



Cold Shoulder Inc.

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

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

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

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

License to Maim

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

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

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

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

Recently, a Japanese-American woman

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

Triumph of the Weeds

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Trash Speaks

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Italian Sensitivities

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Turncoat Solon

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

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



The true Helms?

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

Ponderable Quote

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

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

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chuck 'Em Out!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

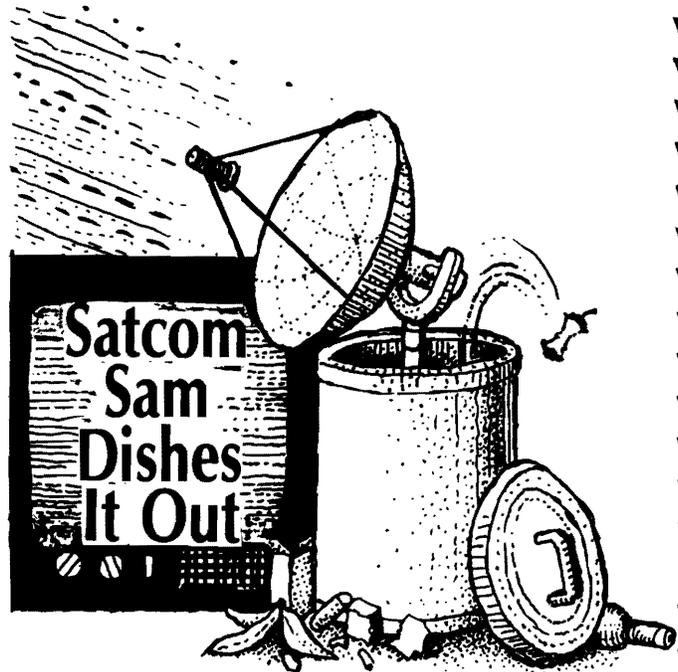
We all know how "straight news" is being distorted by the likes of Dan Rather. How much "equal time," for instance, does he give the Afrikaner side of the South African story? According to Prof. Stephen Hu of the Communications Studies Department of Virginia Tech, a more subtle form of news manipulation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

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

* * *

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

Talking Numbers

0 1 4 5 6 7 8 9

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

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

#

Americans watch 1.5 billion hours of TV every 24 hours.

#

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

Primate Watch



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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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



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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

few parts of England where there has been little immigration.

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

The refrain goes:

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

Capt. Vassoy describes South Africa as

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

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

* * *

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

Somebody's Lying

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

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

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

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

Cry of the Betrayed

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fields Unpurged

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

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

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

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

Pseudo-Red No Longer Pseudo

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

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

Blonde Sweep

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

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

Postponed Truth

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

Hayden's Comeuppance

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

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

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

Outspoken Principal

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

Phyllis Strikes Again

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

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

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

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

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