

Culture Mulchers

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

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

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

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

Times Best-Seller List Is Rigged

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

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

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

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

Tarred Yankee

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

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

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

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

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



Ray Shamie

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

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

Holocaust Payola

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

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

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

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

Racial Causes of Singapore's Fall

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Wholly Holy Bhagwan

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jack and Bobby Shared Marilyn

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

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

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

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



Cholly Bilderberger



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

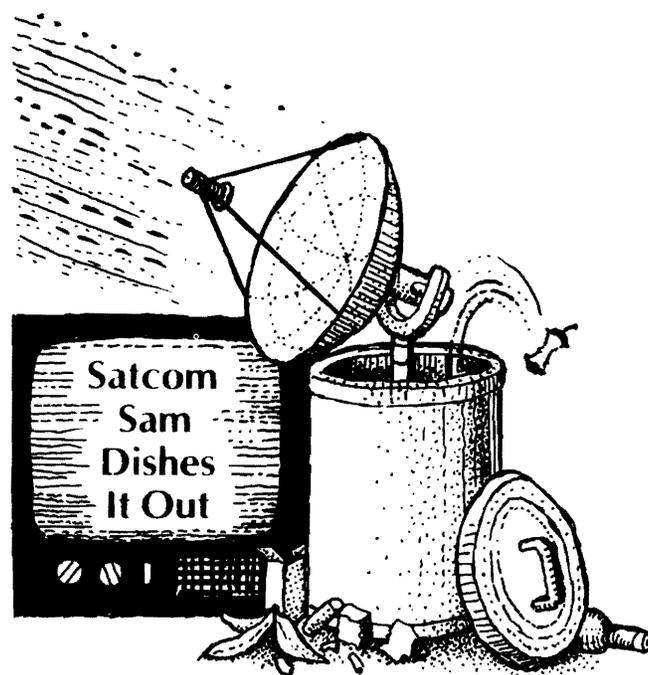
people are rapidly being displaced. Under such circumstances, the social niceties must either go by the board or else be meticulously insisted upon.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Africa and Australasia.

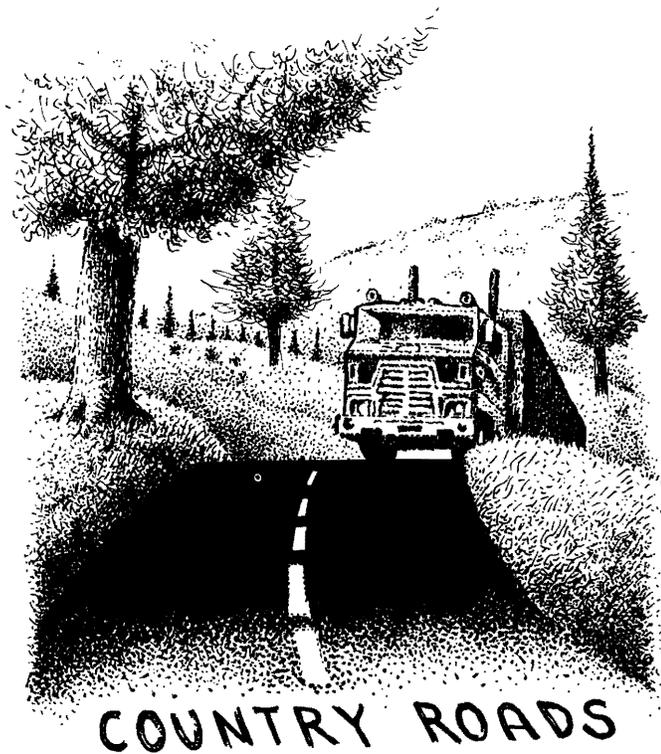
The Jewel in the Crown is a pearl for the eyes, but fool's gold for the mind, as the contemporary religion is preached in loud decibels with more than a few garbled echoes of the NBC-Jewish agitprop extravaganza, *Holocaust*. On the menu is rape, miscegenation, the blond British villain, the heroic,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

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

How to Talk Down the Enemy

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

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



COUNTRY ROADS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That's STRIKE TWO," I said.

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

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

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

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

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

222

Ponderable Quote

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

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

Talking Numbers

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

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

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

#

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

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

#

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#

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

#

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

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

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

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

Talking Numbers

0 1 47 11 5 9 7 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#

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

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

Primate Watch



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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

Primate Watch



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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Hermann Oberth

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Luckily, there is no recession.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

* * *

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

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

sorcerer could work out a profitable arrangement together.

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Taxing the Zionists

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

Stirrings

Shockley Appeals

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

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

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

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

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

Patriotic Appeal

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

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

A Question of Confidence

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No Interest in Interest

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

Feminist Boomerang

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Reactionary Chic

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pillars of Oldtime Isolationism

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

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

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

Vanessa Victorious

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

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

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

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

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

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

White Power Rock in England

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

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

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

Hail the New Dawn

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

Europe Awake

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

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

White Power

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

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

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

Voice of Britain

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

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

Sick Society

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

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

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