make a major issue out of nonwhite immigration. It was under the previous Liberal government of the partly Jewish Malcolm Fraser (1975-83) that large numbers of Asians were first admitted. Recently re-elected Prime Minister Bob Hawke is further left on economic and equally wishy-washy on immigration issues. Much water has flowed under the bridge since the post-war Labor immigration minister, Arthur Caldwell, summed up his party's stance by saying, "Two Wongs don't make a white."

The current Liberal opposition leader is Andrew Peacock, a so-called "moderate"

-- which translates to "anti-white extremist" -- on the immigration issue. All is not black, however, because his shadow minister for immigration, Michael Hodgeman, an MP from Tasmania, is among those advocating a drastic cutback in the Asian influx. Also, the annual convention of the Liberals in the state of Western Australia, held in July, called for a nationwide referendum on the future racial composition of the nation. (Try to imagine the Republicans of, say, Arizona calling for a national vote to determine if America should remain white.)

* * *

Prime Minister Bob Hawke, the working man's hero and the Zionists' #1 fellow traveler, is getting some hard knocks from the opposition, which has charged him with being a "crook," of being in the pay of high-flying criminals and of deliberately sabotaging the work of a commission investigating drug traffic. In a recent TV interview, Hawke broke into Muskie-like tears when asked about his elder daughter, Susan, who had been acquitted in 1982 on a drug charge. He protested that he had had no contact with the judge or anyone else involved in the case. If this wasn't enough, Mrs. Hawke admitted in the course of another TV appearance that her younger daughter, Rosslyn, 23, and husband were both heroin addicts and Rosslyn had given birth last August to an infant addict. Mrs. Hawke explained that the reason the P.M. had wept so copiously was because of Rosslyn, not Susan. A doctor had told him that drugs had so wrecked his daughter's health that she probably only had a few years to live.

Central America. Daniel Ortega won the Nicaraguan presidency in a "democratic election" in which only the Sandinista Party was allowed to mount a serious campaign. He had told the United Nations a few weeks earlier that the U.S. planned to invade Nicaragua on October 15. The lie seemed to increase his prestige in U.S. liberalism, whose new expert on Latin America is Connecticut Senator Christopher Dodd, who is trying hard to become the

Jane Fonda of any future U.S.-Nicaragua dust-up.

It is not known if Ortega is one of the four Nicaraguan ministers who claim Jewish descent (*Washington Post*, Aug. 29, 1983, p. A14). The only one who has publicly announced his Jewish origin is Ernesto Cardenal, the minister of culture. Cardenal, incidentally, is now a Roman Catholic priest and his revolutionary comrades say he is Nicaragua's leading poet (*Jewish Chronicle*, June 10, 1983, p. 3). It was Cardenal who was publicly scolded by the Pope during the welcoming ceremony at the Managua Airport a few years ago.

* * *

In June of 1979, ABC News correspondent Bill Stewart was executed by General Anastasio Somoza's national guard in Nicaragua, and the American public heard about it for months afterward. Columnist Georgie Anne Geyer (who livened up the second presidential "debate" with her persistent questions about illegal immigration) believes that Stewart's murder "may have marked the turning point in shifting U.S. public opinion toward the Sandinistas." On the other hand, says Geyer,

When a bomb went off this spring [1984] in Eden "Commandante Zero" Pastora's jungle camp, killing the fine young U.S. journalist Linda Frazier and several others, the story just passed into oblivion -- despite the fact that there is dramatic evidence that the Sandinistas sent a Basque terrorist there, disguised as a [Danish] journalist, to perform the bloody deeds. Why the curious lack of attention?

Eden Pastora, for whom the bomb was intended, is the charismatic early Sandinista leader who later turned against the Red movement. When Geyer was writing about Linda Frazier, Pastora was in Venezuela recuperating from the effects of the bombing. According to Geyer, the general situation in Central America had by that time shifted dramatically to the right. Moscow and Havana had passed a message to their Salvadoran guerrilla allies that armed victory was impossible and they should negotiate with President Duarte. In Nicaragua

itself, opposition to the entrenched Reds was growing, with Pastora now called a formidable threat.

So why wasn't Frazier's death used to swing American opinion against the Sandinistas, just as Stewart's had been exploited to move it toward them?

I think we have to start admitting that there is a serious ideological imbalance here -- and much denial of reality. When someone is killed by a sordid rightist dictator . . . it is big and angry news. When [the left kills] we just don't want to believe it.

Puerto Rico. Crime is down slightly in the U.S., but here in the potential 51st state it is way up. The newspapers are crammed with ads for guns and attack dogs, and people spend much of their lives cowering behind heavily barred windows and triple-locked doors. With 83,000 hardcore drug addicts living on an island of 3.2 million people, it isn't surprising that mass robberies take place on public buses in broad daylight. Nationwide, serious crimes in Puerto Rico were up 15% during the first half of 1984 over the previous year; in San Juan, the increase was 30%.

Brazil. "Ownership of Brazilian assets, even if not nationalized, is among the poorest investments on Earth," counsels a financial newsletter in Virginia. The country today is much the way it was 20 years ago, with 200% inflation, political unrest and widespread rioting. One dangerous difference is that the nation's external debt has jumped from \$4 billion to \$100 billion, and there is a growing populist movement to have it all cancelled. A second difference is that while two-thirds of the debt 20 years ago was owed to foreign government agencies, 95% of today's debt is owed to private banks, mainly in the U.S.

Most of the American loan money was "siphoned off in transfer payments to the poor" -- in other words, thrown down a dusky rathole. Those same dollars might have been of great benefit to the people who earned them in the first place, but that is not the way the world works anymore.

ate will try to make it much more expensive than that for a mass-circulation hate sheet to denounce as Nazis responsible scientists who happen to disagree with the paper's editorial line.

Taxing the Zionists

For the first time in memory, a prominent Zionist official has turned his inside information against that establishment. It was last April that Charles Fischbein, the former executive director of the Washington office of the Jewish National Fund, joined a major suit which challenges the tax-exempt

Stirrings

Shockley Appeals

Dr. William Shockley had a hard time of it recently when he was the guest on a Boston TV talk show. Before he could start elaborating his theory (really a law) that low IQ blacks breeding rabbitlike with low IQ whites is leading both blacks and whites in the U.S. into a dysgenic disaster, goons from the International Committee Against Racism, funded largely by anonymous Jewish millionaires working through "neutrally

named" foundations, disrupted the proceedings by half smothering him under a swastika-adorned sheet. At that moment the show was cut off the air. No arrests, of course.

Undaunted, Shockley will continue his college lecture circuit. Equally undaunted, he intends to appeal the verdict of his recent libel suit against the *Atlanta Constitution*. The jury found against the Cox-owned newspaper, but only awarded the plaintiff \$1 in damages. The Nobel Laure-

status of six American-based Zionist organizations. Fischbein says the groups are "mere conduits" to a "foreign entity," who blatantly violate federal law as well as human decency by their activities.

Mark Lane, one of the lawyers for the plaintiffs, estimates that together the six organizations account for \$750 million in tax-free funds sent to Israel each year, much of which goes directly into expansionist and/or racist programs which would be illegal on American soil. The groups are the United Jewish Appeal, the United Israel Appeal, the World Zionist Congress, Americans for a Safe Israel, the Jewish Agency -- American Section, and the Jewish National Fund. Suing them in U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C., are, among others, a Jerusalem rabbi, an Israeli MP and various Palestinian mayors.

Patriotic Appeal

Only one state in America's Frost Belt -- South Dakota -- is now producing children at the rate needed for long-term population replacement, and that is only because the Coyote State's large Amerindian minority still yields nearly five papooses per squaw. Nationally, American women are now having only 1.8 children apiece on the average, and, in states like Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, the reproduction rate has fallen to the Central European level of 1.5 children per woman.

In a nation supposedly concerned about production, this abysmal record in the most important kind of production has provoked scant editorial ire. An exception is the *Ottumwa Courier*, "Southern Iowa's fastest-growing newspaper," which, last October 10, ran this top-of-page-one headline: "Be patriotic, have babies." Luckily, there were few Indians and other minorities around to get the wrong message. Ottumwa is 98.9% white, making it the whitest city of 25,000 or more people in the fourth-whitest state in the union (after Vermont, Maine and New Hampshire).

A Question of Confidence

An alert young German who recently spent time in both liberal Britain and the American Deep South found to his surprise that when black and white men pass each other on the street in the two societies, it is usually the black "Briton" in England and the white Southerner in America who take the greater pains to step aside. This and several related observations convinced him that the whites in Britain still feel confidently at home, while those in America, who have been indoctrinated that their country was once "red Indian" and has

been black as long as white, have doubts about their permanency on the scene.

Perhaps a deep historic insecurity helps to explain why many of America's white spokesmen, like Alabama Governor George Wallace, seem to swing erratically between extremes of racial bellicosity and racial lachrymosity, boastful white supremacy and cringing equalitarianism. Didn't Wallace once confess that he could not conceive of life without black people all around him? Too often lacking in America is that profound racial aplomb familiar to travelers in ancient heartlands like China.

A few British journalists continue to write and talk about ethnic matters with a freedom no longer enjoyed by American newspapermen. Spirited forays into racial demystification were recently made by Andrew Alexander and James Munson in the London *Daily Mail*, the former in a column headlined, "Why all this hypocrisy about race?"

Can you imagine an article in a major American paper beginning, "The time has come to make a stand in favour of racialism"? And continuing:

The people who need treatment are not those who recognize racial differences, but those who deny them.

The anti-racialists try to hammer the racialists (at least 90% of the human race) into the ground by greeting assertions of racist feeling with the declaration that this sort of thing leads to the gas chambers.

But, of course, this is no more true than that eating meat leads to cannibalism

The Jews, who have an exceptionally powerful hold on the formation of opinion, quite disproportionate to their numbers . . . are foolishly ambiguous on [race].

It really would help if they would stop attacking "racialism" when they are, in practice, among the most determined of all racialists.

Alexander concludes that "Parliament has created a monster" in the race relations industry -- certain of whose assumptions, "like so many other wretched characteristics in the modern world, originated in the U.S."

James Munson's *Daily Mail* column was headlined, "Racism is no sin":

Recently during the general intercessions in a Church of England communion service I was asked to pray that I and my country might be forgiven the "sin of racism." That young curate informed me that I, along with some 55 million other Britons, was guilty of having sinned.

But what was this sin? When had I committed it?

Munson went to the *Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church* for a definition of sin, and found: "the purposeful disobedience to the known will of God It is a fundamentally theological conception." He remembered being taught that sin originated in the "heart" as willful alienation from God. How different all this was from racism, "a question of fact, not morals."

A member of one race is not in any moral sense "better" than the member of another. A rose is not "better" than a daffodil.

A person may say that he does not like Mr. X because Mr. X is a German or coloured. It is to me the same type of statement as saying that one doesn't like daffodils. I think this makes me a "racist" or a believer in "racism." Some men, especially eager curates and second-rate bishops, immediately jump from saying that if I do not like someone because of his race to saying that I therefore hate him. Rubbish, I reply. Not to like something is not the same thing as hating it.

To call anyone a "sinner" who disagrees with you is nothing less than mudslinging of the crudest sort.

Churchmen debate the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection and the liturgy -- indeed, the very existence of God. But the Churches are now joining those on the Left who say that we may not debate the racial future of our island. As the old sureties evaporate, new ones take their place.

When Munson speaks of "[debating] the racial future of our island," he means by this what America's leaders meant during the first century of our republic: *should the nonwhites be sent home?* Many American presidents before about 1880 seriously entertained this option. Wise British parliamentarians like Enoch Powell still do. But down in the American South, where the white has begun stepping aside for the black, onetime segregationists and fulltime integrationists alike have begun speaking the language of "peaceful coexistence" for a long, long time.

No Interest in Interest

Pakistan has 22 banks (some nationalized, some foreign-owned) and 14 other financial institutions. By no later than July 1, these money centers have been ordered to switch from international to Islamic banking. This means they will have to stop paying interest except on foreign business transactions. The Koran forbids interest, which in the Middle East is often sweet talk for usury, so Pakistani investors will have to get their pounds of flesh in some other way, such as payments based on profit or loss, special mark-ups on the price of goods, and leasing and buy-back deals on capital equipment. **Shylock, gnash your teeth!**

Feminist Boomerang

Young American women are not only delaying their first births, but as many as 20 to 25% of them may remain permanently childless. This was the conclusion reached in 1983 by economist David Bloom and demographer James Trussel when they analyzed three recent surveys of U.S. females. Of course, the childless figures will be much higher for intelligent white women, the kind who were persuaded by Betty Friedan and Gloria Steinem to put careers (such as helping the underprivileged for \$30,000 a year) ahead of families.

Fortunately, a delayed backlash is setting in, as the older women of the Baby Boom cohort reach the eleventh hour on their biological clocks. "Panic is sweeping a generation of women," is how Christine Moore phrased it for the *Washington Post Magazine*.

"Why Should a Woman Be More Like a Man?" demanded a recent headline in *Psychology Today*. Author Carol Gilligan argues that even the most successful career women usually end up feeling "lost" and "betrayed" by their mid-30s if they haven't provided for strong personal relationships.

In the *Washington Monthly* (Jan. 1982) Deborah Fallows told readers "Why Mothers Should Stay Home." What young children need is not "quality-time," as the Yuppie expression has it, but "quantity-time." Effective nurturing requires long hours, so it seldom mixes with a career, despite what Hollywood says:

On the *Today* show . . . Jane Pauley interviewed Felice Schwartz, the president of Catalyst, an organization that promotes career development for women. They were discussing women's changing lifestyles. Ms. Schwartz said that now women are going back to work full-time four months after having children, while 15 years ago they were taking 20 years off to have them. "Isn't that fantastic progress?" she said. Fantastic it certainly is; progress it is not, except toward the narrowest and least generous notion of what achievement means for women or for humanity.

Another damning indictment of "The Feminist Mistake" has come from Nina Charen, who happens to be a third-year law student. Writing in *National Review* (March 23, 1983), she cited her female friends as evidence that feminism is ruining lives.

All are bright, attractive, and privileged. Heiresses of the movement, they are, *inter alia*, lawyers, journalists, professors, and producers. The number whose emotional lives are wholesome and fulfilling could be counted on a pitchfork.

My girlfriends' woes are not unusual. I say this because whole forests have given their lives so that the complaints of upper-middle-class young women could

be enumerated, analyzed, deplored, and sulked about. But in those reams of articles, hours of media specials, and numberless academic symposia lurks a planted presumption: namely, that the nostrum to cure what ails modern woman is more of the poison that first made her ill . . .

Women's lib has given my generation high incomes, our own cigarette, the option of single parenthood, rape crisis centers, personal lines of credit, free love, and female gynecologists. In return, it has effectively robbed us of one thing upon which the happiness of most women rests -- men.

Charen's female friends, whom she describes one by one, all crave a male authority figure in their lives -- and are belatedly starting to realize it. Take Sonia with her two careers, whose accomplishments "could pass even the most fastidious feminist white-glove test."

But this . . . gives her not satisfaction. She regards feminism and all its works with contempt. She lives alone at 35 because she too is waiting for the elusive Mr. Right. Indeed, I sometimes think Sonia's intellectual glitter and razzle-dazzle are the equivalents of the coquette's wiggle or the flirt's mischievous smile -- it's all done to appeal to men. That's not quite fair, but knowing Sonia's impish sense of humor, I think she might respond, "Why, of course. Why else should a sensible girl read Schopenhauer in the original?"

Such a notion would send the 50-year-old Gloria Steinem, proudly childless and unwed, into a fit. Of course, as Charen admits, it's *not* quite fair. But hearing her describe her intellectual female friends, one realizes that neither is it altogether unfair.

Reactionary Chic

Whether or not one agrees with his views on gender, it is a refreshing sign of the times that actor Dirk Benedict is so outspoken on the subject. In an interview with the men's magazine *Genesis* last summer, the smooth-talking young star of NBC-TV's *The A-Team* called for sexually segregated schools until the age of 14 or 15 and a return to traditional feminine roles:

It's time men started putting women in their place. Women will be better off for it.

It's a strong statement, but I believe men were meant to build buildings and women were meant to create the warmth inside them.

I don't buy the idea that women can create a home along with a career.

[L]et girls develop without boys and vice-versa. Now we have women becoming jocks. That's ridiculous.

Benedict's TV series has been unable to keep a female co-star. Two separate women have been "frozen out" of the show, reportedly due in large part to the hostility of the otherwise all-male cast, which includes Nancy Reagan's good friend, Mr. T.

Pillars of Oldtime Isolationism

Although it is generally accepted that leftist-liberal-Jewish forces now control the bulk of American journalism, it is not widely understood that once upon a time -- to be exact, prior to World War II -- the voices of authentic conservatism, populism and Majority America were fairly well represented. Perhaps the most widely listened to radio political commentator of the mid-30s was Boake Carter, a British-accented Philadelphian who led the early fight for isolationism. Born of British parents, Carter had served an apprenticeship in journalism on a Philadelphia newspaper's editorial desk and saw nothing good in virtually all of Roosevelt's scheming -- from his foreign policy designs to court-packing to social welfarism. Carter's strident attacks on FDR, observers of those times generally conclude, resulted in the loss of all his sponsors and eventual banishment from network microphones. By 1940, Carter had become pretty much of a non-person in the world of radio commentators, his place being taken by interventionist liberals such as Raymond Gram Swing, Elmer Davis, Drew Pearson and Edward R. Murrow.

Another political conservative, espousing virtually the same line as Carter, was Fulton Lewis Jr. Born of prosperous parents in Washington, D.C., Lewis also followed the newspaper route to his career in radio. By the late 1930s, he was being heard regularly on Washington stations (and listened to by much of the Establishment on Capitol Hill). His own campaign against foreign entanglements led him to encourage Charles Lindbergh to speak out publicly against war with Germany. These two, along with Carter and Father Charles Coughlin of Detroit's WJR radio station, wielded a powerful though unsuccessful weapon of political argument against Roosevelt's minority-encouraged foreign policy manipulations.

Two books, though hardly sympathetic to the pro-American ideology which motivated these writer/commentators in those heady times, provide an excellent appreciation of the development of political analysis in the heyday of that media. The first, *Those Radio Commentators* by Irving Fang (Iowa State University Press, Ames, Iowa, 1977) is better researched. The second, *News for Everyman* by David Holbrook Culbert (Greenwood Press, 1976) is especially interesting for its detailing of the tragic personal disasters which finally overtook the career of Boake Carter.

Vanessa Victorious

Vanessa Redgrave is one of the world's great actresses and most definitely the world's most courageous actress, despite her Trilby-like fascination for Trotskyites. Although called "the whore of the Palestinians" by the tasteful Jewish Defense League, she won a \$100,000 award from the jury in her lawsuit against the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which had brusquely torn up a signed contract promising to pay her \$36,000 to narrate six performances of Stravinsky's rambling modernist opera-oratoria, *Oedipus Rex*. The Boston Symphony whiningly explained that it had to fire her because of threatened violence from Jewish groups sworn to prevent anyone supporting the PLO, as Vanessa does, from ever getting an acting job in any of the 50 states.

The same crowd which has spent a whole generation decrying the so-called blacklisting of fellow-traveling Hollywood actors, writers and producers during the McCarthy era was almost solidly on the side of the Boston Symphony. Blacklisting is a virtue, not a vice, when directed against the enemies of Israel.

The irony, and there is always irony in the Jewish dominance of the arts, is that Vanessa played in two pro-Semitic propaganda dramas while Jews were attacking her more furiously than ever: (1) the anti-Nazi movie, *Julia*, for which she won an Oscar, a tale about an alleged Holocaust-related murder in World War II France by the late Stalinist Jewess, Lillian Hellman; (2) *Playing for Time*, for which she got an Emmy, a CBS-TV production of the trials and tribulations of a female musician in a Nazi concentration camp. Although the latter

was a pro-Jewish tear-jerker of the first water, Jewish organizations tried desperately to ban it. The Jewish mediocrats at CBS, however, were strong enough to weather their cousins' sturming and dranging.

Ever the consummate actress (her Rosalind in the BBC-TV production of *As You Like It* was a never-to-be-equalled marvel), Vanessa wept copiously before the mesmerized jury, which swallowed the story that the cancellation of her contract caused her so much financial grief that she had to play a nude scene to get a part in a cheap Italian movie.

Vanessa's melodramatic performance in the witness box is a reminder that all too many actors and actresses these days are holding forth in courtrooms or White Houses. Let us hope that the time is not distant when our thespians will be inspired or forced to go back where they belong -- behind the klieg lights.

White Power Rock in England

How effective is a political movement? First find out how good is its music. As we have suggested several times in *Instauration*, music is a reliable yardstick of successful revolutionary politics. No music, no momentum.

There have been occasional snatches of music on the Majority activist scene, but nothing to prod do-nothing whites to start marching or even voting. Merle Haggard's "Okie from Muskogee" and a couple of other tunes pointed in the right direction, but there was no follow-up. We have heard of some underground punk rockers in the U.S. -- one group is called White Pride -- but no one seems to know much about them. What charms hath music played by an unlocatable band to soothe (or inflame) the Majority member's savage breast?

In England things are a little more out in the open. There is Ian Stuart, 26, the lead singer of the jingoistic, anti-mugging, anti-Wog, anti-Zionist group, Skrewdriver. Ten of its songs are now available on audiocassette. The raucous beat will not overplease older Instaurationists, but the younger MTV-ers may very well cotton to it. The lyrics, though a little on the crude side, ought to appeal to youngsters and oldsters alike. Here is a sampling:

Hail the New Dawn

Chorus: The streets are still, the final battle has ended,
It is time to proudly hail the dawn.
See over the streets the White People's anthem is waving,
Triumphant standard of the British revolt.

Europe Awake

Europe, what have they got to do to make you come alive?
What has happened to the heritage that once was yours
and mine?
Communists, the Economy and They're coming from
the Trees --
Oh, people, if we don't save ourselves, what solution
do we see?

Chorus: Europe awake for the White Man's sake!
Europe awake before it's too late!

White Power

I stand and watch my country going down the drain
We are all at fault now. We are all to blame --
For letting them take over, we just let 'em come
Once we had an empire, now we've got a slum!

Chorus: White Power for England/White Power today!
White Power for Britain/Before it gets too late.

Well, we've seen a lot of riots -- we just sit and starve
We've seen a lot of muggings and the judges let 'em off
If we don't win our battle, and all does not go well
Then it's Apocalypse for Britain and we'll see you all in hell.

Voice of Britain

Now have a go at the TV and the papers -- and all the
media Zionists.
They'd like to keep us quiet -- they're trying to bleed
our country.
They are like the leeches of the nation, but we won't
give up quickly.
We're going to stand and fight!

Chorus: And this is the Voice -- the Voice of Britain
And you better believe it! Come on and fly the Flag now!

Sick Society

When you want to march in a democratic fashion
Through the streets of the country that you love
Then you're struck down by a mob of screaming monkeys
Raining in with bricks from above, and I hear you say,

Chorus: Now look at the sick society, look back in time
Now look at the sick society and who commits the crime.

For a cassette with ten songs by Skrewdriver, including these titles, send \$7.99 to Cobra, P.O. Box 627, Ithaca, NY 14851.