

Was Chaplin One?

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

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

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

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

De Mortuis, etc.

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

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

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

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

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

Honkies Lose a Few More

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

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

knocked off and replaced with straight noses and lips.

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

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

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

Whose Finger on What Button?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Any guesses as to who stole the cobalt?

Reward for Failing

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

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

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

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

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

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

Douglas's Jonestown

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

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



Douglas in his dotage

F.D.R. Snubbed Jesse Owens

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

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

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

Immigration Footnotes

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

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

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



Cholly Bilderberger



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Campaign Noises

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

John Nobull

Notes from the Sceptred Isle

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Notes from the Auld Sod

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

Elsewhere



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What were these tactics?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stirrings

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Author Jim Taylor is owed a debt of grati-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

all but wiped them out seven centuries ago. The moral seems to be *Vae Victoriibus*. It's enough to give the ADL the shivers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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